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EXPLORATION AND HUNTING
IN
CENTRAL AFRICA



CAPTAIN A. ST. H. GIBBONS

From a Photograph by the Stereoscopic Co.

FORMATION
OF THE
AFRICA

1950

1951

1952

1953

1954

1955

1956

1957

1958



**EXPLORATION
AND HUNTING IN
CENTRAL AFRICA**

1895-96

BY

A. ST. H. GIBBONS, F.R.G.S.

CAPT. 3RD EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

Progress of Empire in Africa—Want of means twice spoil plans—Zambezi-Kwando confluence—Sesheke flats—Pookoo shot—Hippopotamus hunt, two bagged—Favourable impression of natives—A large hippopotamus—His measurements—Sesheke reached—M. and M^{de}m. Goy—Wilson's party and Lobengula's death—The "Mokwai" of Sesheke—Her friendly attitude Page 1

CHAPTER II.

An eight days' hunting excursion—Tsessebe shot—Wounded wildebeest escapes—Wildebeest shot—Unusual markings—Oribi shot—Avaricious natives—Blackfaced wildebeest shot—Oribi pookoo and jackal shot—Two hyenas shot—Exciting chase—Warthog missed—Zebra shot—Buffalo cow and bull shot—Two more buffaloes bagged—Giraffe and eland—An abortive drive—Pallah and sable antelope shot—A disloyal subject—Large herd of roan antelope and of sable—Return to Sesheke 13

CHAPTER III.

Night watching for lions—Journey continued—Locusts' depredations—Consequent famine—Buffalo bagged—A series of rapids—Comical native ceremony—Much game and spoor—Eland wounded—Long chase—Roan antelope killed—Native mendacity—Wounded eland killed by lions—In pursuit—Troop of five lions—Two bagged—Narrow escape from wounded lioness 36

CHAPTER IV.

Elephants—Unsuccessful pursuit—A tough pallah—Futile rhinoceros hunt—Lusu Rapids—Njoko confluence—Start up Njoko—The Tsetse fly—Remarkable penetration of Mannlicher bullet—Herds of lechwe—Game on the Njoko—Rampungu river—Native hospitality—Fine reedback head—Victims of famine—Return to the Zambezi 58

CONTENTS

CHAPTER V.

Camp illuminations—Illness of Lecharu—River journey recommenced—Wounded hippo.—Aggressive hippopotami—In search of meat—An amphibious pig—Sickness among boys discouraged—The Lumbi river—The Gonye Rapids—Paddlers' insubordination—Fight for mastery—Gonye Falls—Chiefs of Sioma—Refusal to sell corn—Mutineers repentant and forgiven Page 74

CHAPTER VI.

Boys' food finished—Buffaloes to the rescue—Charged by a wounded cow—Three shot—A disappointed leopard—"No corn, no meat"—Borotse reached—Character of Borotse—The Marotse—A land of milk—Strange letter from Liwanika—And reply—Captain Bertrand—The "Great" Mokwai—Her husbands—Nalolo—Zambezi fish—Mokwai visited—Previous outrages on missionaries—"Cheques will do"—Liwanika's reprimand 88

CHAPTER VII.

The Makololo—Their Chief Sebitwane—His conquests—The Matabele worsted—The Marotse subdued—Subject tribes—Sebitwane's death—Mamochiame succeeds, but abdicates—Sekeletu becomes king—Leprosy—Death—Marotse rebel successfully—Sepopo elected king—Relentless cruelty—Deposed and slain—Ngwanwina succeeds—Defeated and killed by Liwanika, the present king—Early atrocities—Driven into exile—Once more in power—Reformation—The extent of his country 111

CHAPTER VIII.

Liwanika's subjects—Their characteristics—Agricultural—Pastoral—Canoes—Arms—Fishing—Cuisine—Fire-making—Habitations—Method of defence—Superstition—Witchcraft—Trial and punishment—Tobacco—Ornaments and charms—Religion—Salutes—Clothing—Peculiarities of tribes—Marotse—Mabunda—Makwenga—Matutela—Masubia—Matoka—Mankoya—Mashikolumbwe . . . 121

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Lialui—Missionary conference—The royal residence—Liwanika and his wives—Cordial reception—Misunderstandings cleared up—A thief in the night—Ben the Matoka—Another chat with Liwanika—His anxiety for the future—Unprincipled white men—Good done by missionaries 146

CONTENTS

CHAPTER X.

Liwanika and Livingstone—King sanctions my plans—An ethnological collection—Liwanika's geography—A map of his country—Farewell visit—A start—Rising ground—The Kande river—Duck shooting—The Lui river—Source of the Lumbi—Game once more 163

CHAPTER XI.

Matlakala sick—The Luena system—Matlakala's audacity—A lucky shot—Matlakala gives trouble—The Njoko river—Serumpunta—Native smithy—Schemes for delay—Even with Matlakala—Old Rampungu camp—Sesheke reached—The missionary and the princess—Woman's status—A husband's cowardice—Presents and royal remuneration—Murder of missionaries—Start for Kazungula—Reproductive powers of crocodiles—Kazungula reached—Victoria Falls—Water buck and plover—A fine sable—Snake-bitten boy—Poverty of ~~man~~—The Zambezi at Kazungula 178

CHAPTER XII.

Swimming oxen—Scarcity of porters—Down with dysentery—Start for Mashikolumbweiland—Pleasant country—Swamps and relapse—The Umgezi swollen—Wildebeest killed—High ground at last—Native devoured by lions—Delirious boy—A healthy plateau—Its possibilities 205

CHAPTER XIII.

Christmas Eve—Warthog—How to cook him—A Christmas koodoo—A stormy day—On the Kafukwe system—Gluttonous boys—Swamps again—Four hartebeests bagged—Making biltong—New Year's Day, 1896—Zebra and hartebeest shot—A warning for the boys—Observation for latitude—Encouraging result—The Nanzela in flood—Native bridging—Safe, but wet—Sezunga—Gruesome sight—Sickness at the mission—Reputation of Mashikolumbe—The boys "jib"—*Au revoir* to my hosts 219

CHAPTER XIV.

Sulky boys—A tough warthog—The boys give trouble—Lecharu reported dead—Heartless comrades—Plain speaking—Waterbuck shot—Porters abscond—Staff of five—Two zebras shot—Lecharu swoons—Leave camp with three boys—Inquisitive game—A fine country—Well received by the ladies—Not so by the men—Unprepossessing savages—Variety of game—Fat eland cow shot—Natives more friendly—Trifling worries—Arrival at Kaiyngu 239

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XV.

The Chief Kaiyngu—Friendly reception—Scene in the stockade—Native music—Kafukwe river—Carnivorous ants—A lucky shot—A “royal” hunt—His Highness upbraided—Kaiyngu’s “little game”—Secret of African travel—Bad news—A large warthog—Exceptional pookoo horns—Kaiyngu’s perversity—The river crossed—Kowetu—Hospitable natives—Magnificent scenery—The Chief Kowetu Page 262

CHAPTER XVI.

Muliphi still absent—Mashikolumbwe deceit—I smell a rat—Decide to return to Musa camp—Request for boys—Kaiyngu prevaricates—But finally acquiesces—Muliphi found—Hartebeest shot—Muliphi waylaid—Mashikolumbwe abscond—Camp reached—Pony’s theft—Leopard killed by Lecharu—Camp struck—Wildebeest shot—A godsend—Mankoyas engaged as porters—Trouble at N’kala—“Missy” dead—An audacious lion—Musanana—Hot water springs—Slave for sale—Hartebeest bagged 288

CHAPTER XVII.

“The Hon is in the kraal”—Attack at night—Unsuccessful—We oversleep ourselves—We follow him in morning—The death shot—The lion’s measurements—Pony’s perversity—A large congregation—Start for Kazungula—Missionary’s wife and the flock—One bullet, two pallah—Thieving villagers—Strained relations—Hyde Park in Africa—Threatened attack—Enemy routed—The deserters’ tale—Pony fever-stricken—Lags behind—Brought into camp 308

CHAPTER XVIII.

Guinea fowls devoured by ants—A missionary’s experience—Pony left behind—Game on the Umgwezi—Two deserters—Trophies recovered—Accused of murder—Value of native report—Value of opinion of some newspaper editors—Rinderpest ravages—Bootless—Fever at the mission station—Chat with Latia—Deserters to be punished—An unruly ox—Unexpected bath—South African postal negligence—News of England—Sesheke again—The slaves’ rejoicing—Liwanika and Sekome—Khama and Sekome—Return to Kazungula—Messrs. Bagley and Kerr—The loaded cart 327

CHAPTER XIX.

Doubtful prospects—Bid farewell to the Zambezi—Pendamatenska—In the desert—Boys scheme delay—Pony absent for two days—A “Europe” morning—A strange but welcome voice—Simpson and

CONTENTS

Walsh—A wild-goose chase—Simpson's generosity—Oxen lost for two days and a half—The Chief Menu—Friendly warnings misconstrued—Pony caught red-handed—Pony flogged—Simpson's retreat—Matabele in arms—A lucky escape *Page* 353

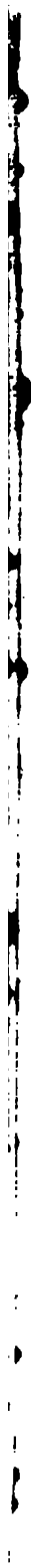
CHAPTER XX.

Accident to cart—Broken wheel taken on sleigh to Monarch Mines—Prepared for attack—The manager's hospitality—Comforts of Civilization—Return for cart—All safe—Pony deserts—Mr. Drake—Matabele impi in neighbourhood—A scare—Arrival at Tati—A poor creature and a practical joke—Degenerate Judah—Disease-stricken koodoo—Palapye and old friends—Post cart—Home by *Arundel Castle*—Finale 369

APPENDIX I. The Country: Its Character, Climate, and Prospects 381

APPENDIX II. Big Game and its Distribution 394

INDEX 401



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

| | | |
|------------------|---|------------------------|
| | <i>Frontispiece.</i> Photograph of Author . . . | Stereoscopic Co. |
| FACE PAGE | | |
| 8 | Masubia Paddlers landing Hippopotami . . . | Photograph by Author. |
| 28 | Giraffe | By Charles Whympcr. |
| 32 | Large herd of Sable Antelope | " " |
| 35 | Buffalo head | From Sketch by Author. |
| 42 | On the Zambezi | Photograph by Author. |
| 56 | Charged by Wounded Lioness | By Charles Whympcr. |
| 83 | The Gonye Falls | Photograph by Author. |
| 90 | Charged by Wounded Buffalo | By Charles Whympcr. |
| 123 | Dug-out Canoe | Photograph by Author. |
| 138 | Masubia Village | " " |
| 170 | { Liwanika, King of the Marotse, &c. | " " |
| | { Trophies | " " |
| 184 | Matutela Blacksmith | By Charles Whympcr. |
| 178 | { Victoria Falls (1) | Photograph by Author. |
| | { " " (2) | " " |
| 193 | { " " (3) | " " |
| | { " " (4) | " " |
| 199 | Waterbuck warned by Plovers | By Charles Whympcr. |
| 236 | Mashikolumbwe and Mankoya | Photograph by Author. |
| 256 | Game in Mashikolumbweland | By Charles Whympcr. |
| 267 | Two Views in Mashikolumbweland | Photograph by Author. |
| 273 | { Kafukwe River at Kaiyngu | " " |
| | { Native Huts | " " |
| 309 | A Night Attack | By Charles Whympcr. |
| 316 | Lion carried by Natives | Photograph by Author. |
| 324 | { Group of Matoka | " " |
| | { Matutela Women and Stockade | " " |
| 337 | Herd of Zebra on Sesheke Flats | " " |
| 350 | { Mission Station at Sesheke | " " |
| | { Masubia Girls at Sesheke Mission | " " |
| 369 | A Breakdown on the Road | " " |
| 380 | Map of Part of the Kingdom of the Marotse. | |

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING

IN

CENTRAL AFRICA

CHAPTER I.

THE land of the Marotse and the various tribes in the neighbourhood of the upper Zambezi, has for many years been regarded with interest, while its mysteries have excited not a little conjecture in geographical circles, but more especially among the hardy pioneers of Central South Africa. There, under the direction of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, a marvel in the practical advance of the British Empire had been accomplished; townships had sprung up; and such was the energy and enterprise of settlers, that within three years from the first organised incursion into Mashonaland in 1890 few likely districts remained unappropriated, and many mining properties were in full working order.

As early as 1893 Marotseland was commonly

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

mentioned in South Africa as the next country for occupation, and many were ready to be first there should opportunity offer. But the difficulties in the way of individual prospecting expeditions made the risk of failure too great to warrant the expense of outfit. As is usually the case with unexplored countries, the mysteries of Marotseland were supplemented by exaggerations in every direction; gold and game abounded, but the people were hostile and the climate deadly. Even the 450 mile trek through the Kalahari—trying as it is—had the reputation of being very much more severe than is justified by fact.

At the commencement of 1893, and again in 1894, plans which I had conceived of exploring the then unknown districts bordering on the Upper Zambezi, had been frustrated through want of the necessary pecuniary means. In 1895 this difficulty was surmounted with the result hereinafter described. It is my earnest endeavour, in relating these experiences, to convey an unembellished impression of the countries and peoples concerned; and I trust the reader will not be disappointed when he fails to discover a "hairbreadth escape" in each chapter, and will be content with a production which, though having no pretensions in the direction of high literary attainment, at least aspires to honesty of statement.

THE ZAMBEZI-KWANDO CONFLUENCE

With these few introductory remarks, I will take the reader at once to the confluence of the Zambezi and Kwando rivers, where three "dug out" canoes had been placed at my disposal by Latia, eldest son of Liwanika, paramount chief of the Marotse and subject tribes, for conveyance of myself and goods as far as Sesheke, where fresh boys and canoes were to be provided for my further journey to Lialui, in Borotse.* I felt thoroughly content with everything and everybody, as the canoe boys chattered and paddled with that cheerful energy usual in natives at the commencement of a journey. Everything breathed of peace. The intensely blue sky cast its colour on the wide stretch of clear water, which contrasted so pleasantly with the 500 miles of sandy monotony and everlasting bush in which the preceding five weeks had been spent. Not that there is anything particularly striking in the scenery of this part of the Zambezi. No tropical vegetation lends additional effect to the picture, nor do broken crags or distant hills give it contrast in colour. It is, in fact, one of those scenes which could be more effectively dealt with by the pen of the poet than by painter's art. A noble expanse of transparent water, studded here and there with treeless

* The prefix Ma- denotes the people, Bo- the country. Thus, Marotse, Borotse; Matoka, Rotoka have their parallels with us in English, England.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

islands ; a fringe of tall, matted river reeds, and about a mile of plain beyond, with a background of tree-clad undulations, make up the view to right and left.

On the first night of my river journey—that of July 2nd, 1895—I camped immediately above the Mambova Rapids, beyond which the river winds for some ninety miles through the Sesheke flats—in winter a plain, in summer an extensive swamp. It was now winter, and the Zambezi was nearly at its lowest, so that the clean-cut banks restricted the view to the river itself. There is, however, much of interest to the naturalist here ; for countless flocks of waterfowl congregate on the numerous sandbanks which appear in the dry season. In places thousands of these birds are to be seen in every direction, some species intermingling one with another on equal terms, while others confine themselves exclusively to the society of their own kind. Among the better-known species are to be noticed the ibis, heron, pelican, stork, plover, and crane. I also saw four species of goose, many varieties of duck and teal, though these wild cousins of our domestic waterfowl are not nearly so numerous as might have been expected. I subsequently discovered that they prefer the grassy swamps of such rivers as the Lui, Lumbi, and other tributaries to the big river itself.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT

Leaving Mambova early the following morning, the boys paddled for about three hours, and then put into the bank for rest. Hearing that pookoo lechwe and reedbuck were plentiful in the neighbourhood, I took my rifle and set out for a short walk. The grass, however, was taller than myself, and though I occasionally caught a glimpse of, or heard, the game I had some difficulty in bagging anything. I was quite ashamed of the number of rounds wasted before a badly-placed bullet drove a pookoo to take to water and seek a safer asylum on the opposite bank. In obedience to shouts from the boys who accompanied me, three paddlers raced down on the wounded antelope, and just succeeded in assegaiing her as she reached land.

Towards four o'clock that afternoon the grunting of hippopotami a short distance from the left bank, and coming, as I afterwards found, from a long lagoon which ran parallel with the river, tempted me to land. The lagoon was surrounded by a dense fringe of reeds, and had it not been for the hippo paths which ran through them in all directions, progress would have been almost impossible. So dense were these reeds that I was only able to get a glimpse of the water at occasional intervals. Half a mile of walking and creeping through narrow winding paths and low tunnels brought me to a small open space which gave a view, about 120 yards distant, of the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

heads of some seven or eight hippos. An unsuccessful shot sent them all down below for a few minutes. Shortly an inquisitive head rose only twenty-five yards away, offering an easy shot. The hippo sank immediately, sending up much blood. A moment later another head appeared 120 yards away, where the animals had originally shown themselves. A lucky shot sent the owner down, though his reappearance about three minutes afterwards showed that he was only wounded. From the movement of the water the boys soon detected the plans of the wounded "sea cow"—he was making a final effort to escape from the narrow lagoon into the more spacious depths of the big river. And now began an exciting chase, during which the hippo at intervals raised himself head and shoulders above the surface of the water, opening his huge mouth as he half groaned, half roared with rage and pain. For myself I ran along the bank as fast as I could, posting myself at intervals in open places in hopes of getting in a shot as the head appeared. A run of about half a mile only yielded one shot, and that without effect. Thus my quarry was only about thirty yards from the big river, which, had he entered it, would have very much increased the odds in his favour, when chance brought me to an opening in the reeds just as the head reappeared a few yards away. One of a right and left entered his brain

FAVOURABLY IMPRESSED BY NATIVES

just above the eye, sending him to the bottom—lifeless.

This was the signal for the boat boys to dance round me in the very ecstasy of delight, for they saw prospect of an abundance of fat on the morrow, to them the very refinement of luxury.

Of course it was useless to do anything with the two dead hippopotami that evening, as these animals remain below water for some six hours after death. On the opposite side of the river the banks were high and therefore more suitable for camping, so I decided to cross and pitch the tent in one of the small clumps of bush which only rarely occur in the low-lying Zambezi districts.

The experience of my two previous visits to Africa had been limited to the South, principally among the Bamangwato, an inferior, indolent people, who cringe to the white man so long as they see any prospect of getting anything out of him, but show no gratitude when their purpose has been realised. The cheeriness and activity of my Masubia paddlers, and the careful regard they had hitherto shown for my personal comfort, had already suggested marked superiority over their South African cousins, and an incident occurred that evening which strengthened this favourable impression. The canoes had been tied, their contents had been carried up the bank, and I was looking about for a suitable spot

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

for the tent, when the head paddler approached to within a couple of paces of where I stood and respectfully addressed me with the words *lumela n'tate*—greetings, father. I acknowledged his salute, and he fell to the rear to make room for the next to do likewise, and so on until all eight had followed the example of their leader. My three South Africans looked on with an expression of amusement on their ugly faces as they squatted on the ground waiting to be told by me to do what my Masubias always did spontaneously, *i.e.*, to light a fire and pitch the tent.

The next morning after eating my early meal I recrossed the river and proceeded to the scene of the hippo hunt. Both the bodies floated within a short distance of one another, the wind having driven them to the near extremity of the lagoon. It did not take long for the boys to roll the smaller animal on to dry land, but their combined efforts failed to move the larger one when once the carcass rested on the ground. I therefore took careful measurements and left the boys to cut him up in the water. He proved to be of abnormal size, and those white and half-caste hunters who subsequently saw the skull, in spite of the reputation they have as a class for being able to "cap" everything, averred they had never seen such a head. The body from snout to root of tail measured fourteen feet and half an inch, and the circumference of the head, taken



MASUBIA PADDLERS LANDING HIPPOPOTAMI

SESHEKE REACHED

midway betwixt eye and ear and under the chin, showed nine feet exactly, and five feet six and a half inches taken midway between eyes and snout. The skull and the skin of the head and neck were saved for my collection.

The whole of that day and the next were taken up in preparing the flesh for drying into "biltong," boiling down the fat, which in the hippopotamus excels in quantity and quality, and cutting the skin into broad strips. The best waggon-whips are cut out of "sea-cow" skin, while the "sjamboks" and walking-sticks made therefrom are much valued.

On the following day, July 7th, I reached Sesheke, and went at once to see M. Goy, a Swiss Protestant Missionary, serving under the auspices of the Paris Missionary Society. He received me kindly, at once placed a comfortable hut at my disposal, and insisted on my taking all my meals with him and Madame during my stay at Sesheke.

This mission station at Sesheke is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Zambezi. Not only the quality of the buildings but the arrangements and neatness of the whole station speak volumes for the ingenuity and energy of the good missionary.

An interesting conversation with M. and Madame, who spoke excellent English, helped me much to mature my plans. One fact men-

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

tioned is well worthy of repetition. It appears that four days after the lamentable extermination of Wilson's party on the Shangani, M. Goy heard through Matoka sources that thirty white men had been killed in battle with the Matabele; that during the fight Lobengula was wounded in the bowels by a stray bullet, but fearing lest the fact might discourage his people, he told no man of his wound, and moved about as usual (he was not in the habit of moving much at any time) for two days. According to subsequent reports the wound grew worse, so he sent for a doctor, who told him his time had come to die. Thus he died, and was buried in a grave surrounded by a palisade. I presume the latter part of this information came by second and later messengers, a fact which seems to be omitted from my diary, the entries in which are as terse and brief as possible.

The following morning, having previously sent my greetings to the "Mokwai" or ruling princess of the Sesheke district, I paid her a visit, accompanied by M. Goy, who kindly consented to act as interpreter. A neat palisade of reeds bound together and some ten feet high surrounds a courtyard, in the centre of which stands an oblong hut about thirty feet long and half that width. It is neatly thatched with coarse river grass, while the walls are constructed of cement made of ant-heap earth and cow-dung mixed, and supported internally by upright stakes.

THE MOKWAI OF SESHEKE

We found this young lady lounging on a mat beneath a reed-built shade. She is about twenty-three years of age, very black, decidedly presentable in appearance and refined in feature. Round each eye is a circular blue scar-tattoo mark. The two front teeth of a pearly white row are so filed as to form a reversed V. The wool, allowed to grow fairly long, is well combed out, thick and fuzzy, and in one side of it an ivory-carved dagger is thrust. A coloured robe passing over the left and under the right shoulder covers her person. To this young woman, who is niece to Liwanika, the ruling of the Masubia and a section of the Matutela is entrusted, though her cousin Latia has powers of direction in the more important matters of government. A tall, good-looking young Masubia sat next to her. He bears the title of "Mokwetunga," or "son-in-law of the king," and is at once her husband and her slave.

No sooner was the usual exchange of compliments disposed of than she wanted to know many things. Was I an Englishman? Had I ever seen the Great White Queen? Why had I come to a country so far from my home? How long did I propose staying? and what did I intend doing? Then came my turn. I told her what I wanted her to do for me, and asked for canoes and boys to take me to Liwanika, her uncle. She said I should have everything I

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

wished for, but that it would be impossible to provide me with canoes for about eight days. "Then," I said, "I will give you great thanks if you will detail a good hunter to lead me to where game is plentiful, so that I may hunt, and not be idle while the canoes and boys are being sent for." "It shall be so," she answered, "tomorrow a hunter shall be sent to you."

And so he was, for next day my good host came to me with the news that the Mokwai had sent one Madzimani, the best hunter in the whole district and an excellent fellow, to show me where I would find much game.

Madzimani, M. Goy informed me, though nominally a slave, had by his prowess in the hunting-field and success in battle made for himself a great name and earned the respect of his fellows. Though subject to a Marotse chief at Sesheke, he was himself chief of a large village a few miles to the south of the Zambezi, his subjects being his captives in war and their progeny.

NOTE.—The important Zambezi affluent, which for some 200 miles from its source is marked on most—if not all—maps "Kwando," "Kuando," or "Cuando," appears in its lower reaches as "Chobe" or "Linyanti," the latter with more reason than the former, which name was received from a passing Makololo chief, whose village stood temporarily on the south bank of the river half a century ago. "Kwando," throughout these pages, is applied to the whole of this river from its source to its junction with the Zambezi.

CHAPTER II.

ALTHOUGH it is not my intention to bore the reader with detailed accounts of ordinary hunting incident throughout this book, a description of a short eight days' hunting under the most favourable circumstances is not out of place and may be of interest to some.

I was encamped in a small clump of trees and undergrowth. The surrounding country was open, though scattered here and there were clumps similar to that in which I had taken up my quarters, while occasional narrow strips of forest subdivided the plain into sheltered glades, offering shade and covert to the numerous herds of game which but for traps and pitfalls knew no danger at the hands of man. Nature reigned supreme in this district ; its calm had never been outraged by the disquieting appliances of modern hunting, and the game cared little for what was going on 100 yards away. In fact, centuries had brought no altered conditions ; even man remained as primitive as he must have been 2000 years ago.

A plain about half a mile across lay to the west

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

of my camp, and on this a small herd of seven tsessebe grazed unsuspectingly. The wind was right, and I had crawled to within eighty yards of them before they became aware of my presence. Picking out the best bull I fired, the bullet entering his lungs. Groaning loudly the wounded antelope attempted to follow the retreating herd, then suddenly fell to the ground stone dead. The remainder subsequently turned and stood. Another shot wounded a second animal, but after following for some distance and firing three times I failed to bag him. In the dead tsessebe I secured an excellent specimen, the horns measuring $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches round the curve.

During the evening a snake caused a little diversion by crawling over the legs of one of the boys. In a moment all was excitement and jabber; the boys jumped about, grunted, and struck wildly at the wriggling reptile with their assegais, until finally he received his *coup de grâce*, and all was soon quiet again.

The next day I was on the move early, but had not gone far from camp when my presence disturbed a couple of tsessebe drinking at a small pan. They were very tame, but as neither carried a remarkable head—and my ambition as a hunter has always lain in the direction of quality, not quantity—they trotted off unmolested.

A few hundred yards further the appearance of a mixed herd of wildebeest and tsessebe led to a

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

stalk and a shoulder wound to a wildebeest bull. He and two others left the herd. The boys took up the blood spoor and a five-mile chase commenced, which ended in an excellent opportunity and an atrocious shot. Away they went again, joined a herd of zebra and tsessebe, and disappeared finally. Making a detour with a view to returning to camp over fresh ground, I passed seven tsessebe which stood about sixty yards off, and watched me pass without attempting to decamp. A couple of miles further on a few wildebeest and tsessebe were grazing in the open plain. They had not noticed me, so I decided to bag one of the wildebeest if possible. Crawling along through the scant grass covert for about twenty minutes, I got to within sixty yards of the herd. On sitting up to fire the game started off, but I managed to place a bullet behind the ribs of a fine bull just as he was in the act of turning. He fell in his tracks, the bullet having travelled through his heart to the skin of the chest. Although there are many South African wildebeests (*C. taurinus*) in these latitudes, there are still more of a variety betwixt and between Jackson's wildebeest and the black-faced species of the South. A white mane would convert this intermediate species into *C. Jacksoni*, or a black face into *C. taurinus*. The specimen mentioned above had a white band about two inches wide across the lower part of

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

the forehead. This, however, is probably merely a freak of nature. The horns were $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which places them high in the list of measurements among known specimens. 77

Leaving Muliphi, one of my Bamangwato boys, to keep the vultures from the wildebeest carcass until Madzimani should return with boys to carry in the meat, I set out for camp. While on the way the alarm whistle of an oribi drew my attention to three of these graceful little antelope bounding forward from a clump of grass a short distance to the left. When about 100 yards away all three stood and looked. I fired but missed. Following them up as they again retreated, a second halt gave another opportunity, and one was bagged. A herd of wildebeest standing some 300 yards away evinced no little interest in the oribi hunt, and only moved off when the incident had terminated.

At camp natives from a village close by awaited my return with a couple of quarts of milk. For this I gave them about half the tsessebe meat, and told them that if they helped my boys to carry in the wildebeest they should have half of that too. And yet, although meat is one of the two objects of their existence, they pretended they were underpaid for their two quarts of milk and wanted calico also! On being told that if they did not like meat I should move my camp to some other village

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

and make its people fat instead of them, they said no more. The African native is a born trader, and seldom appears satisfied with a "deal" until he is convinced that its terms are final.

The next morning a lechwe ewe offered a tempting shot at about forty yards; however, her sex saved her, as she had nothing but meat to give and the larder was well supplied. Later a fine old wildebeest bull provided me with an hour's exciting stalk and a good pair of horns. He was of the South African species, which, to the west of the Zambezi, is much more common than the species of which I shot a specimen on the previous day, which, however, predominates to the east of the river. Late in the evening I wounded a reedbuck a few hundred yards from camp, but he escaped in the long grass; nor was an attempt to find him next morning more successful. That day I moved camp to a place about ten miles distant, where Madzimani had told me I should find giraffe, eland, buffalo, roan and sable antelope, and other kinds of game. While *en route* several herds of wildebeest and tsessebe were passed, a mixed herd of which I stalked with my camera; getting to within thirty yards I photographed them just as they turned to leave. Another oribi was also added to the bag. In the evening of the same day I strolled out as usual in quest of

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

something new. It came in the form of a fine pookoo ram grazing peacefully, and wholly unsuspecting of danger. Two or three clumps of bush and an ant-heap helped me to get within sixty yards of the ram. He bounded off on receiving a bullet in the shoulder, but after rushing about for short distances in different directions for several seconds dropped dead. The bullet had passed through the middle of the heart and out through the far shoulder. It is by no means a rare occurrence for antelope to run even two or three hundred yards with a bullet of small calibre through the heart, but a 16-bore, such as I was using, makes a nasty hole and seldom allows much show of vitality subsequent to a heart wound. As I proceeded, the bush became thicker and buffalo and other spoor, to say nothing of the tsetse fly, told me I was in a neighbourhood carrying more variety of game than had been seen during the preceding two days. Just as I had commenced my return, a jackal—also on the hunt—crossed my path. As he turned his head towards me I took a snap shot at him—a lucky shot which dropped him dead with a shattered jaw. A few moments later I fired at and missed a small antelope about the size of a steinbuck, but which appeared to be much darker in colour, in which case he was new to me, as he certainly was not a duiker.

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

As the sun showed himself above the horizon the next morning the boys drew my attention to a couple of lions moving slowly through the long grass. Stooping down, I made a detour under covert and placed myself unseen behind a large ant-heap near which it seemed the animals would pass. I had been concealed thus not more than a few seconds, during which I was congratulating myself on so good a chance occurring at the very commencement of my trip, when the two pseudo lions showed themselves within a few yards. To my disgust, in place of the majesty of the lion I saw only a couple of skulking spotted hyænas returning to covert after a scavenging expedition. I gave the brutes a right and left, wounding them both, but too far back. Perhaps it was just as well after all that they were no longer lions, for two wounded lions seven yards off might have placed me in a tight corner; however, these two hyænas taught me one lesson—not to ignore my sights simply because my game was within a few yards. One animal bolted, but in doing so received an ounce of lead in his hind quarters. The other fell to the ground apparently lifeless, though subsequent events indicated that he was more frightened than hurt. I was looking in the direction of his retreating friend when up he sprang and went off at a heavy gallop. Sending the rest of the boys to despatch the other, I

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

called to Madzimani and Muliphi to follow me after the resurrected one.

It is hard to explain why I should have run between six and seven miles over heavy sand and under a hot sun after a member of the most loathsome species of the canine tribe, but the fact remains that I did, and enjoyed myself too. My quarry was in view most of the run, and the line was straight away for about an hour, when a plain of three-foot grass checked the pace for quite thirty minutes. Here more boys came up after having settled the account of the other animal, and joined Madzimani in working out the blood-spoor through the grass. At last a chorus of shouts and disturbance of grass showed that the hunted brute had gone away again. He could travel just a degree quicker than Madzimani, the keenest and fleetest hunter I have ever had, but it was evident from the amount of blood left behind that the boy would soon be able to outpace the animal. With the rest of the boys I plodded on and on for some distance, watching the single figure getting smaller and smaller in the distance, until it finally disappeared altogether. I followed the spoor till I lost it, and was compelled to wait for the other boys, who had managed to place themselves just as far behind as Madzimani was in front. The rest was not unacceptable, for I was beginning to feel that I had had about enough of it.

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

When the boys came up they took the spoor and went away again, until on entering another grassy plain Madzimani was observed standing half a mile in front, frantically waving his arms. On coming up he led me forward till the hyæna sprang up and moved slowly off, taking with him an assegai bitten off a few inches from the left flank and protruding beyond the right. Two bullets in his hind quarters did not stop him, but I easily ran up alongside and rolled him over with a third. The game brute had made such a plucky bid for life that, after photographing his remains, with the four boys who were in at the kill, in rear, I saved the head to remind me in years to come of the hard run its owner had given me.

After a short rest an adjournment was made, with a local native as guide, in search of water, which was said to be "kokala," or far away. Not very encouraging! for I would have given a good deal for a long and effervescing beverage at the time.

While passing down a long, narrow, open vale, I sighted two black spots about 500 yards away, which, on closer inspection, proved to be wart-hogs. A large ant-heap favoured my approach, but the wind was wrong, and on raising my head above covert the pigs with tails erect were to be seen in full retreat, nor did the one I fired at respond to my invitation to stop.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

From the valley the guide led the way through open forest. A mixed herd of zebra and tsessebe had sought out a cool spot shaded from the piercing rays of the midday sun, and there rested and slept in seeming security. So little alert were they that my approach to within 120 yards of the picturesque group was quite unnoticed. A fine stallion offered a good shoulder shot as he lazily plied his tail from flank to flank, forbidding to the flies the peace they would fain deny to him.

My bullet struck low, shattering the forearm immediately below the elbow. Off bounded the tsessebe to the left, while the zebra galloped heavily away towards an open plain to the right. The wounded stallion for some time kept with the troop, while I kept as near Madzimani as I could. A mile thus, during which we had been able to cut off two or three corners, began to tell on the poor brute, whose near foreleg refused to do the work of two. He was several lengths behind his fellows as they bore to the right at an easy canter. Seeing his opportunity, Madzimani spurred, taking a line to the right with the evident intention of heading the game. I was soon left behind, and slackened my pace as I watched my gallant shikari disappear from view behind a rising mound, which for the moment hid the hunted troop. I saw no more of the chase until seven or eight came galloping

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

round the bend of the valley towards me. Seeing the wounded stallion was not with them, I took out the small hand camera which hung on my belt, and photographed the troop as they galloped past a hundred yards away. Next appeared the stallion, struggling all he knew, poor brute! against the cruel hand of fate. I moved towards him with reset camera, hoping to get a photo of Madzimani in the act of hurling his assegai in settlement of his account. But the hunter gained too rapidly; a sudden spurt, and he was alongside his game; a momentary check as he threw back his arm with uplifted assegai, and in a short second the blade was buried in the prostrate zebra's lungs.

It is not politic to treat a native to more than a superficial acknowledgment of merit, or he soon attaches to his good qualities an undue and extravagant value, not infrequently culminating in the idea that his services are almost indispensable to his master. I could not, however, resist slapping Madzimani on the back and eulogising him in English, not a word of which he understood. Two hard hunts in one day had shown him to be an indomitable hunter and a natural sportsman, so unlike most of his fellows, who, like the hound, hunt better when hungry, and immediately lose the spoor if they see hard work in front. The zebra had fortunately headed in the direction of

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

the water, which we reached three-quarters of an hour later. Two or three "pannikins" of tea and a bathe were thoroughly appreciated, for nine hours' continuous hard exercise under the tropical sun has a very drying effect—internally, at all events. Next day I did not hunt, and in the evening moved my camp five or six miles further west.

I had scarcely left camp on the following morning when seven buffalo appeared about 120 yards off. A bullet struck a bull in the shoulder, and all seven lumbered along into the thick bush, apparently leaving the wounded bull behind, for shortly afterwards he was to be heard bellowing loudly about 200 yards away. Madzimani, as I started off in pursuit, was particularly anxious that I should go round instead of following immediately on the spoor; but I afterwards suspected that his object was to miss the wounded animal on account of the danger of hunting him in such thick covert. After taking me further than I thought necessary for the purpose, he pointed out a herd of three or four hundred buffalo moving slowly along an open plain. Describing a semicircle, I managed to place myself unseen behind an ant-heap near the edge of the plain, towards which the herd advanced. As they passed about eighty yards from me, I fired at the shoulder of a large bull. The bullet, I imagine, struck him too far back.

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

However, be that as it may, the only apparent effect of my shot was to suggest to his mind that a neighbouring bull was directly responsible, for he lost no time in resenting the supposed attack. As he charged, his antagonist received him on his horns, and an interesting duel seemed to have commenced. Unfortunately the herd took fright, and galloped off in a cloud of dust so dense as to obscure everything but an occasional outline. Away they thundered into the forest, myself and boys following in their wake as quickly as our legs could carry us. In about a mile they had settled down, and were grazing and walking when I managed, with the aid of an ant-heap, to get a shot at about 120 yards. Off went the herd once more, leaving a cow standing unsteadily with legs outstretched and bellowing loudly. Suddenly she rolled over quite dead. The hardened elongated bullet, nine to the pound, had entered the chest and penetrated through the heart. She was a large cow, and the size of her horns, which I could only see indistinctly amid the mass of black surrounding her, had led me to suppose I was firing at a bull.

It took about an hour to come up with the herd after this, and when I did so the covert was so scant that it would have been impossible to advance near enough without setting them in motion. I was compelled, therefore, to follow at a distance for about a mile before an oppor-

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

tunity occurred for a closer approach. On the way I nearly abandoned the buffalo for a herd of sable antelope, which stood only sixty yards from the line of spoor, offering a tempting opportunity. However, I stuck to the buffalo, and was rewarded with a magnificent bull's head. The bullet fortunately struck him in the right place, passing through the heart and bulging out the skin on the far side. Measured between assegais, with the hoofs pressed well back, I made his height at the shoulders 15 hands $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, though bulk, not height, is the distinctive feature of the African buffalo. On my return to camp I was told that the bull first wounded had been seen in a dying condition by some of my followers from a neighbouring village at midday. I sent out a couple of boys to look for him. They came back to say he was not to be found. Probably he had already found his way into the village cooking pots.

Next morning one of the boys who had been left behind to cut the buffalo meat into strips for drying, reported that a lion had been walking round their fire during the whole night. I returned with him and, on examination, found lion spoor up to within six feet of the carcass, close to which the boys slept. My first intention was to spend the next night there, in the hopes of a return visit, but on finding that the animal had ultimately gone away on the spoor of the

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

herd, and as the boys were so convinced that he would not come back again, I abandoned the project.

Later in the day a single buffalo, standing in some long grass 500 yards away, attracted my attention. By the time this distance was halved he lay down, and was hidden by the surrounding undergrowth, which covered my approach to within thirty yards. I then noticed a second buffalo also at rest. He failed to rise after receiving a two-ounce bullet. At the report his companion, whose hind quarters had been towards me, sprang to his feet, and in turning round gave an easy opportunity for a shoulder shot. Rushing ponderously in different directions, snorting angrily and sniffing the air, he finally stood about twenty yards from where I stooped, waiting for a second shot, behind a scrubby bush. The bullet he had received, however, had done its work, for before I could fire again he fell heavily to the ground with scarcely any further movement. Neither pair of horns was worth saving, a point being broken off the one pair, while the other belonged to a three-year-old bull, and was not fully developed. I therefore left a boy to protect the meat until sent for.

In the evening I strolled out in the vicinity of camp, saw a nice pallah ram, missed him twice and returned. The day after, a four miles' tramp took me to fresh giraffe spoor. While following

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

it up two cows and a bull went away in some thick covert within ten yards of where I stood. So thick was the bush that all I could see was three heads towering above an intervening thorn-bush. Nor could I get a view of their bodies till I had run about 300 yards, when I came upon them standing 150 yards off in an open glade. Unfortunately, I thought at the time I could make more certain of hitting the bull, which towered above his companions, by crawling through the grass for fifty yards or so, for my heavy bullets, on account of the modified rifling of the barrels, were only accurate up to 100 yards, and the soft lead spherical bullet which I generally used was hardly good enough for giraffe at 150 yards. However, a watchful eye was looking down from a height of nearly twenty feet, and I was defeated. Away the giraffe went, only to be seen once again in the distance. While following on their spoor, four elands trotted across eighty yards in front. I waited for a standing shot but did not get one, as they only stood once, and then 300 yards away. Next a sable antelope bull rose a few yards from me and galloped away; an easy shot was prevented by one of my boys getting between the game and the rifle. Next moment the sable was safe in the thick bush.

I was beginning to fear that in spite of excellent chances I was going to have a blank day.



GIRAFFE

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

I was, however, to be spared this, for after twice missing an oribi, and following him up, he ultimately gave me a third shot at 100 yards and a pretty head with horns above the average. Later on I missed a pallah ram, and one of a herd of some fifty wildebeest; and that evening, as I smoked my pipe by the camp fire, almost came to the conclusion that the time had arrived to abandon hunting in favour of fishing with ground bait.

Next morning an attempt to drive a swampy plain below my camp for reedbuck and pookoo failed. The villagers had fallen in as beaters, but refused to obey Madzimani's instructions. Accordingly I waited in vain at the appointed place, finally going back to camp in by no means the sweetest of moods, and to the discomfiture of the delinquents, whom I found squatting round the fire, but who very shortly left in a hurry.

In the afternoon I sent a messenger to the Mokwai, with promises of meat and a request for canoes, and in the meantime resolved to make a two days' excursion in search of hitherto unsecured species. Soon after leaving I wounded a reedbuck with a bad shot in the hind-quarters. While following him up I got a shot at another at about 100 yards, and a better-placed bullet entered his heart. I sent the carcase back to camp and proceeded. In the evening I found

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

myself in a very gamey-looking country, where the forest was intersected by numerous vales growing excellent pasture. I had passed two herds of pallah, and had missed a shot at a nice ram when a sharp turn brought me in sight of some thirty more returning from their evening drink to the shelter of the forest. I got an easy shot at a ram. The bullet struck him in the right place and he fell dead.

Further on I sighted a herd of sable antelope grazing on the open plain. While in the middle of a stalk a native passing within a few hundred yards put them to flight. It was improbable that they would travel far, so I made camp at once and set off with Madzimani and a local boy in pursuit. After crossing a narrow belt of forest a second plain was reached. A hundred yards off about forty wildebeest enjoyed their evening feed; below a single roan antelope bull moved restlessly about as though suspicious of danger, while in the centre the sable antelope, about a dozen in number, had settled down beyond a bed of tall reeds.

First I paid my attentions to the roan, but he had made up his mind to trek and walked slowly over a bare patch towards the reed-bed. So soon as he had entered the covert I bolted after him. When once more in view he still held on with his quarters towards me, while the sable to my right showed no signs of alarm. Changing my plans

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

I crawled through two-foot grass until some sixty yards only separated the game from myself. I fired into the shoulder of the leading bull. He turned and went away with the herd. Another shot missed him and I followed as fast as my legs could carry me. The herd then wheeled to the left about 120 yards off. A shot at another bull brought him down, but after dragging his temporarily paralysed hind-quarters for a short distance he once more regained his legs and made off after his companions. A quarter of an hour's run with three shots and as many misses was the only effort the declining light allowed me; but the animal was hard hit and I gave up the chase, knowing that he would not be far off in the morning.

In the meantime Madzimani told me that the bull first hit lay dead on the plain. It was quite starlight as we retraced our steps. The whistling of unseen reedbucks in every direction testified to their numbers. It was with some difficulty that the dead antelope was found. His head was then cut off and carried by Madzimani into camp.

Contemporaneously with the rising of the sun the bulk of the boys were cutting up the sable, which had escaped the notice of hyæna and jackal, while three boys were with me working out the spoor of the wounded bull. Having passed a very tame and inquisitive herd of tsessebe, I disturbed the sables and a chase

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

ensued. The wounded animal, however, was very stiff and was quickly left behind. A mile run discovered him standing, but before I could get a shot he was off again, for no great distance this time, however. His hind limbs refused their office and down he came once more. While walking up to give him his *coup de grâce* the paralysed sable tried all he knew to get at me, but beyond a series of threatening snorts and the ominous movement of his sharp pointed horns, he was powerless to protest and died accordingly.

At 3.30 I was again on the move. During that afternoon I saw the largest herd of sable antelope—some 300—I have ever seen, and herds of zebra, tsessebe, and wildebeest, none of which I wanted, so I did not fire a shot; also spoor of giraffe and eland, each of which I did want, but failed to get a shot.

In connection with these latter I witnessed a scene between master Madzimani and a native, who, with a small boy, was surprised while abstracting honey from a tree.

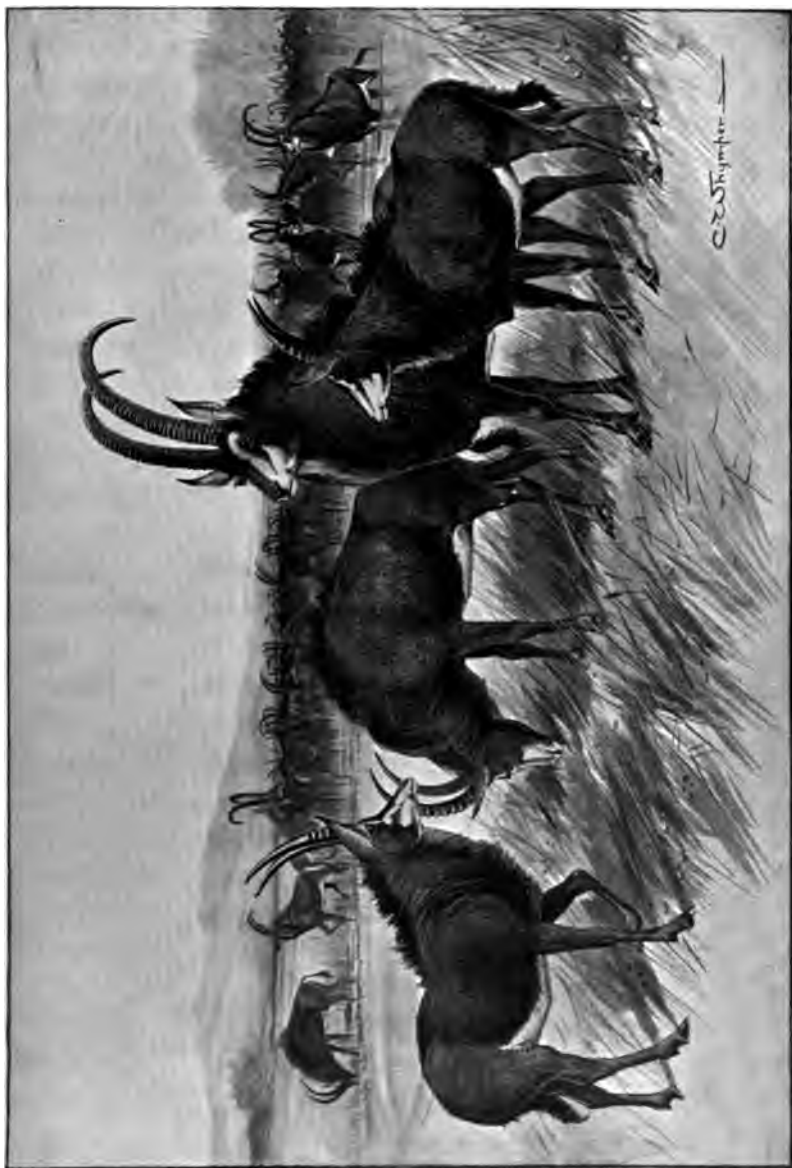
“Where are the giraffe to be found?” asked Madzimani.

“There are none.”

“Then where are the eland?”

“There are no eland either.”

“I am Madzimani,” was the rejoinder; “the orders of the Mokwai are that the white man shall be shown where the game is.”



LARGE HERD OF SABLE ANTELOPS

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

"I am not going to show the white man the game," the native replied.

"But it is the Mokwai's order."

"What do I care about the Mokwai!" was quickly followed by active retaliation by Madzimani, who seized his opponent's axe and threw him to the ground. I ordered the boys to separate them. They rose, but Madzimani held the axe.

"Give me my axe!" demanded the native.

"I will not," Madzimani answered, for he was now very angry.

"But it is mine," persisted the other.

I thought it was time to put a stop to the proceedings. I considered that Madzimani was justified in resenting the disrespectful tone of the native towards his mistress, and his refusal to obey her command, so addressed the delinquent.

"You have refused to obey the Mokwai's order and to show Madzimani where the giraffe and eland are to be found; you also speak disrespectfully of the Mokwai. Madzimani shall take the axe to her, and you can then go and claim it, when I have no doubt she will decide between you."

This ended the affair, and the native went his way.

On my way back I missed a pookoo, and later broke a reedbuck's foreleg. The remaining three, however, were good enough to save him,

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

and after a long chase he made good his escape. On reaching camp I found a letter from my friend M. Goy, informing me that the Mokwai had despatched canoes, which the bearer told me had arrived at the base camp. So on the following morning I returned thither, passing a herd of upwards of 100 roan antelope on the way. In the afternoon I was once more on the river, and reached Sesheke the midday following.

This terminated the only excursion made exclusively for purposes of sport during the nine months I spent in the Upper Zambezi districts. So far as possible I have carefully recorded every herd of game and single antelope seen, and every shot fired, with its approximate range. The nineteen head bagged included twelve distinct species, while it will be noticed that a better man could have secured five more species in the same time, which I had hunted within easy shooting range, but for one reason or another failed to bag. It is unfortunately not infrequent to bring forward the size of a bag of big game as a test of comparison, variety and quality of specimens taking quite a secondary place. How easy it is for a very indifferent hunter to shoot down four or five animals a day and wound three times that number in districts similar to the one described above, is, I venture to think, obvious. Thus a large bag so easily secured, so far from being a credit to the sportsman, is in some cases

EIGHT DAYS' HUNTING

very much the reverse. If all the quagga whose meat was abandoned to the vultures and jackals had been left unmolested, this species, so far from being extinct now, would still be numerous on the Transvaal Flats.



BUFFALO HEAD.

CHAPTER III.

IT appeared that during my absence a troop of lions had nightly patrolled the district, on one occasion actually entering the precincts of the mission station. During the two nights prior to my return they had unsuccessfully visited a cattle kraal on the opposite bank of the river. Hoping they might devote yet another night to the same kraal, I crossed with two boys the Mokwai had placed under my orders, and rigged up a shelter of boughs against the scherm surrounding the kraal. Running at right angles to the scherm was a fence about four feet from the wall of my hut, thus creating a blind alley, at the far end of which was tied a kid, whose duty it was to bleat at intervals during the hours of darkness. At 10 p.m. I retired to this shelter, and made up my mind to a wakeful night. To reach the kid any marauding lion would of necessity have to pass within two feet of my rifle's muzzle, which was pointed towards a small opening in the boughs, through which aim could be readily taken.

And thus I sat on a native stool. Hour

NIGHT-WATCHING FOR LIONS

succeeded hour, unbroken by even the yelp of the jackal, let alone the lion's roar. Mosquitoes were very thick, and their music never ceased. Smoking was out of the question, so I was compelled to let them have their way. And so things went on till about three o'clock, when the alliance between the mosquitoes and myself against the importunate demands of Morpheus collapsed, and I slept soundly till sunrise. Then I crawled out, roused the natives, and examined the surrounding veldt. A single lion had approached to within forty yards of the shelter, but seemingly suspected a trap, and decamped.

Hoping for better luck on the following evening, I repeated the performance. Result as before: worried by mosquitoes, overcome by sleep, and neglected by the lion.

During my stay at Sesheke I took five observations for latitude, the mean of which fixes that place in $17^{\circ} 31' 18''$ S. lat., some seven miles to the north of the position hitherto assigned to it on the maps.*

In the evening of July 29th I bade farewell to my kind friends M. and Mdme. Goy, and was once

* I subsequently discovered that Livingstone's observations place Sesheke in $17^{\circ} 31' 38''$, about 670 yards south of mine, but as that traveller observed from the south bank, while mine were taken about 150 yards from the north bank, there cannot be more than a few yards between the two fixings. Thus Livingstone's original map would seem to have been corrected to the work of some later traveller—hence the inaccuracy on the maps referred to in the text.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

more being paddled up stream. Three canoes had been lent me ; the one in which I travelled was four feet at the beam, and was manned by five paddlers. It was about the largest "dug out" canoe I have seen, and though comfortable, was very heavy and slow ; so much so that two boys in one of the others could go past it as they liked. The boys called it "incubu," or hippopotamus, by reason of its ponderous proportions. My new paddlers did not compare favourably in personal appearance with those who had brought me to Sesheke, nor, with two exceptions, were they so adept in the use of their paddles. Camping early on the following evening, I went off in search of meat, and returned at sundown with a reedbuck.

For two years consecutively clouds of locusts had infested this country, cleared the harvest, and reduced the people to a state of famine in most districts. In the neighbourhood of Sesheke, however, the previous harvest had ripened and been gathered in prior to the invasion of these destructive little pests. I had thus been able to purchase a certain amount of corn, but the canoes were not capable of carrying sufficient for the whole journey in addition to the loads. Reports from the country before me were not at all reassuring, native information serving to show that corn was absolutely unprocurable. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to feed the

BUFFALO HUNTING

boys as much as possible on meat, save the corn for use where game was unprocurable, and trust to Providence and my rifle for the rest.

In the early morning of August 1st I was encamped on the north bank of the river near the native town of Katanga. The Sesheke flats had been left behind, and the uninteresting, clean-cut river banks had given place to high-rising ground with a background of forest. The sun was just showing itself above the horizon, when one of the boys aroused me with the news that three buffalo were feeding on the opposite side of the river. I was soon ferried across, and went off in pursuit. The animals had in the meantime entered a bed of reeds some eight feet high and covering several acres, a place by no means suitable for successful buffalo-hunting.

I left the boys at the place where the game had entered the reeds, with instructions to advance noisily after I had got well ahead. By a circuitous route I placed myself among the reeds at the far side of a small open space, across which the buffalo might be expected to pass, when they became apprised of the advance on their rear. And so it was. After remaining hidden for about five minutes a disturbance in the reeds showed that I was in the right place, and presently three bulls emerged at a slow, clumsy trot about thirty yards from me. A shot into the lungs of one of them, which carried a massive

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

pair of horns, separated him from his companions. While they cantered heavily towards the forest the wounded animal made straight for a second reedbed a couple of hundred yards away, and was shortly lost to view.

A wounded buffalo, five times out of six, will charge his pursuers when he finds them within five-and-twenty yards of him. In the open this charge is not very serious to an active man armed with a good rifle, and the avowed preference of sportsmen for the charge of a lion to that of a buffalo has always been a mystery to me. Still, in reeds where the enemy stands motionless until he hears his pursuers within five yards of him he has everything in his favour when he makes his charge, and I might almost say the hunter who places himself in such a position merits the consequences of his unnecessary rashness. When I had satisfied myself that the wounded bull had not left the reeds, which covered a space of about three acres, I remained to windward of the patch, and sent the boys to leeward with orders to make as much noise as they were capable of (which may be taken as considerable), so as to drive the game if possible into the trap. I had remained in my position for about ten minutes; the bull had shown his whereabouts by making a sudden short rush through the reeds, and the boys had lapsed into silence, when I conceived the idea of visiting

FINE BULL BAGGED

my beaters. I found the group jabbering away as usual, but not attempting to play their part in the hunt. While I was rating them, however, three or four fresh boys appeared from camp headed by one "Bushman," a repulsive-looking nigger, but a good hunter. He at once volunteered to drive the buffalo from covert, so I returned to my former position. Holding their assegais in front of them, they advanced in a long line towards the place where I had last heard the wounded bull. Pressing their assegais forward and down at each step of their advance, the reeds were laid low and the ground behind them made sufficiently open to allow them to retreat should the buffalo break back. Looking down from a slight rise I eagerly watched events as the reeds fell in front of the advancing line, and *bos caffra* must soon decide on his course of action. Presently a sudden sensation in the reeds, and out he came, about sixty yards away, but going very lame in front. After I had run after him for a short distance he turned and stood. A soft lead bullet on the point of the left shoulder merely sent a shock through him, but down he came to the next, and the hunt was over. He carried a magnificent pair of horns, which I saved for my collection. On returning to camp I made a pencil sketch* of the animal's head, with a view to showing the true profile of *bos caffra*, as

* Reproduced on page 35.

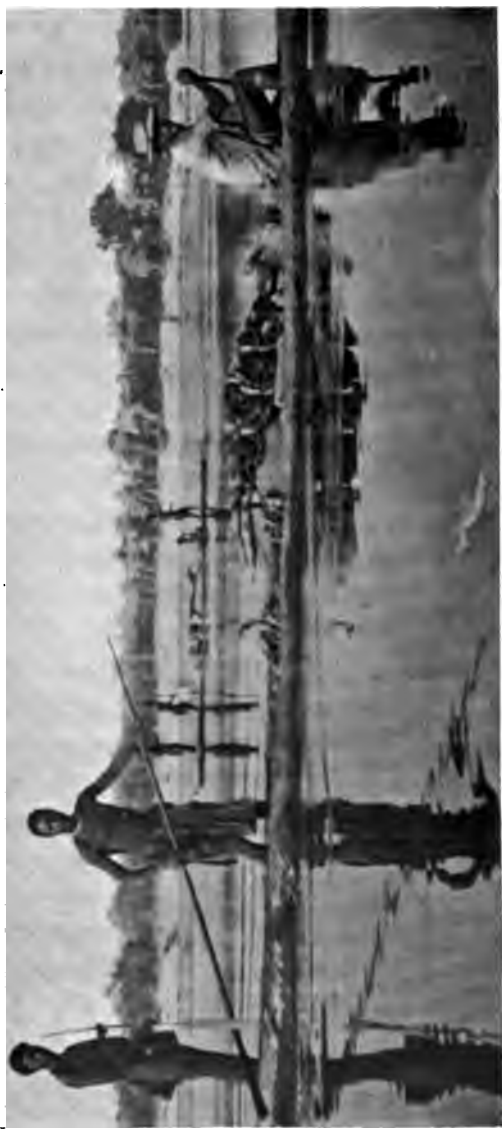
EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

naturalists in setting up heads invariably give the buffalo a straight and even at times a concave profile.

On the 3rd the Katimo Molilo Rapids were reached. The name signifies "Fire extinguisher." They are the first of a series of rapids and form the first bar to navigation for some ninety miles for any craft larger than a canoe. Canoes, however, are not even unloaded in the passage up and down any of the Zambezi rapids between Kazungula and Lialui. In fact, they never leave the water except when passing the Gonye Falls and the Ngamboe Cataract.

As is usually the case when rapids occur, the beauty of the river scenery is here greatly enhanced by their presence. The banks are higher and more broken, and the small tree-clad islands lend additional effect and variety. Two miles beyond the Katimo Molilo the canoes had to be forced through the Mosila-wa-Ndimba Rapids.

This name signifies "the tail of the cepa." The cepa is a small species of wild cat, common throughout this country. It is grey and spotted with a darker and reddish colouring, and across its tail is a succession of similarly coloured bars, between which and the successive bars of rock over which the river rushes at this place it is to be presumed the natives see some resemblance. The amount of elephant spoor on the left bank of the river in the neighbourhood of these rapids



ON THE ZAMBEZI

AMONG THE RAPIDS

indicated a favourite watering-place for these much persecuted monsters.

While travelling the smooth reach above the Mosila-wa-Ndimba Rapids, a fish which originally would have weighed some four pounds floated down stream on the surface of the water. An occasional spasmodic flap proved that life was not yet extinct, so I called to the boys in a canoe behind to secure what subsequently turned out to be three quarters of a fish only. About a quarter of the after part of the body was missing, and had been cut off as cleanly as though with a sharp knife, while the concave nature of the incision pointed to the fact that a crocodile had been just too late for the greater part of his meal. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and in this case the proverbial tears would have been shed less bitterly, I feel sure, had the disappointed crocodile realised what satisfaction his partly escaped prey was destined to give a humble English traveller on the bank hard by. Fried in fat the fish was excellent.

Not more than a couple of miles beyond the Mosila-wa-Ndimba the river surface is again disturbed by the Manykanza Rapids. Immediately above these I decided to remain for a few days. It was a lovely spot for a camp. The river was some 800 yards wide, clear and tranquil. To the left the water rushed between the line of small islands and over craggy rocks in

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

its inevitable progress to the sea, a thousand miles beyond. On the right the broad blue expanse was calm and undisturbed save by the occasional appearance of a herd of hippopotami, as they watched and wondered at the operations in progress on the bank.

The map of the Zambezi between Kazungula and Manyekanza as supplied to me by the Royal Geographical Society had proved to be far from correct, according to the observations I had taken during my journey. My fixings did not alter the positions of the two places above mentioned, but between them the actual course of the river is in places as much as seven miles north of its hitherto supposed course. On discovering this inaccuracy I made a point of travelling slowly and taking latitudinal observations almost daily, so as to establish as far as possible the soundness of the correction in the eyes of experts on my return to England. Out of the seventeen latitudinal observations I took during this ninety miles, all but one at the time of taking appeared satisfactory, and all worked in so well with the route sketch as to leave no doubt in my own mind as to the general accuracy of the correction.

Shortly after landing I witnessed a most amusing ceremony, in which one of my paddlers and a strange boy participated. The stranger was either a relation or a great friend of the boy in question, from whom he had doubtless been

AN AMUSING CEREMONY

separated for some time. Squatting down on their haunches immediately in front of one another, each held the others hands—left in right—shook them, and gazed affectionately into his friend's eyes for some seconds. Then with the right hands the left ones were drawn, palm downwards, to friendly lips, which half sucked, half kissed the dirty black surface thus presented. On the completion of this second stage they once more looked intently at one another, and after each had repeatedly gone through the form of spitting into the other's face they both rose to their feet and jabbered away as usual, apparently none the worse for all they had gone through.

Early the next morning I went out with my rifle. In following the river bank northwards for a few miles I noticed a great deal of spoor—elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, and many of the larger species of antelope. These animals, however, are seldom seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the river. During the night they come down to water, but by the time the sun rises they have already placed a considerable distance between the river and themselves. Pallah and pookoo were numerous on the banks (I was going to say "are," but, if native report be true, the rinderpest well nigh killed everything seven months later), while an occasional waterbuck or koodoo alone represented the larger class

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

of antelope preferring the river bank to the forest beyond.

On the 5th I shot a pallah in the morning to keep the pot boiling while I was away, and in the afternoon crossed the river with seven or eight boys, my blanket, and a little bread and tea. The local natives had told me that giraffe were to be found to the south-west of the river, and as they were the only species hitherto not procured which did not exist to the east I was anxious to secure one.

The sun had been down some little time, and I had tramped about eight miles without the encouragement of seeing even the spoor of game, when I found myself only about 100 yards from three elands. They were very intent on their evening meal, so did not notice me till I had almost halved the distance and aimed as best I could, for it was too dark to use my sights, at the biggest of the three. The bullet apparently struck high, and he went away after his companions, lame in front. It was impossible, for want of daylight, to follow for more than a short distance that evening. The wounded antelope had already separated from the other two when I halted and camped for the night on his spoor. It was a beautiful night and the moon was nearly full. There is something soothingly impressive about these bright moonlight nights spent in the open within the African forest. The heat of the

ON THE SPOOR OF A WOUNDED ELAND

day has given place to a cool freshness which allows sleep with comfort, while the clear, dry atmosphere on the great inland plateau permits the reflected light from the moon to play so brightly on the earth that artificial light is not even a necessity in writing or reading.

By sunrise next morning we were again on the eland's spoor, which now led in the direction of the river. For twelve miles the cow—for such she now appeared to be—was followed. Three times she was viewed, but the bush in each case prevented the possibility of a second shot being fired with effect. It was then that one of my boys pointed out a roan antelope standing broadside on barely 100 yards to the left. A shot through the lungs sent him away very lame and losing much blood. I had almost come to the conclusion that the eland had enough life left in her to keep me going all day, so confess to being glad of the excuse for abandoning her spoor for the roan's, which I could see clearly would not take me more than a short distance. And so it was; a half-mile spurt, and a *coup de grâce* added to my collection a good pair of roan antelope horns, twenty-eight inches from base to tip. The eland cow had described a circle in her flight, so that the body of the roan now lay within a mile of my last night's camp, and not more than six miles from the river. It was not my intention to return

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

to camp that day, so boys were despatched with calabashes for water. In the meantime the meat was cut up, and the bulk of it with the horns sent off to headquarters on the Zambezi. When the boys had returned with water, I mentioned my intention of proceeding in a direction to the south-west, having an idea that I should strike a watercourse, part of which I had explored on a previous occasion. The African cannot conceive why he should not remain inactive and gormandise as long as there is meat to be consumed; and, like the hound, he hunts best when hungry.

“You must go that way, N'tate” (Father), “for there is no water. There is only water in the big river,” interposed one of the boys in his anxiety to return to camp.

“Yes,” I answered, playing the game of “bluff”; “there is water there. I will sleep by it to-night.”

“Ruri N'tate” (truly, Father), “there is no water over there.”

“You do not speak the truth. There *is* water there,” I answered, pointing in the direction indicated as I rose.

In five minutes I was on the move, followed by the five boys kept behind for the purpose. After marching for about an hour, I allowed one of the local boys who accompanied me to take the lead; and sure enough, as the setting

NATIVE MENDACITY

sun reddened the sky, he stopped at a dug-out pit of milky-looking water.

“Did I not tell you there was water here,” I said. “Why did you say that which is false? It is not good to lie.”

Not in the least abashed—for to lie is more natural with these gentry than to speak the truth—the boy merely agreed that I had been right, and forthwith proceeded to fill the calabashes. Half a mile further on I bivouacked for the night. It was a gamey-looking country, and at sunrise I set off with four of the boys in continuance of the line taken on the previous afternoon. I had gone about five miles, and had already detoured to the north in order to return to the bivouac over fresh ground. I had seen nothing I wanted to shoot; herds of wildebeest, tsessebe, and zebra had alone shown themselves. It was then that three women appeared on the scene, each carrying a quantity of meat. On approach the following characteristic conversation ensued between Bushman and the eldest lady:

“What have you got there?”

“Qualater” (either roan or sable antelope)
“meat.”

“You lie, it is eland,” was the discourteous reply.

“No, truly it is a ‘qualater’ which lions killed in the night.”

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

"It is not 'qualater,' it is eland" (which was obvious); "the white man wounded it and followed it yesterday."

These black Saphiras then acknowledged that it was eland; on which Bushman stepped forward to claim the meat, for there is an unwritten law in this country which gives the meat of a dead animal to the man who first wounds and hunts it.

"No," I interrupted, "the women must have the meat."

"But it is yours, N'tate."

"That is all right; I will take the head only, but the women must show me where the lions killed this eland."

It is a remarkable coincidence that the dead animal proved to be actually the eland I had followed on the previous day, and curiously enough her spoor showed that she had passed within 200 yards of where I slept the night before, a distance of six or seven miles from the point where I shot the roan antelope, and finally, as I thought, gave up the eland.

Squatting down near the remnants that remained was a tall, gaunt old native, who guarded the meat till the women should return to carry it away. Here the customs imposed by civilization are reversed. The men are the drones, while the ladies do the work. This enhances their value to such an extent that the daughter

WOUNDED ELAND KILLED BY LIONS

of a freeman can rarely be procured without the extravagant payment of at least five cows. A chief's daughter of course is still more expensive. In fact, whereas we write £ *s. d.*, the native African will calculate his wealth under the headings of women, cattle, goats.

"Lions killed this eland?" I asked of the tall, gaunt native.

"Yes, N'tate."

"Where are the lions then? They must be sleeping close by."

"Yes, they sleep there," and he pointed into the forest.

It is not an easy thing to induce boys to take up the spoor of a troop of lions until they have learnt that their master is equal to the occasion at the critical moment. Very naturally these unsophisticated hunters, who have only assegais to depend on for defence, look upon the king of cats with a very extreme respect. I determined therefore to try to bribe away this natural caution.

"If you will show me the lions, I will give you a sitziba."

At this prospect of wealth the squatting entanglement of black limbs unwrapped itself, and in a moment the boy sprang to his feet with the alacrity of a jack-in-the-box. In vain the paddler Bushman endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose. I heard more than I

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

was intended to. But what were the lions to him with a whole sitziba in view! Seven feet of unbleached calico, value $2\frac{3}{4}d.$ a yard in England! No wonder he turned a deaf ear to Bushman's whispered cautions.

While tracing back the spoor from the carcase, the events of the last moments of the wounded cow's life were to be read as clearly as if in print. A large and small spoor showed how a lion and lioness followed stealthily for some distance the unsuspecting eland. Suddenly she became apprised of the danger of her position, and galloped off as fast as her lamed shoulder would permit. Instantly the lion made a spurt, gained on his quarry, and with three mighty bounds sprang on his helpless prey, which carried him some thirty yards before she fell.

Asking me to remain where I was with my boys, the tall gaunt one disappeared into the forest to reconnoitre. In five minutes he was to be seen running back and excitedly waving his arms as he said in suppressed tones :

“The lions are there, the lions are there!”

“All right, lead me to them, and you shall have your sitziba.”

We walked quickly through the forest for about a quarter of a mile; the native then took up the spoor, while I kept my eyes well to the front as we advanced.

The forest was admirably adapted for the

IN PURSUIT OF LIONS

purpose. Scarcely any undergrowth obstructed the view. Thus I suddenly caught sight of a single lion moving slowly away about 400 yards in front. Calling the boys' attention to him I followed at a good double, and had gained perhaps 100 yards when five lions appeared lobbing along slowly towards a strip of tall grass, about seventy yards long by thirty broad. As I came in view they turned their heads towards me for a moment, continuing their course as before, so that by the time they reached the grass about 150 yards separated us. Whether they meant to take covert, or to continue their dignified retreat beyond the patch, remained to be seen. Somehow I suspected the latter course, so ran all I knew for the rest of the way in the hopes of heading them. I was just in time, for as I reached the further extremity of the grass, the five lions broke covert within ten yards of me. Their bellies were distended with eland meat, and they walked lazily on in a direction three-quarters left about from me, without even deigning to turn their heads. I was even beginning to suspect that my presence was unnoticed, and waited quietly till thirty yards should separate us before commencing the attack. Twenty paces from me, however, the big lion of the party stood, turned partly round, and with head erect and what little mane he possessed electrified, as it were, looked stead-

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

fastly in my direction as I knelt and aimed well forward at the shoulder. I must acknowledge that a thrill of admiration passed through me. The animal looked all that dignity and bold magnificence which of late years some would fain deny to his species. I must, however, confess to never having heard a hunter of experience generalise in speaking of the lion as a cur. As I fired he rolled over, nor did the remaining four so much as turn their heads or quicken their pace. Not being quite dead, and thinking the wound might not have deprived him of the power of temporary recovery and its possible consequences, I finished him with a bullet from the left barrel. This time a lioness turned suddenly round, galloped back, and stood immediately behind her sire's now motionless carcase, looking in the direction of his slaughterer. Aiming at the point of her shoulder—her body was only turned half towards me—I fired. For the next few seconds an occasional outline of the lioness was all that could be seen of her, as she threw herself violently about in the dust, growling and tearing at her flank. I glanced at the remaining three as they continued their course with the same lazy gait. Anxious that they should not get too far away, I took a snap shot at the struggling lioness, hoping to kill her and leave her for the present. The bullet, however, entered too far back, and merely

CHARGED BY A LIONESS

had the effect of resuscitating her, for she immediately rose and trotted away to covert. It was then that the boys came up. They showed more activity of movement a few moments later. Muliphi took the spoor, but in a few yards he stopped.

"There is the lioness, Baas."

I looked in vain. "Where?" I asked.

"There she is, Baas, close to."

I lowered my line of sight, having expected to see her retreating through the forest some 300 yards ahead. What subsequently turned out to be thirty-four yards separated us from a low, scrubby bush. Behind this bush the lioness stood, broadside on, eyeing me with lowered head and fallen jaw, and looking very ugly indeed. I was in the act of moving off to the right, so as to get a better shot, when crash she came right through the bush and straight for me, giving utterance to low, deep growls. She had halved the distance when I fired the right barrel. The bullet, as I afterwards found, missed the chest, passing through the fleshy part of the right thigh, clearing the bone, and not even laming her. There was nothing for it but to make a certainty with my left barrel, so I determined to hold fire until she was sufficiently near to make a miss all but impossible. She was four or five feet from the muzzle of my rifle when I pulled the trigger. I sprang back immediately,

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

and it is perhaps fortunate I did so, for as I lighted the lioness fell dead at my feet, her right paw passing within a few inches of my left knee as she finished her final bound.

The excitement over, I had leisure to take in the ridiculous aspect of the scene. On looking round for the boys who a few seconds previously were immediately behind me, six were to be seen thirty yards to the rear, leaning on their assegais and looking for all the world as though they had been in the same position for the past quarter of an hour; while my Bamangwato boy, Muliphi, was in the act of crawling from underneath a small bush, with an expression of extreme horror written on his ugly black face. Afterwards I asked my gallant followers what they would have done had I missed the lioness and she had got me down.

"Oh, we would have assegaied her," was the matter of fact reply.

"You ran away so as to be ready, I suppose."

"Oh, but we would have come back again."

The bad shot I had made at the lioness in the first instance had unfortunately caused sufficient delay to considerably increase the distance between the remaining three and myself. However, I caught sight of one of them some 400 yards away, walking through the forest. I ran after him, calling on the boys to follow.

"Let them alone, N'tate."



CHARGED BY WOUNDED LIONESS

ANNOYING CONDUCT OF BOYS

“Two are enough.”

“They will kill you,” were at first the only responses. However, they came up very shortly after I reached the spot where I had last seen the retreating lion.

Then leaving the spooring to the boys, I kept my eyes well to the front, as is usual. After following for about half a mile I began to wonder why I had not even caught a glimpse of the trio, and it occurred to me to look at the spoor. But lo! to my annoyance there was none. The rascals had deliberately led me off the track. When I rated them for their cowardice, they did not seem to mind. Their object had been attained, and the lions, before I could again come up with them, had reached a large plain of long grass from which it would have been impossible to evict them.

Thus baffled I returned to the dead lion and lioness, measured them carefully, and superintended the skinning. They were both good specimens in coat and size, though the lion was all but maneless. His measurements were $38\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the shoulder, taken between vertically placed assegais, the one at the shoulder and the other in contact with the pads of both feet pressed forward as in standing position. His pegged-out skin was 10 ft. 3 in. The lioness's measurements were $37\frac{3}{4}$ in. and 9 ft. respectively.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days later, having previously mentioned my intentions of hunting elephant, I ordered the boys to fill the calabashes with water, purposing to sleep some miles from the river that night, and if possible to get among the elephants in the morning.

They sullenly remained seated. I suspect that, although permission had been given to shoot elephants, their instructions were to keep me away from these animals if possible.

“We do not know the country,” they protested.

“That matters little; we take water with us; I will go first, you shall follow.”

Still showing no inclination to obey, I ordered my three South African boys to get ready and accompany me. To the others I said:

“And as for you, if you do not follow me I will send you all back to the Mokwai, and you shall take a letter to her from me. I shall wait here till other boys are sent who shall take me to Liwanika.”

This threat was enough: they followed, and

UNSUCCESSFUL ELEPHANT HUNT

we camped that evening about six miles from the river.

Very shortly after sunrise the boys were working out the spoor of a large bull elephant, and continued to do so till about an hour before sundown, when they got on to a fresh bull by mistake at a place where the ground had been trampled down in every direction by a herd. Once he was heard trumpeting about a quarter of a mile off, but we never came up with him. Just after sunset I fired at a pallah ram with a Mannlicher. The buck went off apparently unhurt, disappearing over the brow of a hillock in front. One of the boys found his carcase quite by chance as we descended the slope. The small Mannlicher bullet had entered the chest, passed through both heart and liver, and out behind the ribs, yet with this wound the antelope had run quite 200 yards before he fell.

The next few days brought nothing of interest. Enough was shot to provide the boys with meat, and a six hours' chase after a rhinoceros was unsuccessful. On the 14th August we continued the journey and reached the Ngambwe Cataracts. Here the goods were unloaded and carried some 800 yards. The empty canoes were then forced up the rapids to the foot of the cataract and dragged over dry ground to the still water above.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

At midday on the 15th the canoes were passing up the Lusu Rapids. These rapids are most delicately picturesque. I have seen nothing on the Zambezi to equal them in beauty. The river is broken up by innumerable tree-clad islands into narrow, rocky channels through which the water rushes and murmurs in its onward course. Above, the overhanging branches meet, and cast their shade on the watery surface beneath them. Occasional open spaces allow the bright tropical sun to cast his dazzling rays on the dancing torrent. The intensity of light and shade thus created can be imagined. There was a brilliancy about the picture which reminded me more of my childhood's conception of fairyland than of any natural scenery I have ever seen. I was quite sorry when the canoes at last emerged from this watery labyrinth and entered the calm reaches beyond.

That evening camp was pitched at the confluence of the Njoko (monkey) river and Zambezi.

Having shot a pallah and two pookoo rams for the boys that were to be left behind at the main camp, I started up the Njoko with the two small canoes, intending to explore that river for forty or fifty miles before continuing the journey northwards.

On the afternoon of the 17th I started up the Njoko on foot with two boys, sending four

START UP THE NJOKO RIVER

others in the canoes with the blankets and provisions. The river, though only about twenty feet wide at this time of year, is deep, swift, and very circuitous. Consequently it was quite two hours after sunset by the time the food and blankets were landed. Many of the northern tributaries of the Zambezi, unlike the dry sand rivers of South Africa, flow through wide alluvial valleys, occasionally quite 1000 yards in width. These valleys, though dry in winter, become swampy in the rainy season. The rich soil produces excellent cattle pasture, capable of sustaining vast herds in those districts which are not infested by the tsetse fly. This cruel little pest is particularly numerous on the lower reaches of the Njoko river. The excessive attention they paid to the back of my neck resulted in boil-like lumps, which at one time threatened to give much pain and inconvenience; but zinc ointment and a protecting handkerchief proved a rapid and efficacious remedy.

The tsetse is in reality very little bigger than the English house fly, though his wings being longer he appears to be much larger. The fore part of the body is so hard that more than an ordinary pinch is necessary to deprive this insect of life. I have frequently thrown flies away for dead after giving them a vigorous squeeze, only to see them fly away before reaching the ground. The abdominal part of the body, which is marked

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

with black and amber striæ, almost invariably has the appearance of being an empty shell, out of which all substance has been squeezed. Once only I found an exception to this rule. This fly, though he had evidently done himself right royally, could not resist the temptation to sample the new dish my bare arm offered him. I caught and examined him. The abdomen was inflated with blood to the size and shape of a pea, and the distended tissues underneath were rendered sufficiently transparent to show the colour of the blood within. The proboscis of the tsetse protrudes in a horizontal direction and does not point downwards, as is the case with other flies. It is about one eighth of an inch long, and penetrates the skin through a thick flannel shirt without an effort. The fly is frequently to be heard giving vent to the high-pitched buzzing note which gives it a name, but when advancing to attack he noiselessly makes straight for his mark without all the preparatory fuss employed by others of his genus. His tread is so light that the sharp prick of the proboscis is generally the first indication of his whereabouts. The tsetse avoids open plains and is only to be found in forest or bush, and even there the limits of his habitat are so clearly defined, and the fly belts so permanently established, as to give rise to much speculation as to the reason why one of two contiguous districts of a similar character should

THE TSETSE FLY

teem with "fly," while the other is quite free from the pest. Certainly where buffalo is thick the tsetse is numerous—generally, at least—but this rule does not necessarily apply to most game. Districts occur in which game abounds, which, though within measurable reach of fly belts, are perfectly free of their presence. There is much mystery and consequent speculation about the nature and peculiarities of the tsetse. Hard facts are known well enough, but the scientist has not yet arrived on the scene who can explain its *raison d'être* and the paradoxes of its nature. It is commonly supposed in South Africa that the fly lays its ova in the skin of the wild buffalo, but this is not so, as experiments by Mr. Trimen, formerly curator of the Cape Town Museum, have proved; still, where the wild buffalo is to be found in large numbers the tsetse invariably teems, and yet the domestic ox succumbs more readily to the bite than any other animal, except perhaps the horse, whose first cousin the zebra wanders through belts unhurt. So, too, the wild dog and jackal are impervious, but few domestic dogs survive the bite many months. On the other hand, native dogs whose ancestors have been bred in the fly country for many generations do not succumb to the poison. The same rule applies to goats reared under similar conditions; though it would seem it must not be applied to sheep or cattle. Of all domestic animals the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

lowly donkey alone makes a good fight of it. As high a proportion as four donkeys out of five have spent a whole season in the fly country without signs of the poison taking effect ; though donkeys will, it is believed, at times die of fly bites in the second season after being bitten. As a rule animals bitten by flies in the dry season will live till the first rains fall, when they die within a few days. In the same way a horse if bitten will generally die within twenty-four hours of being ridden through a river. The symptoms are a staring coat, swellings under the jaw, loss of appetite, and increasing poverty of condition. After death the blood is found to have lost its liquidity and become gelatinous. Like the "horse sickness" and malarial fever, this curse to travel and transport undoubtedly recedes before the advance of civilization, so that the far future may yet see the extinction of the tsetse.

Oswell reported the existence of the fly some 600 miles south of the Zambezi, when he hunted there fifty years ago. Now waggons can be taken from Bechuanaland to the Zambezi without any danger of the oxen being "stuck." Several flies are necessary to produce a fatal effect, but in passing through a belt in the daytime several are forthcoming. At night the danger is very small, though it is a mistake to imagine that the tsetse keeps such early hours as other flies. I have at times been worried by them an hour

THE TSETSE FLY

after the sun has gone down, and have known flies to buzz into my tent as late as 9 o'clock on a dark night and make a bold dash for supper at my expense. At that time of night they are easily caught, and almost invariably found their way into spirits of wine.

With all their faults these destructive little creatures have the merit of being clean feeders. The natives, in taking an animal through a fly belt, plaster it with cow-dung, which effectively keeps the fly at a safe distance. I remember seeing it stated that a certain French traveller, whose name I cannot for the moment call to mind, was of opinion that the tsetse procured its venom from putrid carcases of dead animals. I wish such were the case, for then the tsetse would become as harmless as the house fly for want of poison. The African veldt is practically free from decomposing flesh. If an animal dies or is killed and partly devoured by lions, the skulking hyæna and prowling jackal, which are everywhere at night, soon scent out the remaining flesh. The sun has not risen high ere vultures, at first mere black spots, appear from space in the clear blue sky. Down they swoop, one following another, until what the denizens of the night have been unable to consume is being greedily swallowed by some two dozen of these scavengers. Next, myriads of ants swarm over the bared bones, and thus within twenty-four

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

hours everything has been cleaned up, and by the next morning the skeleton itself has been broken to pieces by the returning hyæna. No, if the poison is extraneous, as is almost certainly the case, it is more probable that it is derived from a vegetable source.

In the early afternoon of the 18th, while skinning a fine specimen of pookoo ram which I had shot that morning, one of the boys pointed out a moving black spot some distance away on the further side of the river. Taking two boys with me I crossed to the opposite bank, and making a detour placed myself to windward of what turned out to be a wildebeest bull. The country was open, but here and there an ant-heap or stunted bush made stalking less difficult. I had crawled to within thirty yards of the wildebeest unnoticed, when I suddenly caught sight of a koodoo bull, with a good pair of horns, grazing about 300 yards beyond, while seventy or eighty yards to the left of him a pallah ram was similarly employed.

This was the first koodoo I had seen during my present trip, so I commenced at once to crawl away from the wildebeest with a view to paying my attentions to the more recent discovery. The wildebeest, however, suddenly suspected that something was wrong. He raised his head and sniffed the air, while I flattened myself as much as possible against the ground and remained still.

PENETRATION OF MANNLICHER BULLET

Finally he turned his head in the opposite direction, but while taking this opportunity to get away from him unobserved, lest he should disturb the koodoo, he suddenly turned his head and caught me in the act of moving. Three loud, ominous snorts, and my little game was spoilt. The koodoo bull was put on the alert, and with the pallah and wildebeest gazed in my direction. This went on for about five minutes, when suddenly the exposé of my schemes gave a vigorous grunt, threw up his hind legs, lashed his tail and galloped off. His example was followed by the others; so changing my 16-bore for a Mannlicher, as I did not expect a near shot, I ran off, hoping to cut off the koodoo, which now bounded away with two other bulls and four or five cows. In doing so I disturbed a herd of some sixty eland, which I followed and eventually lost in the forest.

On returning to the river valley I once more came across my old enemy the wildebeest. I think he must have been a little deaf, for under covert of a very small and scant piece of scrub I again crawled to within thirty yards of him, bent on avenging myself for the loss of the koodoo head. He was facing me when I pulled the trigger, but immediately swerved and galloped away. The bullet struck some reeds 200 yards beyond almost as I fired, and had the country not been open I should have given myself credit

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

for having missed him altogether. As it was the bull fell dead after going about 100 yards; then the boys came up, and I ultimately found that the bullet had entered the chest, passed through the heart, and travelling the whole length of the body had left it just to the right of the root of the tail. It was my custom to file the nickel nose of the Mannlicher bullets until the lead core appeared; this no doubt had enabled the lead core to escape from its nickel coating, for the latter was left behind in a twisted form some nine inches from the exit hole. This incident gives some idea of the penetrative power the new small-bore service rifles possess.

The next day I camped on the rising ground at the edge of the valley, through which the river flowed within a hundred yards, while beyond it many hundred yards of swamp contained large numbers of lechwe and spurwing geese. While waiting for the canoes, which travelled very slowly owing to the rapidity of the current, I waded through the swamps in pursuit of these graceful water-buck, bagging a ram with a nice pair of horns, and wounding a second in the lungs. Before the boys came up with him he had entered a huge entanglement of long river-reeds, and it was not until the following morning that his body was found.

I now decided to proceed for a further twenty miles or so without the canoes. So after des-

GAME ON THE NJOKO

patching one canoe laden with meat for the boys at the main camp under charge of two local natives, I set off with four boys, leaving the other two to await my return with the second canoe.

On the opposite side of the river from where I camped that evening, mixed herds of wildebeest, zebra, and Lichenstein's hartebeest were to be seen grazing on the rich valley pasture. I wanted a Lichenstein, but had no more clothes with me than those I stood in, and did not think it wise to wet them so late in the evening by swimming the river, so had to content myself by watching their movements, an occupation both interesting and instructive to anyone who can appreciate the impressive simplicity of things natural.

I believe this is the only occasion on which I have seen Lichenstein's hartebeest mingle with herds of other species. They are essentially exclusive in their dealings with other animals, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the exclusiveness is on the other side. In this case I noticed that whenever a wildebeest found a hartebeest grazing near him he would lower his head and charge. A few bounds, however, and the fleeter antelope was well out of harm's way. On the other hand, zebra and wildebeest frequently associate on the most friendly terms one with the other. Perhaps the marvellous and incongruous masses of game one so often sees illustrated in

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

books of travel may have some foundation in fact, but I confess that, although I have frequently seen large herds of game and at times three or four herds of different species within view at the same time, and occasionally to some extent intermingled, I have never yet been fortunate enough to see buffalo, zebra, and some twelve species of antelope, with rhinoceros and a lion or two thrown in, associating together with true farmyard amiability, and extending in every direction as far as the eye can reach.

On the following evening I reached the confluence of the Njoko and Rampungu rivers, in $16^{\circ} 42'$ S. latitude. The Rampungu, like the river it feeds, flows through an open valley, down which it winds through a bed some fifteen feet wide and four to eight deep. Its water is quite the clearest I have ever seen, objects under six feet of water being perfectly clear and well defined. In the northern angle formed by these rivers there is a native settlement situated on the top of a sandy rise in the angle of the two rivers. I made my camp near one of the villages, and was most hospitably received by the headman, who sent me large quantities of fresh and thick milk—a luxury I always appreciated, but seldom participated in. At noon the next day I commenced my return journey, accompanied by a couple of boys from the village, as I wished to send back a present of meat if fortune brought

NATIVE HOSPITALITY

anything my way. After travelling about five miles a large herd of lechwe gave me a chance which I would not have attempted to take in ordinary circumstances. They had noticed me, and forthwith moved away across the swamps towards the river. When standing about 400 yards in front, a lucky shot from the Mannlicher wounded one so severely that the boys had no difficulty in finishing it with their assegais, as the wounded animal endeavoured to effect its escape towards the river. I was glad to have the opportunity of sending the greater part of the meat back to the headman of the village I had just left, for when receiving the first milk he sent me I had told him I regretted that I had nothing with me to remunerate him with, and yet he sent more! As a rule, when an African native makes a present he expects one of greater value in return.

Next day I secured a fine reedbuck ram with horns measuring $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches from base to tip, and later in the evening shot a wildebeest. Taking two boys on with me, I left the rest to cut up and protect the meat till I should send out a sufficient number of boys to carry it to the canoe, which was only about nine miles away. That evening I camped about four miles from home, and immediately after continuing my journey on the following morning sighted a single roan antelope bull, which after a long stalk I failed

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

to bag owing to bad shooting. I arrived at my destination at about eight o'clock with a steinbuck ram I had shot on the way.

I had not been in camp more than a short time when three natives, an old man, a young man, and a small boy, turned up in an emaciated condition; the poor creatures were little more than skeletons—victims of the famine. They brought with them a small calabash of honey, for which they begged me to give them meat. I gave them what I could, and went out to shoot a lechwe, hoping to bestow on them as much as they could carry away. Unfortunately I was unsuccessful, and returned empty-handed.

Having a slight touch of fever on me I remained where I was until about three o'clock on the following afternoon, when the return journey was continued by canoe. The current took the boat down at a considerable pace, so that a hippopotamus, which discovered our approach when we were over fifty yards from him, only reached the water's edge as the canoe was almost on a level with him. Then in he plunged immediately in front. In a second he was head and shoulders above water, five yards distant. Vainly I shouted to the boy in the bows to stoop down in order that I might fire, but he was rendered immovable by fright or surprise, or both; and the hippopotamus, after giving

THE ZAMBEZI AGAIN

ample time for a right and left, disappeared below the water's surface unmolested.

Two days later I reached the main camp on the Zambezi. The boys succeeded in upsetting the canoe while shooting some small rapids, resulting in the loss of one or two trophies only; otherwise nothing out of the ordinary occurred.

CHAPTER V.

IT was dark as the canoe neared camp on the 26th of August. Huge bonfires were raging for several hundred yards round the camp, the cause for which puzzled me not a little. However, on landing, I found that the Bamangwato boy Lecharu, whom I had left in charge of my goods and tent, was at death's door. During the ten days I had been away he was reduced to something little more than a skeleton. His calves had almost entirely disappeared, so that the brass ornaments he had worn immediately below the knee had fallen to the ankles, while his lean face wore that look of hopeless misery universally adopted by all sick niggers suffering from ailments trivial or severe. There being no fever, I concluded that the liver had been rebelling against the excessive work it had been called upon to do. Nothing else but meat was procurable, and of that the boys had always had as much as they could eat. I should think I am not exaggerating when I say the noble*savage will consume twelve to fifteen pounds of meat a day when he can get it. Even under this

A WOUNDED HIPPOPOTAMUS

condition there is but little sickness, so that it is hard to imagine that Nature has not provided the African with a gizzard in addition to the usual digestive organs of mankind in general. However, two days of careful treatment and feeding on my own meal so improved the boy in health that I was once more able to proceed up the Zambezi on the 28th.

That evening as my "dug out" skirted the steep banks of a large wooded island, a hippo plunged into the river within a couple of yards of the after part of the canoe. Swinging round, I fired a shot into her lungs. This created a panic among the boys, and for the moment I thought they were going to leave the boat for the bank. The wounded animal, however, did not attack, and from the movement on the surface of the water it was soon evident that the hippo, with a calf which occasionally showed his head, was making for the reeds that lined the bank opposite. There the boys came across her later. She was evidently severely wounded, but ultimately escaped down stream; and seeing that she might live for twelve hours, and not float for another six, there was not sufficient certainty of finding her within a few miles to justify the delay necessary for search. A cold bath, the wetting of all and probable loss of some of the cargo, is by no means uncommon on the Zambezi. Hippopotami, and especially

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

cows with young calves, have a playful habit when opportunity offers of rising under some canoe and overturning it. Thus the natives in their journeys up and down the river skirt the banks. In crossing from bank to bank they first make certain that there is no sign of a herd, and then do all they know to get out of deep water as quickly as possible.

A friend of mine once described to me a most exciting chase after a canoe by a hippopotamus opposite the town of Kazungula. The boys worked hard and well together, forcing their craft through the water at a great speed. At first they appeared to gain slightly on their pursuer, which followed little over a length astern; but finally the hippo rapidly drew near the canoe, which got home not a moment too soon, the pace it was travelling at as it reached the bank forcing half of it clear of the water. Though, happily, so determined an attack is of rare occurrence, accidents occur sufficiently often to compel native respect for the "sea cow," and induce caution.

Of the few English travellers who have travelled the river between Kazungula and Lialui, two, at least, have met with disaster. Mr. F. C. Selous, eight years ago, witnessed the upsetting of one of his canoes, which, though resulting in no loss of life, lost him a valuable tusk of ivory. About five years ago, too, Mr.

IN SEARCH OF MEAT

Buckenham, a missionary, had to swim ashore in a hurry. He carried with him his rifle, but lost several of his effects, which had sunk in deep water.

Two days later, being out of meat, I gave the paddlers a rest and went out in search of game. As I wished to combine trophy hunting with the more necessary object of the chase, I passed a herd of young hornless koodoo without molesting them. It was some time later that three buffaloes were disturbed, but they would not give me a fair chance, and a running shot from behind was without satisfactory result. As I went back and reflected that there was absolutely no food in camp for the boys, I wished earnestly that those koodoo yearlings would give me a second opportunity. I had very nearly made up my mind that after all a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, when a warthog suddenly made his appearance, and I fired an ounce of lead into his hind-quarters as he bolted off through the bush with tail erect. Piggy left behind him much blood at every step; but he was soon out of view, and the spoor had to be followed. After going about a mile he betook himself to the river, and hid in the thick undergrowth near the bank. I placed myself a couple of hundred yards up stream, from where I caused the boys to line out and drive towards me. They

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

beat about unsuccessfully for some minutes, when their excited voices told me that the pig had at last been seen. When I reached them they pointed to the river, where the wounded animal was making his final bid for life in his effort to place the river between himself and his pursuers. He had swum about seventy yards when his strength failed and down he went. I at once sent for a canoe, and ultimately the body was found caught in the branches of an overhanging tree, about half a mile down stream. Piggy had a good pair of tusks, which, together with the skin of the head and neck, I saved for my collection.

The morning afterwards the boys said that they would not be able to start when I gave the order to load the canoes, because one of them was sick. I went to see the invalid, who was apparently suffering from the effects of over-eating. He sat with his elbows resting on his knees, and supported his head with both hands, with the usual expression of abject misery on his black face. When asked where he was sick, he slowly touched his forehead, shins, arms, and back one after the other, and then looked piteously into my face. This is exactly what happened many times during the next nine months. Lest sickness should become too fashionable, I never allowed delay, and administered powerful pills. Thus we travelled that day in spite of every-

THE LUMBI CONFLUENCE

thing, and the boy was himself again on the following morning.

On the 1st of September I camped on the west bank of the Zambezi, immediately opposite its confluence with the Lumbi river. This river passes over a series of rocky rapids and cataracts for the last mile of its course; but above, the stream is sluggish and very similar in character to the Njoko. I followed the course for about fifteen miles, which led me to broad swamps which supported several herds of lechwe. I wanted meat, but was seemingly out of luck, or, in other words, did not place my bullets quite in the right place, for after wounding four—three severely—I returned without bagging one. However, I shot two reedbucks further down the river, which settled the food question for a couple of days.

The next day the journey was continued. The river had now become much narrower, in places less than 100 yards in width, with high and rocky banks.

After about two hours' paddling the goods were landed immediately below the Gonye Rapids. From this place the canoes are dragged over rollers, and native porters carry the loads for a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and clear of the Gonye Falls.

Everything was ashore by one o'clock, so I ordered Sangina, the head paddler, to send a message to the chief of Sioma—the native town

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

near the falls—apprising him of my arrival, and asking for boys to carry the goods forward that afternoon.

Immediately afterwards I noticed him engaged in a *tête-à-tête* conversation with Bushman, a boy who always would have his say in all questions arising among his fellows—a wiry, brown-skinned rascal with a forbidding countenance, who was apparently a captive or renegade from the tawny-skinned nomads of the Kalahari desert.

Sangina then approached.

“I will send to Sioma to-morrow, N'tate,” he said.

“What do you mean?” I asked. “Did I not tell you that I wish to camp at Sioma to-day?”

“We have had hard work, and wish for rest,” was the rejoinder.

“You had two days' rest at the Lumbi, and you have paddled only a short distance to-day. No, you are not tired, but lazy. You must send two boys to Sioma at once with my message to the chief.”

“I will send to-morrow,” was the curt reply.

Although once or twice excuses had been made for delay on previous occasions, they had never been persisted in on my refusing to accept them. A day's delay in itself meant little, but here a principle was involved which no African traveller would be wise to ignore. Give the African native an inch, and it won't be his fault if he does not

INSUBORDINATION AMONG THE BOYS

take an ell. Once let a horse or a dog get the better of the trainer, and the battle will probably have to be fought over again half a dozen times before the ground lost is reclaimed. Show the African savage that he can dispute his master's will, and heaven only knows when insubordination and worry will cease.

So I made up my mind to fight the question out to the bitter end. Bushman had approached to join in the protest, and I was convinced that he was the real instigator of the trouble.

"To-night," I said, "I will camp at Sioma, or else you and Bushman shall cease to be my boys. Therefore send at once to the chief for carriers."

"To-morrow they shall be sent for," he persistently replied.

"Leave me," I answered angrily, "and beware."

After I had taken a little refreshment and a pannikin of tea, I again sent for Sangina.

"Have you sent to Sioma?"

"To-morrow I will send."

"Go; once more I will send for you, and if my orders have not been obeyed I will drive you from my camp, and you shall return to the Mokwai with a letter from me."

I wrote a letter explaining how the two boys had refused to obey my orders, so that they were no longer of any use to me, and I intended

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

asking the chief of Sioma to supply me with paddlers to take their places.

I then walked over to where the boys squatted and talked.

“Have you sent boys to Sioma?” I asked of Sangina.

“We will send to-morrow.”

“No you will not, you shall leave my camp at once; you are no longer my boys, as you refuse to obey me. Here is a letter. Take it to the Mokwai.”

“Will you give us our blankets and sitzibas?” he asked.

“No, certainly not. I undertook to pay you each a blanket and sitziba if you took me to Liwanika. You have refused to do so. Your blankets and sitzibas will be given to the two boys who take your places. Why should I pay double, once to you and once to the boys who will do what you refuse to do? I shall tell Liwanika all about you when I see him, and I shall ask him if I have not done right.”

Turning to the other boys I asked, “Which of you wish to return to the Mokwai with Sangina and Bushman, and which of you would like to go on with me to Liwanika?”

They unanimously expressed their wish to remain with me.

“Then send at once to Sioma.”

In a moment two boys got up and volun-



CONYE FALLS

THE GONYE FALLS

teered to take the message, and I saw that I had won.

Sangina and Bushman refused to take the letter, and said they were going to Liwanika.

“I shall be there soon,” I added, as I motioned them to leave. “Give the king my greetings, and tell him I have something to say to him when I see him.” I knew, of course, that these boys dare not risk a visit to Liwanika after their conduct.

I remained encamped above the Gonye Falls for two days, and was consequently able to take a few photographs and observations for latitude and altitude. Boiling-point thermometer readings showed the river above the falls to be 3300 feet above the sea level, or about ninety feet higher than Kazungula. Immediately above the falls the river, which is wide and shallow, flows west, though its general direction is nearly south. In the wet season the waterfall is crescent-shaped; but at this time—towards the end of the dry season—only an occasional subsidiary stream escaped over the rocky precipice which forms the right half of the crescent.

In my approach from the south-east I had to pass over a mass of huge detached boulders, through and under which a certain amount of water found its way. The whole crescent probably measures 200 yards, while I estimated the left half, over which water flows throughout

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

the year, to be 90 to 100 yards in width and about twenty-five feet high. Immediately below the torrent foams and rushes through a rock-bound bed in a south-westerly direction for two or three hundred yards, when it gradually curves round to the south in unnavigable rapids for some two miles. A fringe of non-deciduous bush certainly to some extent relieves the cold grandeur of this rocky scene, but the absence of tropical vegetation or large trees deprives the picture of an attribute which would leave nothing further to be desired.

Shortly after my return from the falls I was visited by three chiefs, who said they shared the chieftainship of Sioma.

"But which of you," I asked, "is the head chief?"

They pointed out that they were all head chiefs; having in view, no doubt, three presents instead of one.

It did not take long, however, to find out which of the three ranked first; so, after exchanging a few preliminary remarks, I addressed him—"My boys are hungry and want corn. I wish to buy as much as you care to sell."

"There is no corn in Sioma," he answered.

I knew this was not an accurate statement of fact, so made up my mind that I would give no present until food was forthcoming.

THE CHIEFS OF SIOMA

“But I know there is corn in Sioma. Send some at least, and I will pay you well.”

But they would not go back on their word.

I then made enquiries about the game in the neighbourhood, to which they answered that there was little game for a short distance up the river, but beyond there was none, neither was there any corn in Borotse. This was a bright look-out, and the last mouthful of food for the boys would be finished that day!

These three gentlemen chattered with great volubility for nearly an hour. Feeling I had seen enough of them I paid the usual price for the conveyance of the goods and canoes from below to above the falls, and left them to their own devices.

Shortly after they came to bid farewell, and hoped that I would be successful in killing some game. With this expression, the senior chief pointed towards his opened mouth and then patted his stomach gently. I could not restrain my laughter at the comical expression with which the old rascal accompanied the gesture.

“My boys are hungry,” I said; “send me corn and I will send you meat.” However, no corn arrived.

Sangina and Bushman had made two attempts to rejoin my boys, but each time I peremptorily ordered them away. A boy named Simukwenga had been appointed to succeed Sangina as head-

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

man, and I was quite ready to continue the journey either with or without two new boys. The two delinquents had evidently come to the conclusion that all hope of being taken back had vanished, for Simukwenga brought a message saying they were leaving Sioma, but wished to bid me farewell before they left.

They approached submissively and in marching order—assegai, calabash, and skin blanket—and said they were leaving for Sesheke.

“But I thought you were going by land to Borotse,” I said. “I was looking forward to taking you with me to the king’s presence when I arrived.”

“No, we go to Sesheke, and will take your letter to the Mokwai. We dare not go to Liwanika. He would kill us when he heard how we have behaved to you. We go to the Mokwai; we are her slaves, and will ask her to forgive us.”

“But don’t you think you deserve to be killed after being so bad?”

I began to see I should be able to take them back into my service without detriment to myself. They had learnt their lesson.

“We do not want to be killed, N’tate.”

I affected deep thought for some moments, and then addressed them.

“You have behaved very wickedly, and you have made me very angry. Still, I do not wish

SANGINA AND BUSHMAN FORGIVEN

you to be killed ; but I mean that you shall be punished. If I take you back as my boys will you ever refuse to do what I tell you again?"

"No, N'tate ; we will do everything you tell us."

"Then I will take you back, but on these conditions only. You, Sangina, have shown that you are not fit to be headman, because you have not learnt how to obey your master, so shall no longer be headman. Simukwenga has taken your place, and you must both obey him. I will give you your pay when your work is ended, but neither you nor Bushman must expect the present which I may give to those boys who have obeyed my orders."

They appeared delighted with these conditions, and readily accepted them.

"Remember one thing, then," I added ; "if ever you give me trouble again I will have no mercy on you."

These eleven paddlers were in my service for two further months, during which time every wish I expressed was readily complied with, and I never had reason to regret having taken Sangina and Bushman back.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the morning of September the 7th no corn had been sent from Sioma, and the boys were absolutely without food. For a few miles up stream there was game, but it was very scarce, while from the southern extremity of the huge plain known as Borotse, commencing about a day's journey from the Gonye Falls, corn was absolutely unprocurable, and, with the exception of hippopotami, there was no game whatsoever. I therefore determined to move camp about half a dozen miles up the river, and from there hunt till sufficient meat could be dried to feed the boys for a week.

The African native, despite his very considerable capacity for consuming food when procurable, is gifted with a not less marvellous power of subsisting on very little if necessary. While paddling up the river they collected the stems of the water-lily flower, which grows in profusion near the banks. These were subsequently boiled down and served to fill, if not to nourish, them.

Opposite the spot selected for camp, on the left bank, a few natives were to be seen, so

A BUFFALO HUNT

I sent Simukwenga across to make enquiries as to the whereabouts of game.

In a quarter of an hour he returned with the encouraging news that a large herd of buffalo had been sleeping through the heat of the day a short distance only from the river.

It was now about three o'clock, and I lost no time in putting together a few provisions and a couple of blankets, so as to be prepared to follow the herd for three days if necessary.

Three or four local natives awaited my arrival, and willingly consented to join in the hunt in view of the probability of a substantial meat meal.

By four o'clock I was on the spoor of the buffaloes, which had left about two hours before, judging from the condition of the droppings. Still, it was likely that they would delay a good deal whenever they reached a tempting piece of pasture, and thus give me a chance of getting among them before the light failed. And so it was; for after following the spoor for a couple of hours, my eyes seemed to detect a movement in the forest some 500 yards ahead. Closer scrutiny discovered a large herd of buffalo grazing slowly up an open glade. As there was no undergrowth I instructed the boys to remain where they were until the first shot was fired, and forthwith commenced a detour with a view to heading the herd and getting more

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

directly to windward of them. Just as the sun was setting I reached the edge of the long, narrow valley—almost devoid of covert—unnoticed by the herd of some 200 buffalo as they moved slowly along the open strip. Finally, by stretching myself full length on the ground and dragging my body very gradually backwards by means of my toes, I reached an ant-heap in the plain near which it seemed the herd must pass unless disturbed. In a few minutes the leaders were well within range. I saw no bulls near, so picked out a large cow, apparently wounding her in the shoulder. The herd at once faced about and galloped off in a cloud of dust, while I followed without delay. Getting the wind of the approaching boys they pulled up, evidently not quite certain of the direction of their enemy. Four badly-placed shots, as they rushed backwards and forwards, wounded three more, but killed none. Then, noticing the cow I had first wounded standing about 100 yards to my right and looking away in the direction of the boys, I ran after her and ineffectively emptied both barrels as she turned and cantered off. After a short, sharp run both the beast and myself had halted about twenty-five yards apart, I vainly endeavouring to extract a jammed cartridge case from my rifle. It was only just removed as the wounded cow, sighting me, raised her muzzle and, with extended neck



CHARGED BY A WOUNDED BUFFALO

CHARGED BY A BUFFALO

and horns thrown back, charged. I stooped down and waited till she was a couple of paces away, then, firing two ounces of lead into her chest, sprang quickly aside. She passed by my right, swerved, and fell dead ten yards beyond. By this time the light was failing. I had only brought one buffalo to bag and wanted three; so, seizing a Mannlicher from one of the boys who had just come up, I followed up the herd, which was now standing about half a mile down the valley. A lucky long shot severed the spine of another cow. She bellowed and fell. I once more gave chase, hoping that one at least of the three wounded animals would fall out, but none did so, and I was compelled to return for want of light. It was too late to cut up the buffaloes that night, so I left three boys to sleep near the carcass of one cow, while I returned to the other and camped with the rest near it.

During the night the groans and bellowing of a buffalo no great distance from camp told me that another would probably be bagged next day. As soon as it was light I set off in search of number three. After examining the ground carefully for some time the boys struck the blood spoor of a single buffalo, which was at once followed. A short distance further on a leopard spoor joined and was to be seen on that of the buffalo for several hundred yards, where the two spoors separated.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

One of the boys drew my attention to this, and said :

“ The leopard has gone down to the river ; the buffalo is very sick but is not dead.”

It was quite an hour after this, during which we had a long check, that the leading boy stopped and beckoned me forward. The bush was very thick and thorny just there, and we were compelled to advance in single file.

Twenty-five yards in front, and lying down with her back towards me, was a buffalo cow, as yet quite unsuspecting of pursuit. A buffalo is a dangerous animal in thick bush, which gives like paper before his ponderous charge, but is impenetrable to the hunter. Here was a narrow path along which the animal had passed, and thick thorn walls on either side ; thus no opening for escape was offered save by rapid retreat in case my bullet did not take effect and the buffalo charged, which these animals almost invariably do when brought to bay within thirty paces or so of their pursuer. I therefore retraced my steps and endeavoured to find a place where the bush was sufficiently open to allow me to fire into her shoulder where she lay. The bush proved to be too thick, so there was nothing for it but to follow her spoor and put a bullet in the right place as she rose and turned. When twenty paces from her she first became aware of my presence. In a moment she was on her legs, and with extended

"NO CORN, NO MEAT"

muzzle commenced her charge, but had not made three paces when a heavy bullet brought her to her knees and she rolled over dead. She turned out to be a very fat cow. The boys rejoiced over her more than over anything I had killed since they had been with me, for they love fat.

The remainder of the day was spent in carrying meat and cutting it into strips for drying. There was enough food now to last the boys a week, and a great weight was removed from my mind.

Just after arriving in camp that evening a canoe with two paddlers put into the bank. They were in front of me in a moment afterwards.

"The chief of Sioma has sent us to ask the white man to give him some of the buffalo meat."

"Give my greetings to the chief of Sioma," I answered, "and tell him this. Two days ago my boys were hungry. I knew he had corn and asked him to sell some. He said, 'There is no corn.' Just as there was no corn in Sioma two days ago for me, so there is no meat here to-day for the chief of Sioma."

"You have spoken wisely, N'tate," said one of my paddlers, feelingly, as he thought of his own stomach, and the two strangers left.

On the morning of the 10th Borotse was reached in 16° 15' south latitude. This is a huge, alluvial, open plain, in places quite fifty or sixty miles wide, and extending a considerable distance

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

to the north of Lialui, which stands about seventy miles as the crow flies north of the southern boundary of the plain. In the winter Borotse yields an excellent cattle pasture, and being free from the tsetse fly supports many thousands of cattle—the property of the Marotse. In the summer or rainy season the river overflows its banks, and converts the plain into a marshy swamp.

The Marotse build their villages and make their gardens on the mounds, which alone remain high and dry during this period of inundation. These mounds—many of which cover acres of ground—are the work of the white ant, whose marvellous constructive and destructive capabilities have so often been instanced by others. The river here is not picturesque, and is similar in character to what has already been described in the Sesheke district. Waterfowl are to be seen everywhere; the stork struts about with self-conscious gait amidst myriads of smaller fowl. Apart from other species a row of pelicans here and there monopolises a sandbank as they stolidly sun themselves, their huge beaks resting on their breasts, looking the very picture of quaint sagacity. Mixing on more sociable terms are to be seen the refined-looking ibis and the noisy plover, intermingling with countless other varieties—birds black, white, and coloured, with big beaks and small beaks, long legs and short legs. As the canoes skirt the reed-bound bank the travel-

BOROTSE

ler's reveries are now and again abruptly broken by the fearful notes of some scared heron within a few feet of his ears. His eyes will then observe a movement on a bank ahead as some suspicious crocodile glides snake-like into the water; a moment later the brute's forehead alone shows above the surface as he watches the canoes pass in comparative safety. Frequently, too, the far-reaching grunt of the hippopotamus attracts notice to a herd of these monsters as their heads rise and disappear one after the other in their anxiety to know exactly what is going on. All these sights and sounds quite make up in interest for clean-cut mudbanks, and the entanglement of reeds which with the water, and sandbanks cropping up here and there, unite to form the never-varying landscape.

Borotse is much more thickly populated than any other district I have passed through in Liwanika's "empire." To the Marotse themselves I took a particular fancy. They are for the most part a tall, well set-up race, very black in skin. In manner they are courteous, and in bearing dignified. Every full-blooded Marotse is by birth-right a chief, and takes his place in the aristocracy of the "empire." The bare fact that he is a Marotse ensures the respect of the subservient tribes, and as he grows to manhood a sense of superiority implants in most of them the dignity of self-respect.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

I was now once more in a land of milk. Mixed herds of cattle were to be seen grazing along the banks of the river, and their condition even then, towards the close of the dry season, bore witness to the richness of the pasture.

My goods were packed, and I was about to start up stream on the morning of the 12th when two canoes neared the bank. Out of one a venerable old chief stepped, and as he approached bade me welcome to Borotse. He then called to his slaves in the other canoe, who advanced with several bowls of fresh milk. I thanked him, and said I would take a small bowl, which I would drink, adding :

“ I am sorry you did not come sooner, before all my things were tied up and packed in the canoes, for then I would gladly have bought all your milk.”

“ I have brought the milk as a present for the white man,” he answered. I thanked the old man, and filling a bottle for my own use, gave the rest to the boys.

Imagine a Bamangwato or other South African native giving a white man, much less a stranger from whom he had been told he could get no return, the morning's milk from at least six cows!

In the afternoon I wounded a hippo in the head, and followed him for some time, but could not get a second shot, though his head appeared for a moment at short intervals as he spurted from

STRANGE LETTER FROM LIWANIKA

his nostrils quite a fountain of blood and water. Finally I lost him for that afternoon, but next morning the natives found his blood spoor on the bank. He led us through a labyrinth of paths and tunnels among the high entangled reeds, but was eventually lost amid the swamps and marshes in which he had taken refuge.

Although the midday temperature in the shade seldom exceeded 100° Fahr., which would be by no means oppressive in the higher and drier country beyond the plain—the heat on the river was intense, and made travelling during the hotter hours somewhat trying, unprotected as I was by any other cover than my helmet. The nights, however, though misty, were cool and eminently conducive to sleep. Comfortable rest at night means to the traveller the greatest of blessings, vigour and health, which spell, or ought to spell, happiness.

On the 13th, shortly after making my night's camp in the early evening, a messenger arrived with a letter from Liwanika, translated and written by M. Adolp Jalla, an Italian missionary at Lialui, working under the auspices of the Paris Missionary Society.

This remarkable epistle enquired by what right I hunted in the country without the king's permission, and especially on the Njoko river, which was a royal preserve. It finished up with the request that I should send by the messenger

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

the present which he exacted of all white hunters crossing the river, abruptly adding, "and let it be a valuable one."

It is needless to remark that a note written in that tone did not please me very much, the more especially as it inferred the defeat of my plans, which I was all the more anxious to carry through as I had been so often told they were impossible without a strong party.

I sat down at once, and replied that I regretted that Liwanika had thought fit to repudiate the permit to hunt in his country he had sent to Kazungula; still, had I known the Njoko river was his private preserve I would not have hunted there without his special permission; concluding with the words, "I shall see you myself in four or five days, when I will give you the present I have always intended for you, and no other."

After passing my friend, Captain Bertrand, a kind and courteous Swiss gentleman, who had accompanied me from Palapye to the Zambezi, and was returning by river to Kazungula on his way home, I camped at Nalolo on the evening of the 15th. Nalolo is the second town in importance in the Marotse empire, and is presided over by the queen of the country.

An interesting and unique custom places this lady—known as the Mokwai—in the position she holds. By the unwritten constitution of Marotse-land the eldest sister of the ruling king shares

THE MOKWAI NALOLO

both his prerogatives and his rights. He is not at liberty to take any important step in the government of his country without his sister's sanction and advice, though of course he stands in the position of a senior partner, and I imagine has his own way when he wants it. Within her own district the Mokwai enjoys absolute sway over her subjects. Their lives and property are in her hands, and she knows it. She is at liberty to take unto herself a husband or depose him at will, and in this respect the present lady has shown herself quite equal to the occasion. When I visited her she had got as far as No. 7, who had lasted very much longer than most of his predecessors ; so it is to be presumed his deposition or sudden demise is at hand.

No. 6 had a very tragic end. He was an amiable man, and through his extreme kindness and irreproachable life won the universal esteem and respect of the people. His better half, being of a jealous and envious disposition, resented his popularity, and set about to compass his death. One night she gave a beer party to the select of Nalolo. As the evening progressed and the oft-repeated libations stimulated and excited the assembled guests, their royal hostess drew some of the young men aside, provided them with knives, and ordered the death of her husband. To their credit—half-drunken savages though they were—they refused to obey their ruler's

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

behest, ignoring alike her promise of reward and chidings for cowardice. Thus frustrated in her efforts to father the cruel deed on others, she seized a knife, sought out her victim, and with her own hand plunged the blade deep into his heart.

As he fell she exclaimed contemptuously to her horrified guests :

“ Thus a thorn has been removed from my flesh.”

The town of Nalolo, the population of which I estimated at about 1500, stands about three-quarters of a mile from the right bank of the river on a large rising mound. I pitched my tent on the bank, and sent a message that evening to the Mokwai notifying my arrival, and expressing my intention of visiting her in the morning. The messenger came back bidding me welcome, and was accompanied by a small boy, who laid a large bowl of thick milk at my feet as a present from his mistress.

This thick or curded milk, if properly made and eaten at the right time, is very excellent and nutritious. Both in taste and consistency it is best described as betwixt and between Devonshire cream and cream-cheese.

Close to my tent, and covering some four or five acres of ground, several huge fishing nets were stretched over the ground. These nets are beautifully made out of tan-coloured bark twine,

ZAMBEZI FISH

and are at once strong and durable. When in use they are stretched across the river—which at Nalolo is about 250 yards—and dragged forward by men in canoes and on the banks. There are some exceptionally good eating fish in the Upper Zambezi, unlike the majority of species found in the Limpopo and other South African rivers, where in most cases the flesh is hopelessly mixed up with innumerable disconnected bones. The only fish I saw which is common to South African rivers and the Zambezi is the tough and tasteless "barber," a mud fish which abounds. There are doubtless other fish to be found in both districts, as I do not pretend to have seen even the majority of piscinal species inhabiting the Zambezi during my three or four months' connection with that river; but I was surprised to find such a marked contrast between the fish I saw and ate during the expedition of which these pages are a description, and those which I have seen and tasted during my former visits to the interior of South Africa. However, I will not waste any more of my reader's time on this subject, as my interest in fish has been mainly confined to the cooking and eating of them.

While it was still cool on the following morning I walked into the town to see the fiend of a woman of whom it had been said, "She has been guilty of every crime from murder with her own hands downwards."

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

She dwelt, as is usual with native potentates, within a stockaded yard in the centre of the town. Her house, like that belonging to her daughter at Sesheke, and her nephew Latia at Kazungula, was spacious and oblong, constructed similarly to the mission houses on the river.

A not unprepossessing woman of somewhat portly dimensions came forward to greet me as I entered the yard. Though she does not look it she must be over fifty, as she is older than Liwanika, who is about that age. She still talks of Liwanika as her little brother, and is frequently much annoyed at his being treated as a superior person to herself. Indeed, were it not for the fact that she has an actual interest in keeping him alive—inasmuch as her chieftainship terminates with his life—it is very much to be doubted whether Liwanika would be the present ruler of the Marotse empire.

The Mokwai of course asked me the usual questions: "Was I an Englishman?" "What have I come to Borotse for?" "When was I going back to England?" &c., and received the usual replies.

One passage in our conversation perhaps deserves mention. Thinking to give pleasure to the "mother"—for I have been told that the worst of women have the instincts of maternal affection—I alluded in laudatory terms to the treatment I had received from her

THE MOKWAI RETURNS MY CALL

daughter, the ruling princess of Sesheke, and the Mokwetunga, her husband, during my stay there.

A free translation of the reply is: "Oh, they are only small fry. I and Liwanika are the big-wigs in this part of the world."

Next she begged me to stay at Nalolo for three days, so that I might shoot a hippopotamus and give her the fat. However, I refused the kind and pressing invitation, on the ground I was in a hurry, as my journey up the river had been slower than I had intended, and I still had far to go; but, to appease her, I added:

"If I return to Kazungula by river I will stay with you for three days and will shoot a hippopotamus, and you shall have the fat." And so I returned to my tent, and proceeded to complete the skinning of a spurwing goose I had shot the previous afternoon. I had scarcely commenced work, when the clapping of hands with which these people salute their chiefs caused me to put my head out of the tent. There was the lady I had just left, followed by a line of chiefs and servants in single file. I soon found that she was paying a return call, so was reluctantly compelled to "do the civil" by placing her on an ammunition box and giving her a cup of coffee. At last she went, and I left Nalolo without delay.

I cannot leave the Mokwai without mention of an outrage on missionaries which occurred some

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

five years ago, and in which she played a leading part.

She was on a visit to Sesheke, and at the same time Messrs. Buckenham and Baldwin, English missionaries, accompanied by the wife and child of the former and an artisan, were staying there. The Mokwai had promised to supply a certain "boy" for the construction of a storehouse for the English mission goods, but the "boy" had not been forthcoming. In the evening, therefore, the artisan proceeded to the queen's compound, and indiscreetly entered the courtyard unaccompanied by any of the household slaves, of whom none were to be seen. Finally, after having spoken to a chief he found inside, he returned to Mr. Baldwin. It was a bright moonlight night, and the two strolled about outside. During conversation the artisan described to Mr. Baldwin where he had met the chief, illustrating the description with a plan of the queen's compound traced on the ground with his foot. This *tête-à-tête* and the "mysterious" signs on the ground were noticed by some natives.

The Mokwai at the time was away with many of her chiefs and people on a hunting expedition on the other side of the river, but a messenger was despatched to her at once apprising her of the mysterious conduct of the white man at Sesheke. The returning messenger ordered the artisan and M. Goy—the latter as interpreter—

OUTRAGE ON A MISSIONARY

to proceed to her camp at once. The other being unwell, Mr. Baldwin, unfortunately for himself, offered to take his place and explain matters to the superstitious queen. Each missionary took with him a stool on which to sit in the canoe, and if necessary afterwards.

On reaching the queen's camp they found her surrounded by all her chiefs, awaiting their arrival, and Mr. Baldwin was at once asked what he meant by entering the queen's compound at night and afterwards making signs on the ground. He gave his explanation, which was quickly followed by a violent harangue from a chief accusing him of bewitching the queen's compound. Then the infuriated black stepped forward, and seizing Mr. Baldwin's stool flung it away. The outraged missionary regained his stool, but before he could reseat himself a chorus of voices expressed the opinion that the white man had bewitched the queen, and added :

“Take the thing away, take the thing away. Put it in the river.”

Mr. Baldwin began to feel uncomfortable, and M. Goy anxious for his friend's safety.

Then again voices broke out :

“You may sit on your stool, Meruti (M. Goy); but as for you, sorcerer, you must sit on the ground.”

With this a general rush was made at the unfortunate Mr. Baldwin. Some seized him by

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

the arms and some by the legs, and his coat was torn from his back. Then M. Goy gallantly ran to his friend's assistance as the infuriated natives dragged him towards the river, and clasping him round the body endeavoured to rescue him; but numbers were against them, and Mr. Baldwin was not a fighting man, so the two were soon dragged asunder. In a few moments the condemned man was only about twenty yards from the water's edge.

At this juncture the queen's husband and another chief shouted to their fellows to let the white man go, but the excited mob took no notice, and continued the movement towards the river, which would undoubtedly have ended in a cold bath for Mr. Baldwin had not the two protesting chiefs rushed forward and applied their knob-kerries vigorously to the skulls of the would-be murderers until they were compelled to relax their hold.

Sore and exhausted, the rescued missionary was again brought before the queen, and compelled to sit on the ground before her, while the scorching sun played on his unprotected head—for his hat had been taken from him.

Then the woman addressed him :

“You will not be put in the river, but slaves have already gone out to cut wood. A hut will be built for you in which you will be tied and left to die.”

"CHEQUES WILL DO"

Then turning to M. Goy :

"You, Meruti, may bring your stool and sit near me."

"I will not do so, Mokwai," he answered, "unless my friend is brought here also."

Mr. Baldwin was forthwith led forward, but made to stand bare-headed in front of the queen.

Then M. Goy addressed the Mokwai firmly :

"Know this, Mokwai, you have done a bad and foolish thing in making a white man sit in the sand. Be careful how you behave, and promise me one thing—never again to make a white man sit on the ground."

Finally the woman began to recognise the serious nature of her conduct, and promptly began to "hedge."

"I will forgive you this time," she said, addressing Mr. Baldwin, "and your life shall be saved, but you must pay me a fine."

"I have no money," he replied.

"You are not speaking the truth. You must have money, or how do you get all the things you have brought with you?"

"I do not use money ; I use cheques."

"What is a cheque?" the lady enquired. Mr. Baldwin then explained the use and method of a cheque, which elicited the simple rejoinder from the queen of the Marotse—

"Cheques will do."

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

“ But my cheques are with my things at Sesheke.”

So the two missionaries were led off to a bough-built shelter, where they were left for the night, but they could not sleep. The excited discussion among their savage persecutors was not understood by Mr. Baldwin, but M. Goy heard everything that was said with grave fear for the life of his friend.

The great majority of the natives clamoured for Mr. Baldwin's blood, and were anxious to carry out their wish at once. Fortunately the few dissentients were influential chiefs, and finally one of them approached M. Goy and told him that they might sleep in peace, and that on the morrow they would be sent to Sesheke.

Shortly after sunrise they were told the canoes were ready. But when M. Goy saw that they were to travel in separate canoes he refused to leave unless allowed to accompany his friend, for he feared they designed leaving him on some island *en route*. Finally he gained his point, and the two missionaries were landed safely at Sesheke.

As might be expected, Mr. Baldwin was knocked over by a serious attack of fever which raged for three weeks. When recovering, he sent a letter to Liwanika complaining of the treatment he had received and the alleged cause to justify it.

"A VERY BAD WOMAN"

The amusing feature about this serious episode is that on the morning succeeding the queen sent special messengers to Liwanika, apprising him of a quarrel which had taken place between Meruti Goy and one of the new missionaries, how that they had attacked one another and fought so furiously that one of them would have killed the other had not her people with great difficulty succeeded in separating them!

This arrived several days before Mr. Baldwin's note, and caused M. Coillard, who was at Lialui, much grief and anxiety; for although he did not believe the report *in toto*, he feared there must have been something in it. However, his mind was eventually set at rest when letters reached him and the king.

Liwanika sent back a very good letter to Mr. Baldwin saying how sorry he was to hear of his ill-treatment, and telling him he was by no means to pay any fine to the Mokwai, whom he stigmatised as "a very bad woman." One of his biggest chiefs was entrusted with the delivery of this letter, and at the same time ordered to express the king's anger and to vigorously reproach his royal sister for her disgraceful treatment of the white man.

A short time after leaving Nalolo the canoes left the main river and proceeded up an overflow stream which leaves the Zambezi five or six miles north of Lialui and rejoins it at this point.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

This stream passes within a couple of miles of Lialui, to which town a narrow canal has been cut by the natives, which enables canoes to be taken thither at the driest time of the year.

The next night I camped at the nearest point to the mission station, not sorry at the prospect of spending a week or so at a place where white men were to be seen.

CHAPTER VII.

THE history of the Marotse is not without interest, so I will endeavour to supply a sequel to Livingstone's account of their conquerors, the Makololo, on whose ruin the present Marotse dynasty was founded. According to Livingstone, the Makololo, who were paramount in this country when he arrived there in 1850, invaded the southern districts of the present "empire" between the Kwando and Zambezi, and known as Bosubia, in the early thirties.

The Makololo, a tribe kindred to the Basutos occupying a district south of Bechuanaland of to-day, quitted their country early in the present century, and trekked northwards with all their women, cattle and effects, settling at Ngami, where they sojourned for a few years.

Their chief, Sebitwane, once more in search of fresh conquests and pastures new, then led his tribe still further north, crossed the Kwando and subdued the Masubia, who in those days were an independent tribe occupying the country in the angle of the Kwando and Zambezi rivers and a small district further north.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Of Sebitwane, Livingstone speaks in high terms of praise, as an accomplished warrior and leader of men; he was also lenient with the tribes he subdued, and administered justice with a fairness and consideration unhappily so unusual among native conquerors.

Having made himself master of the country and persons of the Masubia, Sebitwane crossed the Zambezi and led his people to the east against the Matoka, who were in turn subdued. The plateau of Botoka being high and healthy suited the Makololo better than the swampy country of Bosubia, and in consequence became the headquarters of the tribe. At length a Matabele impi crossed the river and took the settlers by surprise, decamping with their cattle and women. Sebitwane at once gathered all his warriors together, followed the raiders and defeated them, recovering the captives.

Knowing that Mosilikatse, the Matabele king, would not accept this reverse without a vigorous attempt at least to avenge the defeat of his impi, Sebitwane wisely elected to increase the existing space between his enemy and himself, and to take advantage of an opportunity which offered to render conquest easy in the far north.

Malunda, king of the Marotse, had recently died, leaving three sons, but all too young for the chieftainship. Rival claimants sprang up in consequence and civil war broke out, with the

HISTORY OF THE MAROTSE

result that one of the would-be kings invited Sebitwane's interference, and not in vain, for shortly afterwards the Makololo were established in Borotse as masters of the Marotse and their dependents. Among these were the Mabunda, who occupy country to both east and west of Borotse, whither they had probably been driven to right and left when the Marotse, apparently at no very remote period, settled on the rich plains they still inhabit. They, however, voluntarily acknowledged the suzerainty of the Marotse king, and thereby had privileges conferred upon them by which they rank above the conquered tribes, but are still denied the rights of chieftainship.

It is difficult to ascertain when the Marotse settled in their present country, or whence they came, though tradition says they travelled up the Zambezi. They are of quite a different type from any South African tribe, and no doubt originally also emigrated from the north, but probably many years subsequent to the invasion of South Africa by its present inhabitants.

Besides the Mabunda, the Marotse were also masters of many of the Matutela, whose country is bounded by Bosubia on the south, and separated from Borotse by Bokwenga, which is situate in the Lui river districts, and whose people were also among the subject tribes. It was to these people, therefore, that Sebitwane went first by invitation, but finally subdued by

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

force. Here his desires for conquest seem to have stopped, and he set to work to consolidate the large empire he had won by war.

On Sebitwane's death, which resulted from an old wound in the lungs in 1850, his daughter Ma-mochisane inherited the chieftainship in accordance with her father's bequest. She, however, loved not power, and longed to be as other women were. Thus she eventually insisted on handing over her ruling rights to her brother, Sekeletu, a youth of eighteen, whom Livingstone describes as "about 5 ft. 7 in., not so good-looking nor able as his father, but equally friendly to the English."

His reign was uneventful, and during the latter part of it he was a sufferer from leprosy, to which fell disease he ultimately succumbed after ruling for some fourteen years. His uncle, Mbolowa, a brother of Sebitwane, then claimed the chieftainship, but held it for three months only. Rival factions had now sprung into existence, and two chiefs contested their claims to the supreme power by force of arms. The house divided against itself became weakened and fell; for when the Makololo had spilt their own blood freely and relentlessly, and were no longer the united, compact body they once were, the Marotse, seeing their opportunity, seized it. In a night the conquered people rose as one man and murdered their masters, man, woman, and

HISTORY OF THE MAROTSE

child, saving only a few young women. Thus in 1865, approximately, the present rulers of the country re-established their control over their former dominions, to which were added the Makololo conquests in the south-east. A small detachment of Makololo alone escaped the country and made their way to Ngami, where they were ostensibly received with kindness, but subsequently treacherously murdered to a man.

There is something pathetic about this people's history. A superior race had established a powerful black empire. In due course ambitious personal rivalry crept in, gave birth to faction, and resulted in annihilation, so that to-day all that remains of the Makololo is their language and their empire.

The Marotse, once more masters of the situation, looked about them for a head. In the north, Sepopo, son of Malunda, king of Borotse to within a few months of the Makololo invasion, had lived in exile since as a child he fled before Sebitwane's warriors. This man, a well set up and dignified savage, was selected by the people and invited to assume the chieftainship. He subsequently established himself at Sesheke, and for a short time ruled temperately and well. Gradually, however, a cruel and savage nature asserted itself, and he gave way to wanton and unprovoked brutality. One of his favourite forms of recreation was indulged in on the high

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

banks of the Zambezi, near the town of Sesheke—which he mainly used as his headquarters in order to be more in touch with traders from the south. There he sat while his creatures threw children into the river from canoes, and the royal savage found amusement in watching the helpless struggles of the unfortunate little creatures as they strove to reach the bank; but what pleased him best were the agonized, hopeless distortions of face as a child threw up its arms the moment a crocodile had seized its victim.

The crocodiles of Sesheke remember those days of repletion to the present time, and make the boldest attempts to secure human flesh. Scarcely a month passes during which a woman or a child drawing water is not seized; the natives even find it necessary when in their canoes to keep them on the move, lest a crocodile's tail should sweep one of them into the water. One of my favourite amusements during three sojourns at Sesheke was to sit on the river bank with a Mannlicher and take shots at the foreheads of these sneaking reptiles as they appeared above the surface of the water, and I confess to feelings of intense satisfaction whenever the bullet sent back that particular sound in evidence of having done its duty.

In 1870, approximately, the Marotse grew tired of Sepopo's rule, and open rebellion broke out. The king fled with a few faithful followers,

HISTORY OF THE MAROTSE

and would probably have made good his escape had not the most trusted of these faithful ones shot him in the back. He, however, managed to reach the river, and entering a canoe endeavoured to save himself by fleeing the country. But this was not to be, for before he could reach the confluence of the Kwando river death overtook him—his wound proving fatal.

The tyrant Sepopo was succeeded by his nephew Ngwanwina, son of Mokobeso, his elder brother, whose right to succeed was in turn disputed by Liwanika, son of Ditia, another brother of Sepopo. Six months after Ngwanwina's accession, the rival cousins, with their respective adherents, met in battle on the banks of the Lumbi river. The king was killed, his followers routed, and Liwanika, the present ruler, reigned in his stead.

The earlier years of Liwanika's reign were marked by harshness and cruelty, and the burning of "witches" was an almost daily occurrence. On one occasion a cousin of his was seized, who belonged to that class of political busybody which is to be found in countries of every grade of civilization. A small stockade was built within a stone's-throw of the king's house at Lialui, and the unfortunate man engaged therein to die a lingering death from starvation under the very eyes of friends and enemies alike. A tree now marks the spot of this gruesome deed.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Liwanika had reigned about fifteen years when one fine day he heard an uproar outside his stockade, which soon proved to emanate from a large concourse of excited subjects without. He at once grasped the situation, seized a gun, and made for the entrance of the surrounded kraal. Shooting one or two of the mob nearest to him, he boldly ordered the remainder to make way. The crowd, completely taken by surprise, opened to right and left, and before they had recovered themselves the fugitive king had made good his escape. Latia, his eldest son, then a boy of thirteen or fourteen, managed to pass unnoticed through the excited throng, and reached his father unhurt. He was the sole survivor of the king's children, all his brothers and sisters having been murdered with their mothers.

Father and son with three or four followers crossed the river, and fled to the Kwando. Here the people received them well, and he remained among them some months, by which time he had collected enough followers to make it worth his while to have another bid for power. Thus, at the head of an army, he invaded Borotse, and attacked Lialui itself. The battle raged long and fiercely, and for some time the issue seemed doubtful. At last, however, the royal faction showed signs of giving way, and defeat appeared imminent. One ray of hope alone remained, and the king grasped it. Some Portuguese

HISTORY OF THE MAROTSE

Mambari with their followers were encamped near the town, having come on a mission to trade for ivory and slaves. To these men Liwanika sent a messenger, offering valuable presents of ivory if they would but join in the fight and win him the battle. The Mambari responded with their guns, the rebels were discomfited, and Liwanika ruled once more. That night there was great jollification, feasting, drinking, and no end of fun. The Mambari were handsomely rewarded for their services, and Liwanika is still king of the Marotse and subject tribes; he is, however, quite a reformed character now, and rules his people with a leniency often construed by them into weakness. After all, the harshness of his earlier years may be forgiven him, for, to the African, born and bred as he is in the midst of atrocities as his fathers were before him, no such sentiment exists as feeling for others. My boys could never understand why I should refuse to allow them to roast a live land-turtle in the cinders, or prevent them from levying mail on some helpless woman returning to her kraal with the result of a day's work. Sympathy with others cannot be expected in individuals among a people in whose heredity and surroundings such a sentiment is nowhere to be found. After eight or ten generations of careful training it may be otherwise, but the lower instincts of mankind

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

which for countless ages have represented the sole characteristics of the native African cannot be replaced in a single lifetime by those higher feelings and aspirations which it has taken centuries of expanding enlightenment to implant and foster in civilized man.

The country directly and indirectly governed by Liwanika is larger than the German Empire. It is bounded on the south by the Zambezi and Kwando rivers, on the west by the Kwando to, or within a short distance of, its source, from which point it is as yet impossible to define a boundary, but it is approximately represented by a line drawn north as far as the Congo-Zambezi watershed which forms the northern boundary. His eastern boundary is, roughly speaking, the Kafukwe river, though in places tribes dwelling to the east of that river acknowledge his suzerainty. In the far north, of course, of so wide a territory his authority is little more than nominal, but is acknowledged in some shape or form. In Guvale—Kangenge's country—for instance, near the Zambezi source, a very old woman named Makatolo or Nanakandundu, living in a town called by her latter name, has for some years had and still retains the privilege of nominating the chief of Guvale when a vacancy occurs, but before the nominee is confirmed in his appointment Liwanika's sanction is necessary, and to obtain this a deputation journeys to Lialui and waits upon that important person.

CHAPTER VIII.

I SHALL now endeavour to describe the eight tribes at the present time occupying the southern half of Liwanika's empire, namely, the Marotse, Mabunda, Makwenga, Matutela, Masubia, Matoka, Mankoya, and Mashikolumbwe.

On crossing the Zambezi I was much struck by the general dissimilarity in appearance, manner, and custom of these Central African tribes to their cousins in the South. In colour they are intensely black, and allow their woolly hair to grow much longer than is customary among South Africans. Physically speaking they are above the average; some magnificent specimens, especially among the Marotse and Masubia, are to be met with. Their capability for work either as paddlers or carriers is all that can be desired, and when well fed and kept under control they are not so unwilling to exert that capability as might be expected. On one occasion I took my porters 53½ miles in thirty-seven hours, and on another 142 miles in eight days, each boy carrying at least fifty pounds. On one of these days only seven miles were traversed, so that the average

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

daily rate of travel for the remaining seven was only a fraction under twenty miles, and that for the most part over a sandy country.

If fed well and treated consistently I am inclined to think desertions among the porters from these tribes need not be feared so long as they are not led beyond the borders of their country. My own experience tends to prove this, though a single case must not be cited in conclusive proof of a principle—for until entering the Mashikolumbwe country, when all but two of my porters left me, I had not a single case of desertion; and I am not inclined to lay much stress on the case of the boys who left me there, when taking into consideration the extravagant dread these naked savages, with their poisoned arrows and murderous tendencies, inspired among their neighbours.

All the tribes cultivate different kinds of cereals, cassava, pumpkins, and water-melons. Some districts are more pastoral than others, which is to be expected in a country so infested with tsetse fly. Where this little pest makes the herding of cattle impossible the natives are deprived of milk, which in its curded form is one of the African's principal articles of diet; thus a more extensive cultivation of cereals becomes a necessity.

The cattle belonging to the Marotse, and distributed by them throughout the various centres



A DUG-OUT CANOE

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE

in the Zambezi basin, are of a large breed when in a pure state, but those of the Matoka and Mashikolumbwe are abnormally small—many cows not exceeding thirty-six inches in shoulder measurement. As a consequence of cattle raids in the days before these countries were incorporated as part of the Marotse kingdom, the introduction of this small breed among the large cattle of Borotse has in many instances given the herds a very mixed and uneven appearance.

The sheep—as in South Africa—grow hair instead of wool, but do not attain to half the weight of the southern breed, though apart from size they are identical. The goat, too, is a miniature counterpart of the South African variety.

Dug-out canoes are used on the Zambezi, and differ much in length and width in proportion as the hard, redwood trees out of which they are hewn vary in size. The paddles are long, with narrow blades about five inches wide, and are used as punting-poles whenever the depth of water will permit. The canoes used by the Mashikolumbwe on the Kafukwe river are deeper and shorter in proportion to their width; while their paddles are much shorter and have twice the width of blade, the shape of which is almost oval and tapering to a point at the end.

The arms used in common by all the tribes are the assegai and a half-moon shaped battle-axe of the usual native manufacture; but in addition

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

comparatively free from attack, and partly because it is their invariable custom, when danger threatens, to take to their canoes and hide away among the islands, to which they ferry their women and everything of value when danger is apprehended. Mosilikatse, the Matabele king, in the forties sent an impi after Sebitwane to avenge a former failure of one of his raiding expeditions when the Makololo were settled on the Matoka plateau. In this instance the Makololo took to the river, and were not only free from danger, but succeeded in leading many of the Matabele warriors into a trap. The raiders had seized some canoes and natives, which had, in reality, been purposely allowed to fall into their hands; and after compelling their captives to ferry them across in batches to an island on which a few goats had been placed as a bait, they found themselves abandoned and deprived of means to return to the mainland.

When hunger had sufficiently weakened them, they fell an easy prey to the battle-axes of the Makololo. The remainder of the impi were compelled to retreat, and few returned to Bulawayo to tell the tale of disaster. This is the last occasion on which the Matabele have attempted to raid the Makololo or their successors, the Marotse; though almost annually, of recent years, they have crossed the river further east and preyed on the Matoka and Mashikolumbwe.

TRIAL AND PUNISHMENT FOR WITCHCRAFT

Like all other primitive and ignorant people they are extremely superstitious, and witchcraft is attributed to some unfortunate man or woman as the direct cause of disaster or death. The prevailing treatment meted out to the person condemned of exerting evil charms was, until Liwanika discountenanced the practice, cruel in the extreme. In the case of anyone accused of witchcraft or suspected of any other crime, the "ordeal of hot water" was resorted to, by which the accused was compelled to submerge his hands in boiling water. If, subsequently, the skin peeled off, he was guilty, and condemned, if accused of witchcraft, to the flames. The unfortunate victim was hung by the feet from the branch of a tree, under him a large fire made, and roasted to death. The people stood round silently watching the effect of the fire until the heat caused the bursting of the entrails. At this point the evil spirit was supposed to have been burned out and was the signal for much dancing, shouting, and excitement. *Ka-ke*, "by the bursting of the entrails," is the usual oath among the Marotse and their subjects at the present time. It is to be hoped that under the more enlightened rule of Liwanika and his successors the painfully horrible ordeal which gave rise to this oath will never be repeated.

A very much more humane method of murder is undoubtedly still resorted to occasionally.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Macumba, the late chief of the Sesheke district—a drunken old scoundrel—died just before I reached the river. One of his wives, who at the time was at Kazungula, sixty miles away, was accused of compassing her lord's death by exercising an evil charm over him. A party of men went to her hut one night intent on "putting her under the river reeds." She, however, made good her escape and fled to the mission station, where she found an asylum until next morning, when Latia, without whose knowledge the attempt to drown the woman had been made, gave the order that she was not to be further molested.

Perhaps a more brutal form of administering the death sentence even than roasting was that which has at times been resorted to by these savages. The condemned were occasionally—I say *were*, because I understand this cruel practice has been put an end to—besmeared with honey, tied down near a nest of "serui," or carnivorous ants, and left to be consumed by degrees. Can a more awful death be imagined? Surely man can surpass the whole brute creation in the exercise of brutality and cruelty!

Tobacco is taken in the form of snuff by all but the Mashikolumbwe and Mankoya, who smoke it in pipes. Occasionally individuals resort to the smoking of *dagga*, a weed much used by South Africans, inhaling whose smoke produces intoxication; it is, however, by no means generally

ORNAMENTS AND CHAINS

used by the Upper Zambezi tribes, and I have frequently heard natives deprecate its use as "not good." The general snuff-box is made from the dried hollow shell of a small pear-shaped fruit, but the empty shells of solid drawn cartridges are in great demand for this purpose, and consequently come in very useful for the purchase of the smaller necessaries of life or as presents in return for trifling services.

Beads, strung into necklaces or anklets, are the most popular ornaments worn, though metal bracelets and anklets are not uncommon. The most highly valued of all ornaments, however, is the *cupa*, which is hung by a cord round the neck. The *cupa* is the fossilised base of a conical shell, and seems mainly to have been imported from the west coast, though I have heard it is to be found in the bed of the Kwando river. This charm is as white as ivory and circular in shape, with spiral grooves and ridges in its surface working from the centre, as in the case of the firework known as the "Catherine wheel." The owner of one of these ornaments, if accused of any crime, forthwith lays it at his chief's feet and receives pardon. So, too, the miscreant who reaches and throws himself on the king's drums—huge wooden cylinders with skin stretched over their top end—claims sanctuary, so to speak, and escapes punishment.

It is not customary for women and men to sit

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

together in public. In cases, for instance, when the inhabitants of a village, prompted by feelings of curiosity, turned up in force to see that *rara avis* the white man, and watch his idiosyncrasies, the men would squat on their haunches in one row and behind them the women with their infants would half kneel, half sit, in a line three or four yards behind.

These Upper Zambezi natives, like the Masarwas and many other African tribes, worship the sun as the visible sign of a great unseen God, and have been described to me by a missionary as a very religious people. On the eve of battle they petition their deity; prior to starting on a hunting expedition they pray for success; and when they plant their gardens they ask for the blessings of *Niambe* (God), though it must be confessed they seem to busy themselves much more in their endeavours to propitiate the evil spirits to whose malice they attribute all deaths as well as the troubles and misfortunes of this mortal life.

In obeisance to the sun they kneel on the ground and lower the body until the forehead rests on the earth. They have also a purifying ceremony, in the performance of which they stand in shallow water and with the palm of the hands outwards throw water over the face and body. This obeisance and ceremony is also used in doing honour to their king, but in this case water

SALUTES

is not actually thrown, though the form of doing so is imitated. These more elaborate compliments, however, are only resorted to on special occasions, such as the first reception of subjects coming in from a distance, or after an event of unusual importance reflecting credit on their king or in some degree calling for a loyal demonstration. In these circumstances the men will advance in line till within twenty yards of the royal presence, when sinking on the knees the head is lowered to the ground (chiefs only bend half-way). This they do several times, and between each the hands are clapped some half-dozen times, quickening up towards the end. They then rise together and, in chorus, go through the form of throwing water over their bodies, and each time the hands are uplifted shout "Yo-ho." After this they sit down and the interview begins. The king and his deputies in the provinces are always approached by their subjects on hands and knees. They clap their hands to give notice of approach before sinking to the ground, and when their destination is reached they kneel down, the hind-quarters resting on the heels, and proceed to clap. This clapping of hands is the recognised salute throughout the country. The man in clapping throws his fingers back, the first one being free and limp, the remaining three rigid and close together. In the woman's clap all the fingers are limp, the fingers and thumb of the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

right hand falling between the thumb and forefinger of the left. So far as clothes are concerned all the tribes under discussion are similarly attired, with the exception of the Mashikolumbwe, who prefer to do without clothing in any shape or form. Males wear a belt usually made of snake skin round the waist, while, hanging from this belt, fore and aft, is a "brayed" cat, jackal, or small antelope skin. Females wrap an antelope or ox skin round the loins, which reaches from the waist to the knees.

The skin is "brayed" or prepared by the process of rubbing when damp, and working with the hands until the fibres become ruptured and the skin rendered pliable in consequence. A well brayed skin is as soft as wash-leather.

Sitzibas, when procurable, are adopted by the men in place of skins. A sitziba, literally six feet of calico, is passed through the belt in front, then between the legs, and through the belt behind, thus leaving about a couple of feet of calico to hang down in front, which covers the body from thigh to thigh, and behind in like manner. By no means the least interesting feature in my travels through this "empire" of Liwanika lay in the distinct tribal characteristics and customs which distinguish the different tribes amongst whom I travelled one from another. Having given a general description of Liwanika's subjects as a whole, or rather such as inhabit the country from

THE MAROTSE

the 15th parallel to his southern boundary line, I will now endeavour to enumerate the distinguishing features of each tribe as compiled from missionary and native information as well as personal observation, which latter in many cases confirmed and in others augmented such local ethnographical knowledge as had been acquired second-hand.

The *Marotse* are the paramount and governing tribe, and in common with the Masubia, and people living in the more central districts of the kingdom speak Sesuto—the language of their former conquerors the Makololo, from whom they acquired it.

Borotse, a flat, treeless plain, extending from 16° 18' S. Lat. for some 150 miles northwards, and lying on both sides of the Zambezi, is the England of Liwanika's empire. Lialui, the king's headquarters and principal town, stands to the east of the river in 15° 13' 7" S. Lat. and 25 miles north of Nalolo, which is the town of the queen, his eldest sister, who shares in the government of the country.

The Marotse are above the average height, broad and well built, very black, have good features, and are more heavily bearded than most Africans. In manner dignified and courteous, the Marotse is an adept in the art of deceit and singularly regardless of the virtue of telling the truth—a general failing shared by

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

the subjugated tribes. He will not only lie to deceive, but he will—if well disposed—lie to please. Here is an instance which recurred more than once in my own experience of the latter species of untruth.

To describe distance the trajectory principle is resorted to, and the arm is extended horizontally to indicate a place very close indeed, but raised another 45 degrees when alluding to a place many miles away, intermediate angles of course describing intermediate distances.

Tramping along in the hot sun, and looking both warm and thirsty, a native is encountered and asked how far ahead the next water is. Knowing perfectly well that the nearer the water the better pleased will the hot-looking traveller be, the black arm is extended horizontally, and its owner remarks blandly, "*Manzi koufe ka*" (water is close to there), and the thirsty traveller is happy, thanks the nigger for his good news, and continues his journey; but so far from camping round the corner, he finds he has to tramp probably five or six miles further before water is reached.

The peculiar industry of the Marotse is wood-carving. Considering the tools used their work is marvellous, and the carving in admirable taste. An iron tool, very much like a stone-chisel, with a short wooden handle attached, is used to hack the block roughly into

THE MABUNDA AND MAKWENGA

the shape desired, after which it is fined down and carved with what is, or may easily be mistaken for, the head of an assegai. In this way stools, head-rests, bowls, dishes, spoons, covered vessels, and knife-handles are most cleverly turned out. The majority, after completion, are blackened and given a dull polish; but occasionally—especially where redwood is used—a pattern in black and red supplies the finishing touch.

Liwanika devotes himself to this art, and spends much of his spare time at the bench. It seems probable that the Marotse, who are the only tribe in the "empire" who do fancy wood-work, learned the art from their temporary masters, the Makololo, whose kin the Basutos are likewise very clever at the craft.

Many Marotse allow their teeth to remain normal, though not a few file the inside edges of the two front upper teeth in such a way as to form a reversed V. Some of the women scar-tattoo circles in blue round each eye.

To the east and also to the west of the northern part of Borotse are the *Mabunda*. They are inferior in type to their lords and masters, are shorter in stature, but thick-set. Basket-work and mat-making are monopolised by these people, and exchanged for other articles with their neighbours. Their work is extremely good, and the closer-worked baskets will hold

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

water. Brown and black stains are used in pattern.

The *Makwenga*, who inhabit the Lui districts, are presumably the same tribe as has been referred to by previous travellers as Ba-lui—the people of the Lui. It has been said that these people are one and the same as the Marotse; but in face of the fact that they are totally different in physique and appearance, and of a distinctly inferior type, the theory can scarcely claim attention. They narrowly resemble the Matutela in appearance, were once an important tribe, but at the present day, numerically and otherwise, are of less account than any other of the eight tribes.

Immediately to the east, and inhabiting the large district bounded on the north by the Motondo and Lumbi watershed, on the south by the Zambezi, and narrowing to a point as far east as the Matoka plateau, the *Matutela* are to be found. These people are the iron-workers, and canoe-builders of this black "empire."

Nearly all the assegais, knives and axes are made by them, and are carried in trade to the Marotse in the west and the Mashikolumbwe in the east. The Matutela procure their ore and smelt it in a district lying between the Njoko and Lumbi rivers. In a subsequent chapter a description is given of a Matutela blacksmith at work, of whom I took a sketch from which

THE MATUTELA AND MASUBIA

Mr. Charles Whympers has reproduced a descriptive illustration.

The large red wood trees from which canoes are hewn are mainly found in Botutela, and for this reason they occupy an important position in the "ship-building" industry. These people disfigure themselves by knocking out the two front upper teeth.

The upper class Matutela is a good-looking savage—tall, slight, and upright in figure—more narrowly resembling the Sikhs than any other African tribe I have travelled among. Especially near their eastern boundary is this type to be seen, most of them wearing pointed beards and allowing their woolly hair to grow somewhat long.

The *Masubia* occupy the country in the angle of the Kwando and Zambezi, and also the Sesheke and Kazungula districts on the north of the river, extending west to where the Zambezi commences its more easterly course. They have no manufacturing industry except that of pottery, which all Africans make for their own household purposes. Fishing, hunting, and paddling supply their chief, if not sole, occupation.

As paddlers they are particularly useful, and among this class men of the most perfect physique are to be met with—tall, broad, and deep-chested, they are at the same time athletic and active. In feature the better-class Masubia is refined, has comparatively thin lips, and

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

frequently a nose almost of Grecian type. I would call attention in the photograph reproduced on page 8 to a native walking towards the water. He is one of the finest samples I have seen, and stood about 6ft. 1in.

There were large numbers and varieties of game in Bosubia before the rinderpest swept the country.

The great hunts are undertaken in the summer when the river overflows her banks, and such game as pookoo, lechwe, and reedbuck are concentrated and penned up in large numbers on patches of rising ground, which alone remain high and dry above the flood. Every available canoe is manned, and the whole party is landed first on one and then on another of these temporary islands. The game is surrounded and butchered in hundreds with assegais.

Another method, which is more in vogue for the purpose of securing buffalo and the larger class of antelope, is the pitfall. A pit is dug about twelve feet long by four wide, narrowing down to some eighteen inches at the bottom, and with a depth of five or six feet. The hole is covered with boughs, on which grass and earth are laid in turn. These traps are usually laid at the edge of a game track, which is blocked by bush in order to compel some unwary animal to deviate from the narrow path and fall into destruction. When once in the pit the game



MASUBIA VILLAGE

THE MATOKA

becomes wedged in, and nothing can save him. Another and more sporting method of hunting among these people I noticed while in their country. Two long fences form an angle of 90 degrees, at the point of which a scant thorn fence conceals a number of iron-headed stakes fixed firmly in the ground at an angle of 45 degrees, and, of course, pointing towards the angle where the fences converge. Close by natives with assegais conceal themselves, and when an extended line has driven the game forward they rise and scare the animals, as guided by the fence they bolt, clear the low fence, and in many cases are transfixed by the sharp iron blades placed to receive them. Then the hunters rush in and wet their assegais in the blood of their quarry.

The *Matoka* boundary may be roughly defined by taking a northerly line from the Zambezi some twenty miles east of the Kwando-Zambezi confluence to represent their western, and the Zambezi itself from that point to where the Kafukwe flows into it, as the southern boundary, while the Mashikolumbwe, who occupy a strip of country along the south side of the Kafukwe basin, are their northern neighbours from the Nanzela to the Kafukwe-Zambezi confluence.

The Matoka are strongly built, above the average height, almost beardless, and with features of a rounder type than their western

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

or northern neighbours. Like the Matutela, they disfigure themselves by knocking out the front upper teeth.

Though the southern Matoka keep a certain number of cattle, the northern section of the tribe is unable to do so owing to the prevalence of the tsetse fly ; in consequence they are dependent on agriculture for maintenance, and in the rich valleys that intersect the high, healthy plateau on which they dwell, cereals, cassava and marrows are extensively grown.

In the future white settlement their country and they themselves will be of value to the settlers. They make excellent porters, and readily engage themselves to work ; in fact, the "boys," who are known sometimes as "Zambezi" and sometimes as "Borotse boys" in Rhodesia, Kimberley, and Johannesburg, are almost entirely drawn from Botoka. So far as the Marotse are concerned it is probable that Latia and his staff, who in 1895 visited Bulawayo to interview the Administrator, are practically the only members of this tribe who have travelled so far south.

At one time the Matoka were one of the most powerful of the Upper Zambezi tribes, but their power was first broken by the robber impi of Mosilikatse, from which time a Matabele incursion became almost an annual occurrence until, in 1893, one of the most cruel scourges that ever raided, murdered, and devastated was

A MATABELE RAID

paralyzed for ever by the forces of the Chartered Company.

The testimony of a Makalaka boy, the son of an important chief, who accompanied the last Matabele impi raid into Botoka in the early part of 1893, is perhaps not out of place, as showing the method of warfare carried on by these bloodthirsty hordes within a radius of several hundred miles of their centre.

Just as grey dawn heralded the approach of the rising sun, a cordon of these savages surrounded and closed in on the doomed village. When cover was no longer available to conceal the advance, these myrmidons of devilry, at a given sign, sprang to their feet and with hellish yells dashed into the village and plunged their assegais into anything of flesh and blood that came within their reach. Some few would make a bolt for life, but the remainder, surprised and cowed by incalculable odds, would offer no resistance to their cruel fate. When these raiders had tired of slaughter, the survivors were ordered to stand in a long line. Along this line a "noble" savage, battle-axe in hand, would walk, and while the young women and those children who were old enough to stand a 500-mile tramp to Bulawayo, yet not too old to be bred up as warriors to prey in years to come on their own flesh and blood, were ordered to "fall out," those whose sex or age rendered

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

them useless from their conquerors' point of view were struck to the ground. Is it possible to imagine a more cruel and horrible state of things? Even the boy who described this scene added, "I enjoyed the fighting, but the killing afterwards made my heart sick."

And yet there were not wanting in this civilized country of ours "humanitarians" who used every means in their power to raise a crusade of undeserved censure and ill-feeling against those of their fellow-countrymen who gallantly in 1893 and again in 1895 lost or risked their lives in the struggle for existence, empire, and humanity with these ruthless savages! Naturally this was a small and unimportant section of "philanthropy," but it made a big noise—it was the criticism by those who sit and talk and write of men who act. Fair criticism does no good cause harm; but there are critics who care only to believe the uncharitable, and greedily gulp down any evidence in favour of this tendency, quite regardless of the source from which the information is derived.

The country of the *Mankoya* is bounded on the south by Botutela, and the east by Boshikolumbwe, and includes the country drained by the Luena river.

They have different ways of treating their hair and teeth, according to the district they occupy. The general fashion in hairdressing is to

THE MANKOYA

grease each curl of wool into a straight streak, which hangs over and around the head like so many ends of greasy cord. The Marunga, however, a sub-tribe who occupy the Luena district, allow the hair to grow long, comb it out, and trim it in such a manner as to give it the appearance of a thick, rounded, woolly wig, placed busby-like on the head and covering the ears and the greater part of the forehead. A cowrie or other charm is fastened on in front. I met some of these tribesmen on the Upper Njoko, who had travelled thither with skins to exchange with the Matutela for assegai heads and iron work.

The teeth of the Mankoya, both back and front, are filed to a point, and thus present the appearance of a couple of rows of shark's teeth. I have, however, seen many Mankoyas with all their teeth intact; those, too, who dwell on the borders of Boshikolumbwe, and are subject to Mashikolumbwe chiefs, are compelled to conform to their masters' dental customs, but retain their own method of wearing the hair.

The Mankoya are a tribe of hunters, and devote all their time and energies to the pursuit of game. They are the only tribe of the eight whose country I touched who produce fire by means of flint. Their tobacco is taken in the form of smoke, and like the Mashikolumbwe, they use the bow and poisoned arrow.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

The *Mashikolumbwe*, who occupy a large country extending along both sides of the Kafukwe from a short distance above its confluence with the Zambezi to beyond the fifteenth parallel, are quite the most hopeless savages it is possible to conceive. Their characteristics can but be described by a series of adjectives—stark-naked, lazy, dirty, treacherous, lying. In colour they are somewhat lighter than other Upper Zambezi tribes, and their physique is good. They have no paramount chief among their own people, but many, for purposes of policy, nominally acknowledge the supremacy of Liwanika, to whom the chiefs send an annual tribute, and thereby run no risk of being raided by the powerful Marotse chief's warriors.

The peculiar head-dress of the Mashikolumbwe is worn by no other tribe. The wool is only allowed to grow on a circular patch on the upper part of the back of the head. This is mixed with gum and wool from their women's heads, which are close-cut, and moulded into a semi-spherical chignon. The four front upper teeth and all the back lower jaw teeth are knocked out. This operation is performed on the child when about eight or ten years of age, in a very rough and ready manner. The pointed end of an axe-head is placed against the tooth, and to the edge extremity a stone is applied until the teeth break away!

THE MASHIKOLUMBWE

These people have no industry, and live in the finest country I have seen in Africa. They occasionally catch game in pitfalls, similar to but longer than those of the Masubia already described. If an antelope falls into one of these traps they eat him, but they are much too lazy to undertake hunting of a more active type. In spite of the fact that before the rinderpest broke out their country teemed with game, they preferred to live on wild roots dug from the earth by their women to securing meat at the expense only of a little exertion.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY in the morning, after everything was packed and the canoes loaded, I started off across the plain for the mission station which was to be seen crowning a mound some two miles away. The canoes had to be taken quite five miles to reach the same point, so were sent off independently.

The mission station was reached just as the missionaries and their wives were adjourning for breakfast.

There were congregated my friends M. and Mdme. Goy, M. and Mdme. Louis Jalla, as well as M. David, whom I had met at Palapye, in Khama's country. These gentlemen were assembled in conference with their brother missionaries, MM. Coillard and Adolph Jalla, of Lialui, and M. Biguile, of Nalolo.

It was quite refreshing to sit down once more on a chair in front of a white table-cloth and surrounded by white faces.

Finding that each and all of these gentlemen (three Italians, two Swiss, and one Frenchman) spoke excellent English, I was spared the trouble

THE MISSION STATION AT LIALUI

of supplying my very scant, rusty stock of French words and sentences. My good friends tried vainly from time to time to compel conversation in French, but when understood got English in return, when otherwise, a simple "Je ne comprends pas"; till M. Coillard, a highly-cultured French gentleman, who spoke perfect English—his late wife was a Scotch lady—good-naturedly administered the reproach :

"You Englishmen are so proud, you expect all other nations to learn your language and don't take the trouble to learn theirs."

I laughed, and explained that not pride but the want of that facility for acquiring foreign languages which continental nations possess to so marked a degree, is mainly responsible for our failure as linguists, adding :

"What is the good of my murdering your language when you can all speak mine so fluently?"

"Tut, tut! it is all pride and laziness."

And yet how many of us in France, after racking our brains to express our thoughts in correct French, have been answered in English as good as our own! And still we are blamed!

After breakfast M. Jalla despatched a messenger to Liwanika, apprising him of my arrival and of my wish to greet him.

A reply was returned that the king would be glad to see me any time I should call. Thus it

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

was arranged that M. Adolph Jalla, having kindly consented to act as interpreter, should accompany me in the cool of the evening.

In the middle of the town of Lialui a strong circular palisade about ten feet high encloses the private premises of Liwanika. In the centre stands an oblong hut about forty-five feet by twenty, substantially built and well thatched with coarse grass. Here the king himself lives. Opposite is a smaller oblong building open in front; native-made mats cover the floor and decorate the back and side walls. In this shelter the king usually receives and gossips with his chiefs on matters trivial and important. Immediately inside the palisade is a circle of huts of the usual round native pattern. Each of these is occupied by a royal wife, of whom there are fourteen, though not very long ago the ladies of the harem numbered twenty. Liwanika is a regular attendant at church, but has not become a professed Christian on account of the wife difficulty. However, when a wife dies, or for any other reason loses her position in the royal household, the king does not replace her as he used to do.

I recollect M. Coillard telling me of a conversation he had with Liwanika on this subject. One of his wives had embraced Christianity, and her lord very generously sent her home to her family.

THE WIFE DIFFICULTY

When apprising M. Coillard of this action he added with apparent self-satisfaction :

“ And now I have only fourteen left.”

“ But what about the other thirteen, Liwanika?” the missionary asked.

“ I should very much like to have one wife,” he answered, “ who could look after my house and keep everything clean and comfortable, as the white man’s wife does, but it is impossible for me. So-and-so is my favourite wife, but she is delicate and could not look after things. And then there’s So-and-so, she’s too lazy, and So-and-so, she’s so dirty”; and thus he went through the list, but failed to find one capable of superintending his domestic affairs.

M. Jalla led the way to the king’s house, where he disappeared to seek out his black majesty and inform him of my arrival.

Shortly a tall, very black man appeared. He wore a light coat, a patterned waistcoat, and a pair of tweed trousers. A low, broad-brimmed, white felt hat protected his head, and a well-fitting pair of boots his feet. The upper lip and cheeks were shaven, and a pointed beard, curly and crisp, covered the chin. Altogether I was struck by the neatness and cleanliness of the person, but still more so by the courteous, easy manner in which the hat was raised and head bowed as their owner advanced to meet me. After shaking hands and exchanging the usual

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

compliments, Liwanika led us to his house, opened the door, and with an easy bow waved us in. The receiving room—which was partitioned off by walls eight feet high, above which the free action of the air was not interfered with from one end of the hut to the other—was carpeted and decorated with native-made mats, like the outside shelter alluded to above. These mats are very neatly worked in divers patterns with stained and natural grass. Round the walls a few cheap coloured prints and ornaments were hung, including a small clock of the inexpensive kind.

Our host next seated himself in a large straight-backed arm-chair, after he had first given M. Jalla a seat on his left, and placed me in a rickety Portuguese chair on his right.

The first sentence which M. Jalla interpreted to me was not very reassuring.

“The king says you must sit quietly in that chair, or else it will very probably collapse.”

Liwanika's head was now uncovered, and a neatly-combed crop of wool fully exposed to sight. An ornament carved in ivory was stuck in the left side of this fuzzy *coiffure*, and looked very white amid its black surroundings.

I determined at the outset to clear up the misunderstanding which it would appear, from the letter sent me four days earlier, existed between Liwanika and myself, so went straight to the

FIRST VISIT TO LIWANIKA

point. "I left Kazungula with your permission to travel up the river, and to hunt on the way. Canoes and boys were given me by your son Latia. Why, then, did you send me a letter saying I was hunting without your permission? There must be a misunderstanding somewhere."

"Oh, that is all right," said the king. "Now that you are here, and have come to see me, we will forget all about the letter. When I sent it, I was afraid you were not coming to see me. My people told me you had turned back to hunt lions at Sesheke. Besides, messengers came from the Njoko, which are the king's preserves, saying you had killed a great deal of game there and all the way along the river, and left their bodies to rot on the veldt. This made me angry."

"Had I known the Njoko was a king's preserve, I would not have hunted there without your special permission. But no one told me, so how was I to know? Still I killed very little game there—only just enough to feed my boys. Your people lie when they say the bodies of game I have killed were left to rot on the veldt. There is no corn in the country, so I had to kill more than I would have done had I been able to buy food, otherwise my boys would have starved. These boys, who are your servants, will tell you that no meat has been wasted; they will even tell you that I have often passed

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

game and refused to kill it when they asked me to."

"I am glad to hear from your lips," he answered, "that these reports are not true. It is not good to waste meat. I believe what you tell me. My people often tell me things that are not true."

"Before I leave you I will bring my book in which I write everything, and I will tell you what I have killed. You will then know for yourself."

"I should very much like to hear about all the game you have killed. They tell me you killed two lions at Sesheke, and one of them tried to kill you, but you shot him close to your feet; tell me about the lions."

And so I had to kill the lion and lioness over again for the royal edification. Then, alluding to a party of American prospectors, who in demanding to be ferried across the river at Kazungula had, it is to be regretted, made use of unjustifiable and quite unnecessary threats to Latia, he said:

"These people treat men like beasts. I do not want such white men as these in my country."

"When I heard from the *meruti* (missionary) at Kazungula," I answered, "I was angry that they should have behaved so badly. You must not, however, think these white men are English. They are no more English than you and your people are Matabele. There are good black men and bad black men; so there are good white men

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

and bad white men. You must learn to discriminate between the two." And thus we talked, finally lapsing into general topics of no particular interest.

After bidding farewell I returned to a spacious double-walled hut, which Liwanika had ordered to be placed at my disposal. A fence of reeds eight feet high surrounded the scrupulously clean yard, cemented in the usual manner with a mixture of the earth from ant-heaps and cow-dung. At the far extremity of this yard was another and smaller hut. In the evening a native arrived with a bowl of new milk. The king had set aside a cow for my special use during my stay, and every day—night and morning—this native arrived with the bowl of milk.

That night I was aroused from sleep by a rattling noise in the corridor of the hut. As I rose a black form bounded through the doorway and disappeared. The dog—for such it was—had not only upset my milk in his attempt to remove the lid of the tin which contained it, but, as my boy Pony informed me in the morning, had during this or another and more successful visit walked off with a bag which contained buffalo biltong and sweet potatoes; and, in spite of the fact that the bag was unfastened, neither sweet potato nor piece of biltong had been shed. A truly marvellous

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

dog indeed, as I thought when I asked Pony if the dog had four legs or only two!

The next three days were almost entirely spent within the cool double walls of the hut, for the heat of the midday sun while passing through the Marotse plain, coupled with the lack of exercise consequent on the absence of anything to hunt, had brought on an attack of congestion of the liver.

Of course I had plenty of visitors during these few days. Nearly all the Marotse in Lialui deemed it their duty to visit my courtyard, greet me with the usual "Lumela, N'tate," squat down and look at me for a matter of minutes, then rise and depart.

One boy between thirty and thirty-five years of age rather interested me. After a brief conversation with him in the language of the country, he broke out in quite good English.

"You speak English, then, do you?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I speak a little English."

"Where have you been to learn English? You did not learn it in Borotse."

And then came his history. He was a Matoka by birth, but when quite a little boy the Matabele raided his village, killed his father, mother, and all his relatives, carrying him away with the young women and those children who were old enough to stand the journey south and yet not too old to be trained as warriors.

BEN THE MATOKA

For a short time he remained a child-slave of Mosilikatse, the father of Lobengula and founder of the Matabele power. He was then given as a present by the Matabele king to Mr. Mackenzie, a missionary, who sent him to the native school of Lovedale in the Cape Colony to be educated. Next he made his way to Mangwato, where he found employment in the service of Mr. Clarke, a well-known storekeeper at Palapye. His work was principally among oxen, and thus he acquired a certain knowledge in the art of waggon-driving. At Palapye Ben—for such was his name—took unto himself a wife who bore him children.

Next we find Master Ben employed by M. Coillard to drive his waggon to the Zambezi and thence to Lialui. He had intended, after spending a few weeks in Borotse, to return to the bosom of his family in Mangwato. This, however, was not to be, for Liwanika, in course of conversation, asked him who his people were.

“I am a Matoka,” he answered.

“The Matoka are my people,” was the royal reply, “and therefore you belong to me, and must stay here and look after my oxen.”

And so he did, and consequently forsook his first wife and commenced afresh with another. His conscience, if he ever had such a thing, he satisfies at Liwanika's expense, though it is very

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

much to be doubted whether his domestic perfidy is as compulsory as the apostate Ben would have it supposed.

Ben subsequently became very useful to me as interpreter, and on many occasions I was able to have talks with Liwanika when I would not have cared to appropriate the time of my missionary friends, who were very busy with their conference.

This is one which I entered in my diary on returning to my hut.

“Do the English people know of the existence of me, Liwanika?”

“Yes.”

“Has the Queen ever heard of me?”

“Yes, the Queen takes an interest in all her people, whether white or black, and knows as much about them as the English people do.”

“But how can the Queen and English people know about me and my people, who are so far away?”

“Englishmen like myself,” I told him, “travel all over the world in order that we may see for ourselves what happens in places far away from England. When I go back to my home I will tell the people what I have seen in your country, and the Queen too will hear again of you and your people.”

“What will the Queen do with me?” he enquired anxiously.

LIWANIKA AND THE QUEEN

“If you behave well to the English people, the Queen, who is good and kind, will see that no harm is done to you, for the English people do not fight unless they are compelled to ; but then they are strong and conquer. Look at the Matabele. Lobengula’s impis did wrong many times in killing people and taking their cattle. Lobengula was told he must give up killing or a white impi would attack him. Then his people actually went into one of the white men’s towns and killed their servants before their eyes, so the white men had to punish them and drive them from their country.

“It was a good thing for the white men to fight the Matabele,” he added. “All black people are glad and now have peace. The Matabele are bad people, and killed a great many men and women and children. As for Lobengula, he used to talk of Khama and of me as if we were his cattle.”

“And yet,” I said, “Liwanika and Khama are now alive and are kings of their people, but Lobengula is dead and his people are scattered.

Again his suspicions that his time might come next, and that the English had designs on himself and country became evident ; quite pathetically he remarked, “Yes, Khama knows the Queen and the Queen knows all about Khama, so Khama is all right. But I am so very far away ; it is different with me.”

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

I felt quite sorry for the poor man. After he had spontaneously asked that the Queen should take him and his people under her protection, his suspicions had been aroused mainly by the conduct of two disreputable white men, to whom allusion is made on the ensuing page, and he was in the position of a man who was not quite certain whether he had made a false step or not, and felt powerless to avoid the consequences which might ensue. I did my best to reassure him, and think I was to some extent successful.

I was having a regular field-day with my swarthy host, nor was it finished yet. He turned to the subject of the game I had killed, and I read out my bag amid a series of "ee's" from the chiefs who squatted round, commencing after species No. 5 had been disposed of and increasing in energy until twenty-five species with the number killed of each had been recapitulated.

Next he alluded to Mr. F. C. Selous, of whom he spoke in terms of friendship.

"I like Selous and Selous likes me," he remarked. "He always behaved well to me. When the Mashikolumbwe robbed him and killed some of his "boys," he did not blame me because he knew they were not my people, and that I was not to blame. Yes," he added, "if Selous were a black man I would send for him to come and see me, but he is a white man, and I cannot send for white men."

UNPRINCIPLED CONDUCT OF WHITE MEN

And so ended my second interview with Liwanika. His nervous anxiety and simple intelligence impressed me, and I determined to see as much of him as I could during my stay at Lialui. I thought I saw in him a man with whom much could be done by straightforward treatment; while what I had heard when compared with what I had seen convinced me that a false impression of him and his people was all that was known by those with whom he was arranging for the concession of certain rights in his country.

It is an unfortunate thing that some traders and others, in order to satisfy their prejudices or advance their personal interests, should at times sow the seeds of trouble by wilful misrepresentation. A certain trader had the audacity to tell me that he and a friend purposely did all they could to cause dissension between Liwanika and the Chartered Company, as when once white men established themselves in the country, Borotse would be ruined from their point of view. These two worthies, I subsequently discovered, had done all they could to persuade Liwanika to give them men to burn down the mission station at Sefula, but fortunately learned that they were dealing with a man who, though black, could teach them a lesson in matters of common honour and principle. This atrocious request brought the misunderstanding these knaves had

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

created between Liwanika and M. Coillard to a crisis. The king sent for the missionary and his accusers, insisted on the accusation being made publicly, and on asking M. Coillard to answer, received such powerful proof in repudiation of the charge* against him as to completely turn the tables in his favour. M. Coillard's influence was consequently re-established and strengthened, and has continued for good ever since. His enemies were dismissed the country, though before they got clear they successfully instigated the burning and plunder of a storehouse at Sesheke belonging to Messrs. Buckenham and Baldwin, English missionaries.

The above facts will no doubt account to many minds for the disparaging statements so often disseminated about missionaries and their work. Don't let it be understood that I wish to characterize all missionaries as immaculate or even sincere. It is an unfortunate fact that there are black sheep among them ; that is to be expected. My personal experience shows that sincere workers are the rule and not the exception, as some would have it, especially among those who have turned their backs on civilization and devoted their energies to work in the far interior.

* M. Coillard was accused of surreptitiously selling the king's country to the Chartered Company. Liwanika having applied for the protection of the Great White Queen, could not understand where the Company came in.

GOOD DONE BY MAROTSE MISSION

About the Zambezi missionaries I had been told: "They try to keep traders and hunters out of the country for their own ends." "They are nothing but a lot of traders," &c., &c.

What did I find? Hospitality everywhere and, whenever I wanted it, assistance and information. The natives, once insolent, and often hostile to white men, treated me with respect and confidence. So far from being traders, on two occasions when I was allowed to replenish my necessaries from the mission stores, no profit was asked, the bare expenses being alone charged. In their dealings with the natives the same rules are religiously observed. Killing for "witchcraft," before their advent of almost daily occurrence, is now all but unknown, and Liwanika has quite put a stop to the wholesale slaughter of men, women, and children for the trivial offence or imagined offence of a single member of a family.

Quite apart from the professed objects of a missionary's life, great temporal achievements are directly due to their labours, and the confidence they inspire in the native mind. Missionary enterprise has played a most important part in the extension of the empire of which we English are so proud and our rivals so envious. Undue credit has been given me by some for having successfully travelled a considerable tract of unknown country alone and

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

without armed escort. The bulk of such credit belongs to David Livingstone for the confidence his name still inspires in the first instance, and to M. Coillard and the mission of which he is the head in the second, who to a great extent have dissipated the prejudices of the king. For the first three-quarters of my journey physical endurance was all that was required of me, and until I entered the Mashikolumbwe country my person and property were at least as safe as they are in London. Fair play is a jewel. We English boast that we love it. Why, then, deny the missionaries their due?

CHAPTER X.

ON the morning of the 24th of September a message came from Liwanika, saying that he would like to speak with me, so I repaired to the royal presence with Ben as interpreter.

Again he wanted to know why I had come to his country, and insinuated that I was looking for gold.

I assured him that I had not given gold a thought ; and then deeming the time had arrived to tell him my real objects in visiting him, for I had made up my mind that to be straightforward with this man could not be wrong, and might be wise, I said :

“My chief reason for coming here is to make a map of your country.”

He was silent for a moment, and I feared that he was about to raise objections to my “spying out” the country, as is the way with most Africans. Not so, however, for raising his head slowly, he answered :

“It is a good thing to make a map of my country, for though I am king, my country is a large one ; and there are many rivers I know

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

nothing about. When I was a little boy," and he extended his hand to show the degree of his smallness, "I well remember a white man coming here and making a map of the river."

"You mean Monare,"* I said. "What I want you to do is to allow me to continue the work which Monare began when you were a little boy."

He did not attempt to conceal the satisfaction this interruption gave him, and from that time all his suspicious little insinuations vanished, and he showed absolute confidence in me.

"I will give you permission to go anywhere in my country you wish, but you must send me maps showing where you go and what rivers you cross."

"I will not only do that," I answered, "but when my map of your country is complete I will send you a copy of it."

To this he added quite a pretty little compliment, which would put to shame many of the small flatteries of more civilized people :

"And when I am dead, Latia and Latia's sons after him will remember you as the white man who made a map of their country."

On being asked what direction I wished to take, I told him I should like to go to where the Lui, Lumbi, and Njoko had their sources, then travel down to Sesheke and up the Machili,

* Livingstone's native name.

LIWANIKA SANCTIONS MY PLANS

or some other river, to the Kafukwe, and back to him by a more northerly route.

He warned me that this was a very big journey and would take me two years.

"I know it is a long way," I replied, "but it will not take so long as you say."

"But you must remember the rains. You cannot cross many of the rivers in the wet season."

"Well, I will try to be back at Lialui long before you say."

"And to whom do all these rivers you speak about belong?" he asked.

"To Liwanika, king of the Marotse."

"That is so, they belong to me"; and he looked quite pleased with himself and with me.

He has an idea that part of his country might be taken from him on the plea that there is little or no outward and visible sign of his authority in some of his more distant possessions. For this reason he has recently been distributing Marotse chiefs among the Matoka as rulers of districts and headmen of villages.

Next he travelled to personal matters.

"What do white men think of me? Do they think I am a good king or a bad one?"

"I have never heard a white man say you were not a good king, but I have heard it said that you sometimes say one thing one day, and another the next."

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Having administered this doubtful compliment, I resumed :

“ Since I came into the country, however, and have seen with my eyes and heard with my ears, I can understand why white men should speak so, for I have heard how two bad white men came to Borotse and told the king false things, so that he did not know what to believe, and his mind became unsettled.”

“ That is true,” he answered, “ that is true.”

The following day I again paid the king a visit in company with M. A. Jalla. He told me that before leaving he wished me to write him a letter—he is quite far enough advanced to know the value of black and white—acknowledging that he had warned me of the dangers of the proposed journey, and that as at any time I might be killed by a lion, elephant, or buffalo, I quite understood that I travelled at my own risk and did not hold him responsible for my safety. In justification of this demand he shrewdly remarked :

“ If you are killed by a lion or a buffalo, since you are by yourself and there is no white man to prove it, the English people may say that my people killed you.”

The letter was subsequently sent, and he gave me permission to travel in any part of his country I wished.

Three days later I went by arrangement to view a collection of his people's work in wood,

MAROTSE HANDIWORK PURCHASED

iron, and grass, as I had expressed a wish to buy a representative lot, so as to be able to show people in England how cleverly the work was done. And very well all these native-made articles looked; in wood were bowls, basins, dishes, and spoons, all neatly carved, some in pattern and others ornamented with representations of animals; in iron, axes of all kinds, hoes, knives, fishing-spears, and different kinds of assegais; and in grass-work many-shaped baskets and mats with various patterns. They made a goodly collection and I purchased the whole.

On the 30th I went round to bid my black host farewell. Conversation turned on matters geographical. I had mentioned a wish after my proposed return to Lialui to visit the northern Zambezi watershed, though this was dependent on fresh provisions which had been ordered of my agents at Mafeking reaching the Zambezi in March. The king acquiesced on condition that I would take with me forty of his warriors, whom he would arm with rifles if I supplied the ammunition. "Then," he said, "you will be safe; for the people there are wild men, who would kill you in the night if you were by yourself, but they dare not attack you if forty of my people are with you."

Then he continued:

"Where does the Kabompo begin? Why it begins in a row of hills, and from the same hills

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

rise the Kafukwe and Lualaba, all close to one another."

He then, after sending an attendant for a piece of chalk, dropped on his knees and traced on the floor his idea of the relative positions of the principal rivers in his country one to another; the upper reaches of the Kafukwe and Kabompo, however, were many miles apart. I drew attention to the fact that they "began" close together. For a moment the royal mind seemed puzzled; but not for long, for a semicircular dash of the chalk placed the sources of the Kafukwe and Kabompo in close proximity, and only at the expense of disproportionately increasing the size of the former. The map completed, I told him it would be a great help to me, returned to my hut and brought back a note-book, in which I copied the map of Liwanika's country according to himself.

On the following morning—September 30th—I paid a farewell visit to Liwanika. He was very affable, and told me a chief had been told off to look after the porters and to order the people in his name to do everything to help me. Then added :

"I wish you to send me a letter when you get to the Lui, one from the Lumbi, and another from the Njoko. Then I shall know you are safe. I will also send letters to you, and the people will know that you are my friend. Give

FAREWELL VISIT TO LIWANIKA

your letters to Matlakala"—the chief who was to accompany me—"and he will order the headman of any village you may be near to send them on to me."

I was on the point of wishing him farewell, but, instead of taking my offered hand, he shook his head, saying :

"No, not yet. Come with me." And he led the way to the "kotla," where the principal men were already assembled, as well as the porters, headed by Matlakala, whose name, being interpreted, signifies the "sweepings from the floor."

My own boys were also summoned and made to sit down in front of the king, in order that they might hear for themselves the instructions given to Matlakala and his gang.

A long harangue followed, in which Liwanika gave definite instructions to the effect that everything was to be done to facilitate the journey and that they would be held responsible to him for my safety, adding to me :

"When you come back I will give you forty men with rifles, who will go with you to where the Zambezi begins."

I thanked him in anticipation. Then the ruling native characteristic showed itself in the question :

"What present will you give me for sending you there ?"

"I cannot say," was my answer ; "there is plenty of time to think of that."

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

After bidding farewell to my black host, and afterwards to the missionaries, a start was made in an easterly direction that afternoon.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the hospitable treatment I received at the hands of this native king. As I have said, two huts and a courtyard were placed at my disposal, an ox was given me, a milch cow was set aside for my special use, and every day a present of fish, honey, thick milk, cassava, or food for the boys would arrive, while each morning a chief would present himself at the hut door bearing the "Morena's" greetings—a nice little piece of civility that pleased me much. That evening camp was pitched at the base of the rising ground bordering on the Marotse plain. I was glad to be on the move once more, and particularly so as a part of the country hitherto absolutely unexplored was at last reached in which, with Liwanika at my back, I felt there would be no great difficulty in doing useful work.

A steady ascent the next morning for about half a dozen miles up a sandy slope covered with forest led to the discovery of a large oval-shaped lake some four miles long by three wide.

It was at the very end of the dry season, so that the basin of this lake was almost dry, but the banks show that a considerable volume of water collects there during the rainy season. There is no visible outlet, and as evaporation



LIWANIKA, KING OF THE MAROTSE, ETC.



TROPHIES

THE KANDE RIVER

cannot account for the disappearance of so large a body of water during the winter months, it must drain subterraneously through the few miles of sand which separate it from the Marotse plain, some 160 feet below.

A sluggish river, by name Kande, winding through the valley, characteristically resembling most rivers in this part of the country, empties itself into the basin. The path lay for about twenty miles along this valley, when a bend from the south led it away from the direction of my route. At that point the grassy valley was about 300 yards wide, though the river could not have its source many miles further or it would clash with the Lui system.

A flock of guinea-fowl here afforded not merely sport, but a welcome addition to the larder; for what with the depredations of native dogs and the scarcity of big game in this district, meat had been at a premium lately.

After a tramp of $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles, camp was formed that evening on the Kande, some six miles west of where the path leaves the river.

The sandy nature of the ground made it rather heavy going, but the path was shaded by tall, but not massive, non-deciduous trees, on some of which edible fruit was to be found, which was much appreciated by the boys and to some extent by myself. It is remarkable that an orange-shaped, hard-shelled fruit should ripen

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

here at the end of the winter season, while south of the Zambezi the same fruit matures at the end of the summer. This same tree, too, which south of the big river is deciduous, carries in 15° S. Lat. a certain number of old leaves at the time the new shoots open out.

Though no doubt there are other trees common to both districts, they are in the main of quite a different character. I am not aware of having passed a single thorn-tree during the whole of the journey along this watershed.

On the 2nd an uneventful march of 19½ miles terminated near a small Makwenga village on the Maunga, a tributary of the Kande river. This country is absolutely devoid of game, so the difficulty of providing food for the boys rendered fast travelling incumbent on me. Probably on the principle of the "new broom" the boys followed implicitly, nor did I so much as hear a grumble at the distances they were called upon to travel, though it must be admitted a fifty-pound load for twenty miles mostly under a hot sun is good travelling for African porters.

On the 3rd only twelve miles brought me to the Lui river, where camp was formed for the night, as I was anxious to take astronomical and other observations. At about ten o'clock that morning a lake basin—Sesheke Pan—about 1000 yards across, tempted me to halt, as in the water which covered the centre of the basin large numbers of

DUCK SHOOTING

teal, duck, and geese were to be seen; so after refreshment I sauntered down with the boy Muliphi, and spent a pleasant, cool morning up to my waist in water in search of a day's food.

The geese were too wary, so after trying in vain for some time to get within range they were abandoned in favour of duck and teal, after bagging seven of which I returned to camp.

The banks of the Lui, according to my observations, are 3710 feet above the sea-level, or rather more than 300 feet higher than Lialui.

Next morning the river had to be crossed in canoes. The flow of water was imperceptible, but where the crossing was effected the river was quite 100 yards wide and had the appearance rather of a marshy lake than a river. There were plenty of water-fowl about, from which I bagged a spurwing goose and a duck.

While following up the valley of the Situta, a small Lui affluent, a wildebeest was sighted about 800 yards away in the open. This was the first head of game I had seen since shooting the three buffaloes at Sioma four weeks before—with the exception of one or two lechwe which are preserved by Liwanika in the neighbourhood of Lialui.

After an hour's stalk the animal was bagged, but with no credit to the shooter, for after having missed four times it required two wounds and a *coup de grâce* to kill him. Thus seven miles only

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

were travelled that day, and the boys revelled in the first meat they had tasted for a fortnight. The first shower of rain fell that evening to the accompaniment of a thunderstorm.

The Maüngu, a tributary of the Lui, was reached at about eleven o'clock on the 5th. This is a clear stream about twelve feet wide and five or six feet deep. There is a good flow of clear fresh water, in which I indulged in and thoroughly enjoyed a dip.

The path led along this river for a few miles, but finally leaving it, I had to take the boys some distance after dark before water was again reached, this time on the edge of a plain about five miles across.

The twenty-three miles' march of that day had a soothing effect on the boys; they did not jabber half the night as was their wont, so their master slept undisturbed, after having taken a successful observation for latitude—an opportunity which the gathering clouds at the end of the dry season seldom allow.

On the 6th the sources of the Luwouwa (wild dog) and Koshamba rivers, tributaries of the Motondo, an important affluent of the Lui, were traversed, and two days later camp was formed at the source of the Lumbi about eleven miles east of the Motondo source, which was passed *en route*.

The plateau on which these two rivers rise

GAME ONCE MORE

is high and in many places open. According to my observations its altitude is 3980 feet above the level of the sea.

When within half a mile of the Lumbi source, one of the boys pointed out a herd of about a dozen eland grazing on the plain along the border of which the caravan travelled. After a short stalk, not seeing a bull, I fired a right and left at a nice cow, but both bullets went low. Then for the first time, as they cantered away, a fine old bull showed himself. He had been grazing with others behind a small clump of palm and bush growing on one of the numerous old ant-heaps that studded the plain.

Seizing a Mannlicher, I took a shot as he cantered across my front 250 yards away. The bullet struck home, but did not stop him. After following the spoor for a short distance, during which it became obvious when the herd slowed down to a walk that the bull went lame in the right leg from a shoulder wound, I decided to make camp, partake of a little refreshment, and follow the spoor in the afternoon.

While doing so, a large mixed herd of zebra and wildebeest gave an opportunity for supplying the larder of which it would have been unwise not to take advantage, so leaving the eland spoor for a short time, I crawled through the forest to where the game were to be seen grazing in the open. It was a pretty sight to see all these

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

animals grazing peacefully within 100 yards ; each cow seemed to have a calf at foot, and each mare a foal, which spent most of their time playing and gamboling about as is the way with animals only a few days old.

After bagging a wildebeest, and leaving three boys to cut up and take the meat to camp, I again took the eland spoor with Muliphi and another. The wounded bull left the herd, but showed no signs of halting, and I was at last compelled to abandon the chase, and reached camp about two hours after darkness had set in.

On the following day I sent boys off on the spoor, and myself spent the day examining the surrounding country ; the boys, of course, did not come up with the wounded bull, and most probably, in reality, spent a lazy day a short distance from camp.

On the morning of the 10th, a large herd of wildebeest came down to the "vley" for water. While following them up from behind a small patch of bush, a hartebeest took my attention away from the other game. After a careful stalk he sighted me, just as I was preparing to aim. The hissing note of alarm as he threw his head up and gazed in my direction told me there was no time to lose, and a too hurried shot sent him away on three legs, with a shoulder wound low down, in spite of which I had a long run of six or seven miles before a

AN ELAND BAGGED

bullet from the Mannlicher brought him to bay as he endeavoured to escape through the forest.

On the evening of the same day an eland came down to drink at the vley, and was easily stalked and killed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE reaction consequent on the change from the scantiest and most unnutritious diet on which the boys had subsisted since leaving Lialui to a state of repletion in meat, at first promoted much good humour and conviviality among these black gourmands. They literally gorged all day, from sunrise till about 11 p.m., when pots full of meat and water would be placed on the fire to simmer. At about 2 a.m. jabbering and gorging would again commence, and continue until one after another they had once more eaten and talked themselves to sleep.

All this might have been very nice for them, but it did not quite suit me to be roused up and kept awake each night; so after finding from experience that it is an impossibility for the African to eat without talking and laughing, I was compelled to put a stop to this night work with a high hand.

When on the 11th I gave orders to pack up the loads, Matlakala, the Marotse chief whom Liwanika had given me as headman, said he was very sick. Looking as forlorn and miserable as



VICTORIA FALLS (1)



VICTORIA FALLS (2)

ON THE LUENA SYSTEM

all niggers do when they are, or imagine they are ill, he laid his hand first on his forehead and said in his own language, "Very sick there," which sentence was repeated as he in turn touched nearly every joint he had in his body.

I dosed him severely and insisted on moving a few miles, though he quite looked on my doing so as a grievance; however, had I delayed for the convenience of each boy whose liver had been deranged by gluttony, very little progress would have been made, for it was seldom that at least one boy did not consider himself *hors de combat*.

Going down hill for seven miles I reached a sluggish river—so sluggish that it was impossible to tell which way it flowed, if there was any flow at all at that time of the year. The usual grass valley bordered the stream on either side, and its direction being S.E. to N.W. led me to suppose that I had got on to a tributary of the Njoko river; two days later, however, on reaching a place where the water visibly flowed towards the N.W., it became obvious that this could have nothing to do with the Njoko. It turned out to be the Niambe river, which flows into the Luompa, an affluent of the Luena which empties its waters into a lake, as does the Kande river about twenty miles north of Lialui. Matlakala here had the audacity to tell me that he and the boys in his charge were going to return to

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Borotse, as he was too sick to go on. I told him he was perfectly at liberty to go as far as he himself was concerned, and could take his slave boy, a small Mashikolumbwe whom he always kept on the move in attendance on his wants, with him; but as the boys had not been given to him by the king, but to me, they would have to continue. Fortunately there were seven loyal boys with me, four of the paddlers who had accompanied me from Sesheke and the three South Africans. He knew, therefore, that no false justification for leaving me would go undisputed to Liwanika, and after an argument between the two sections, which I overheard from a short distance, master Matlakala found himself alone in his wish to return, and when a fresh start was made did not take advantage of my suggestion that he should go home.

When that evening I sent a message to Matlakala to come for physic, the answer was returned that he did not want any, as he was not sick in the stomach; in other words, he had no appetite for croton oil!

On the afternoon of the 13th, a single roan antelope bull was noticed several hundred yards in front, trekking slowly up the valley in the open. The larder was empty, so I gave chase. Skirting the forest for about three-quarters of a mile brought me to within 200 yards of the bull. Being out of effective range for the 16-bore, I

A LUCKY SHOT

beckoned to Muliphi to bring me the Mannlicher, but as he approached the antelope caught sight of him and galloped off, standing when 300 yards away. It was obvious that a better chance would not be likely to occur again, though at that distance, with a non-expansive small-bore bullet, the odds were strongly in favour of the game not being bagged. The first bullet seemed to go over him, and striking beyond evidently puzzled the animal as to the direction from which danger threatened him, for he stood long enough to allow me to fire again, and with better effect this time, for down he went.

On coming up it was seen that the bullet had severed the spine just in front of the hind quarters, and quite three feet to the left of my aim, so I owed this accession of meat and a fine pair of horns to good luck rather than good management. On nearing the wounded animal to give him his *coup de grâce*, he showed all the spirit his species is credited with when brought to bay. His eye, so far from assuming the sad, plaintive look of the wounded koodoo, eland, or steinbuck, which has so often conjured up feelings of pity in the mind of the sportsman who has evoked it, literally gleamed with fire and rage as he shook his sharp pointed horns violently and grunted with anger. But he was paralysed, and a bullet through the brain soon settled his account.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Next day some Mankoya women were encountered, but it was found impossible to elicit any information from them, as none of the boys could speak their language.

While travelling that afternoon, the native path which the caravan had been following parted from the river and turned south. I told Matlakala that I intended following the Niambe to its source, and would sleep there that night. A mile and a half further up the source was reached.

After waiting about half an hour and seeing no signs of the porters, I sent one of the three boys who were with me to hurry them on, but he did not return. Some time after another boy was sent, who came back shortly after sunset to say Matlakala and his gang had followed the path in spite of my orders to the contrary.

No food, no pipe, and no blankets did not give promise of a very cheerful night. Fortunately, two matches were found in the bottom of the cartridge bag, a hut of boughs was constructed, and a large fire lighted. So I might have been worse off.

At about nine o'clock the boy I had sent four hours earlier led the caravan in, and Matlakala was given to understand that if ever he dared disobey me again he should return at once to the king with a letter explaining that he

START DOWN THE NJOKO

was worse than useless, and that I preferred to do without him.

The night was sufficiently clear to allow of my taking a latitude, which showed the source to be in $15^{\circ} 43' 1''$ S., while the boiling-point thermometers indicated the altitude to be 3860 feet above the sea-level, or 120 feet lower than the source of the Lumbi.

Two days later we reached the dry bed of the M'pancha river, which joins with the Luyaba—also dry—to form the Njoko. At the junction there is a large pool, which in the rainy season becomes quite a lake, and is a favourite resort of hippopotami.

At this point the traveller once more finds himself in the Matutela country.

With the intention of following the Njoko down to my old camp at its confluence with the Rampungu, a start was made down stream in the early afternoon.

The African is accustomed to cringe to everyone stronger and bully anyone or anything weaker than himself. In consequence of some women being seen carrying baskets filled with wild fruits, four of my noble savages rushed after them, depleted them of part of their gatherings, and compelled them to return with them evidently for the purpose of further plunder. To their disgust, however, they were compelled to return the fruit, and the women were allowed to leave.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

This they did in a stolid, matter of fact manner, nor did they appear in any way grateful.

From the pool alluded to above to the mouth of the Njoko there is a constant flow of water. The valley through which it flows, being wide and fertile, has become an important cattle district for the herds of Marotse chiefs whom Liwanika has placed there with their families and slaves. Consequently there is a scarcity of game near the river in its upper reaches. A small herd of wildebeest, out of which one was bagged, were alone encountered during the journey to the Rampungu.

On the 17th camp had been formed near the village of a chief by name Serumpunta, and the next morning, hearing the natives had corn, I decided not to make a move till 3 p.m. Corn was brought, but the prices asked were exorbitant, so I told the women to take it away. This they did, but shortly after different women returned with the same vessels. Trade then became brisk, prices having grown moderate.

That morning a Matutela blacksmith at work interested me much. Sitting on a stone in a bower of branches, too dark to be put on record by means of photography, was a native hard at work creating draught for a charcoal fire. One end of an iron cylinder is imbedded in the coals, and in the other are fixed a couple of bamboos, the further extremity of each communicating with



MATUTELA BLACKSMITH

A NATIVE BLACKSMITH

a separate earthenware vessel. On the top of each of these a piece of skin brayed to the softness of wash-leather is tied, the skins over the neck of the vessels being sufficiently baggy to allow of each being raised and lowered in turn by means of a stick attached to the centre of each. In this way a draught is created quite as effective as that from the bellows of an English smith.

The smith was making an assegai head as, seated in front, I made a sketch of the smithy and its occupants.

A hard stone served as anvil; the hammers were of two sizes, but similarly proportioned, one with a head about twelve inches long, and the other half that size. The section of one end of the head was circular, the other elongated like a blunt chisel. A pair of iron tweezers about thirty inches long, with which the heated metal was handled, completed the tool-chest of this primitive smith. As a rule a native African does everything—except when excited in the chase—in slow time; it was therefore quite a treat to watch this boy actively shaping his assegai-head with both energy and precision.

I was once more to be annoyed by the wretched Matlakala and his monkey tricks. When the hour for departure had arrived, three boys only were present in camp. Assuming that Matlakala was in the village, his Mashikolumbwe slave-boy

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

was sent with instructions that he and the boys were to return at once. Three-quarters of an hour passed, but still Matlakala was not forthcoming; so, in by no means the sweetest of tempers, I repaired to the village myself, for I had found that my presence at times supplied an excellent motive power to the inanimate nigger. This case was no exception to the rule. My worthless headman was engaged in gossip and snuff-taking with a group of natives, and taking life quite easily, utterly regardless of the order he had received. He was soon set in motion, however, though that day he succeeded in his object, for three boys were nowhere to be found, and did not turn up till after dark. He looked rather sick when, on returning a short time later, he was ordered to give to the chief of the village a letter I had written to Liwanika, with instructions to forward it at once to the king.

"In that letter," I added, "Liwanika is told of your behaviour. I tell him, too, that instead of carrying out his orders and being a help to me you are worse than useless, and that I am sending you back to him as soon as Sesheke is reached."

That evening I shot four guinea-fowl, so reserving one for myself, called the three boys who had alone remained in camp, gave them one each, but insisted on their eating them in my presence, otherwise their chief would have had

EVEN WITH MATLAKALA

his share of each of them. This I have found is the most effective way of rewarding the faithful, and at the same time, by deprivation, punishing the troublesome; for the "sjambok" I do not approve of, unless in the case of a most persistent and incorrigible scoundrel.

The next morning an early start was made, and it was my intention to be even with Matlakala and his accessories in the plot of the previous afternoon.

It was one of the hottest days of the year, so it can be imagined that when a halt was made after one o'clock the boys had done a good day's work, as they were kept at it up to that time with only two or three short half-hour rests. One little episode tickled me much. Three boys arrived simply pouring with perspiration, and looking as if they had had quite enough of it. They put down their loads amid suppressed whistles, with a few *maiwe's* (an exclamation of astonishment) thrown in. Then grinning from ear to ear one of them said to his fellows:

"This is all because of yesterday."

"Yes," I added, "it is all because of yesterday."

Matlakala, however, did not enjoy the joke; he quite appreciated the fact that he had paid pretty severely for his little prank—for he least of all liked hard work—and consequently sulked as a nigger can.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

The journey was continued in the afternoon, and on the following day my old camp on the Rampungu was reached after crossing the waggon-track made by the missionaries in their journeys to Borotse, in S. Lat. $16^{\circ} 31'$.

My old friends of the village near which my tent was pitched treated me as they had done two months before with great hospitality, and inundated the camp with milk.

A latitude which I was fortunately able to take in the evening agreeably surprised and encouraged me, as I found, latitudinally-speaking, no correction had to be made in my daily route sketches, and only a very slight correction longitudinally. As it is very much more difficult to estimate both distance and direction while following the bends of a river in a canoe than when leading a caravan at one's own pace, the river route was corrected to the land route instead of taking the mean. By this method, assuming Livingstone's Zambezi-Kwando confluence and my own to be similarly placed, his and my longitude of Lialui were only about three miles apart, his being the more eastern. Having regard to the difficulty of determining longitudes accurately in Central Africa, through being dependent for Greenwich time on a chronometer which has travelled many hundred miles under most trying and varied conditions, I felt rewarded for the constant care taken to render my work as accurate as possible.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE PRINCESS

On the 24th I left the Njoko and at midday reached the Loanje, a sluggish river about sixty miles long, which flows into the Zambezi a few miles to the east of Sesheke, which place was reached on the 28th with an average of eighteen miles a day from the Rampungu camp.

There was trouble at Sesheke at that time. The young Mokwai, who was always trying to impress M. Goy with an idea of her power and importance, had given the missionary extreme annoyance by sending for his head boy without so much as asking the permission of his master, and compelling him to help in the construction of a house which she was building for herself; for she had come to the conclusion that as her uncle Liwanika, his son Latia, and her mother the Mokwai Nalolo lived in houses such as white men use, a round native hut was not good enough for the Mokwai of Sesheke. This put the good man to much inconvenience, and he determined that the establishment of such a precedent could not be acquiesced in without protest. In consequence he rated the lady severely for her conduct, disputed her right to interfere with servants given to him by the king, and claimed that even if such right existed the least she could do would be to send a message to him first. The young woman tried to ride the high horse, and both she and her husband became abusive and left.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

That night a town crier was to be heard warning the villagers at the top of his voice that anyone who was caught visiting the mission station would be put into the river. Thus were things during my second visit to Sesheke, and I as a friend of M. Goy was not treated to the pleasing smiles and willing consideration that this young lady was wont to lavish on me during my previous sojourn near her town.

At Sesheke the system of rule in Liwanika's empire is carried out to the letter by this exacting young woman. As previously stated, all pure-blooded Marotse are chiefs—everyone else is a slave, and as such is compelled to work for and obey every wish of his owner without remuneration. Under this system the Mokwai not only has the right to compel her own slaves to till her fields and do any other work or errand her sweet will imposes on them, but as ruler can also order her chiefs to provide as much labour as she wishes, which she does to the full, and even the wives of her chiefs are "fallen in" for labour in the fields. In fact she refused exemption even to her husband's mother, though in such countries mothers-in-law have not the power to interfere and cause friction in their sons' domestic circles! In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Mokwai of Sesheke owns broad acres of mealies and other corn, for all available women are compelled to break the ground and sow the

WOMAN'S STATUS IN AFRICA

corn of their chieftainess first, and not till that is done are they at liberty to do likewise in the family fields.

Chiefs superintend the work as task-masters, and woe betide the unfortunate woman who is considered to shirk her work or idle her time in the eyes of her overseer. The principal method of punishment is strangling in such cases. The man throws the unfortunate woman down and with both thumbs presses on the windpipe until his victim is all but suffocated, when he relaxes his hold and she is left to recover as best she can: occasionally, as can be imagined, the strangling is overdone, and the woman succumbs to this rough treatment. Such, however, is not the wish or object of the chastiser, for women are useful in Central Africa as beasts of burden and labourers generally; besides, she is sometimes worth quite a lot of cows, and can ill be spared until she fades with increasing years into a shrivelled-up, wrinkled and useless old hag, worthless either as wife or labourer, and by no means ornamental. Poor creatures! it cannot be said in these dark places of the earth that "woman rules the world."

During the visit under discussion the gardens of the Mokwai were being tilled for many hundred yards round the village. One morning the shrieks and yells of a poor woman, a short silence, and then sobs and whining instanced

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

what has just been described. The facts of this case are thus.

A superintending chief gave out that a certain plot must be finished that day before the women under his charge were dismissed from their work.

"But this is a large piece," said one who was the wife of the man himself.

"You dare to make me an answer!" was the angry rejoinder; and the noble fellow threw the woman down and meted out to her the usual punishment.

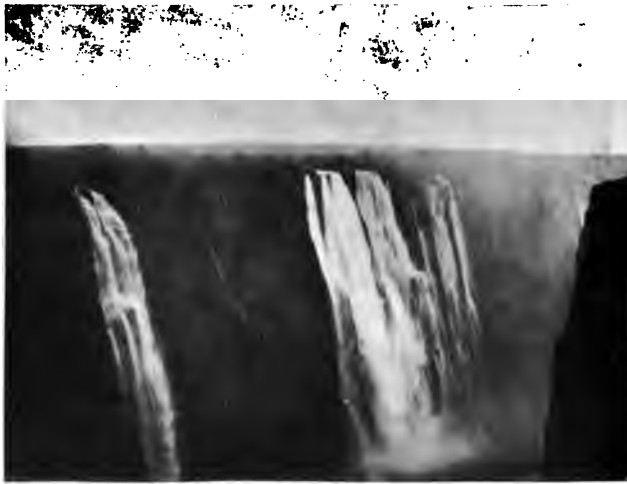
The people in addition to forced labour are expected to employ part of their leisure time in preparing skins, making "karosses," or doing other handiwork to be laid at the feet of the capricious young person who governs them. A kaross, say, is completed and has probably taken weeks to bray and stitch. Permission is craved and of course granted to present the same to her royal highness. The subject creeps into the compound, where he kneels and claps his hands.

"You may approach," says she; and he draws near with bended knee and rounded back till within a couple of paces of the chieftainess. Down on his knees once more he claps his hands again.

The kaross is handed to the lady, who examines it closely, after the manner of her fairer sisters at a Bond Street drapery.



VICTORIA FALLS (3)



VICTORIA FALLS (4)

MISSIONARIES TREACHEROUSLY MURDERED

“I thank you. The work is well done” (if such is the case), is the short acknowledgment which represents the sum total of the royal remuneration. More clapping of hands, with profuse thanks for the gracious acceptance of the present, and the donor withdraws with the same cringing mien, quite content with himself and his bargain.

It is a curious fact that the African scarcely knows how to thank his chief enough for a favour or the most trifling gift, while, as a rule, he barely thanks the white man who makes him a present, and if too lavishly treated looks upon his benefactor as a fool for his pains and expects more next time.

During one of the many interesting conversations I had with my good friend, M. Goy, he related the unhappy failure of two would-be predecessors in the mission field of the Upper Zambezi, which occurred some years before M. Coillard successfully commenced his work among the Marotse in 1885.

Messrs. Elmore and Price, English missionaries, had arrived with their waggons at the Zambezi, and with them their wives and families. The inhabitants of a village on the south bank ostensibly received them well, bringing in presents of food. But the treacherous savages had put poison in it, after partaking of which all succumbed but Mr. Price, who recovered. The

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

unfortunate gentleman made his escape and retraced his steps on foot. After some days he was seen approaching by some fellow missionaries who were trekking through the desert to join their unfortunate colleagues in front. At first they failed to recognise their friend, who presented a sorry spectacle—naked and half senseless from privation and want of food. Mr. Price recovered under their care, and all returned to the colony.

On November 8th I bade farewell to M. and Mdme. Goy, and left Sesheke for Kazungula. Sending all my effects, save immediate necessities, by river, I elected to travel by land myself, so as to be able to furnish a check on my previous river route.

Lions were to be heard almost nightly on the flats between the two places, but during the day they sleep in the long reeds which fringe the rivers. The entrails with part of the meat of a zebra were left as a bait one night, but failed to attract any forager. While travelling much game was seen, and sufficient shot for larder purposes. One herd of lechwe, which must have been quite 300 strong, allowed me to photograph them, though the field of the camera would only cover about a third of their number.

On the 11th I was encamped a few miles above the mouth of the Kasasia river. On the opposite bank a crocodile was basking in the

CROCODILES' NESTS

sun, and offered an easy shot at the vertebræ in front of the shoulder. The bullet took effect and killed the brute on the spot. A boy was sent up stream to find a ford, cross, and remove the belly skin, but before he reached his destination the slight muscular quiver, which continues in the case of crocodiles for some time after death, caused the body to slip down the steep bank, on the very edge of which it lay, and remain log-like in about two feet of water. However, the boy discovered a nest where the animal had been, from which he abstracted no less than fifty-eight eggs. These eggs are about the same shape and size as the goose egg, and in the present case incubation was in progress in every stage, many of them containing live crocodiles fully formed. They were all broken but four, which were saved for M. Jalla, who had previously expressed a wish to procure some as specimens. Another nest, containing nearly forty eggs, was unearthed a few yards along the bank, so that the Kasaia was deprived that afternoon of nearly 100 of these loathsome reptiles. I do not know whether it is an established fact that crocodiles feed on their own young, but since few can be destroyed by other creatures, it is to be presumed their marvellous reproductive abilities are counterbalanced by their not too discriminating appetites.

The mosquitoes were very troublesome on

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

these flats, and a few of the number that buzzed around my net generally found their way inside by some means or other before the night was over. On the 13th Kazungula was reached. M. and Mdme. Jalla very kindly put a room at my disposal, and I enjoyed the luxury of a bed for a few nights.

It was not till the 20th that I succeeded in getting enough boys together willing to carry my immediate necessaries *viâ* the Victoria Falls to Pendamatenka, where my cart and oxen remained in charge of Mr. Bagley, trader, farmer, and field-cornet.

A man, by name Frederick Hurlestone, who had arrived at the Zambezi for the purpose of buying cattle for a Bulawayo trader, had mentioned his intention of returning to Pendamatenka *viâ* the falls, so we arranged to travel thus far together. Hurlestone had been unfortunate in his attempts to procure cattle, and—poor fellow!—was still more unfortunate in being cut off and murdered by the Matabele a few months later. We travelled by the south bank as far as the falls, for the most part over stony, broken ground.

My companion used to amuse me by dwelling on my "marvellous luck" in falling in with game as compared with his own "bad luck." In reality he was wont to saunter along with his eyes on the ground, and very naturally scarce ever

THE VICTORIA FALLS

saw game, much less killed anything; but after all my "luck" was not very abnormal, as it only brought me a pallah, a grysbuck, a crocodile, and a jackal.

On the morning of the 22nd we reached the falls, and in spite of all others have said about this imposing sight, I was, if anything, more impressed by the picturesque grandeur of the sight than I had expected to be.

A mile of river falls over a perpendicular precipice 360 feet high—just about twice the height of Niagara. Immediately in front a similar precipice, covered with rich vegetation, and only about 200 feet from it, bars the way and forces the torrent along the base of the waterfall for about two-thirds of its front from the south bank, and for the other third in an opposite direction from the north bank. Here a fissure in the rock provides a means of escape for the troubled waters, which meet and gurgle over a rocky bed in their onward course. This cañon breaks off at an angle of about thirty degrees, and at different points turns sharply to right or left, finally opening out, the river settling down to a normal flow once more.

At the time I saw *Mosiotunya*, as the natives call the Victoria Falls, the water was at its lowest, and by watching my opportunity I was able to get a series of tolerably good photographs, as a favourable gust of wind would occasionally

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

blow away the spray from each section as I passed along the precipice in front.

Towards the end of the rainy season a solid volume of water eight or nine feet deep must be precipitated into the depths below. The mist under such conditions is of course such as to make photography impossible and a view difficult. Livingstone's description and measurements of the falls are reliable, complete, and by no means exaggerated, so it is unnecessary here to give more than the above cursory account of this grand and unique piece of natural scenery, which to be more fully appreciated must be seen.

On the same evening a start was made southwards over the stony, bush-covered undulations which characterise the neighbourhood of the Victoria Falls.

On the following evening an experience occurred which was annoying to the sportsman though interesting to the naturalist.

There was no meat in the larder, and game was by no means plentiful in the district. My attention was drawn to a small herd of water-buck grazing in a narrow open valley about 300 yards off. The wind was right, and the covert skirting the open ground on either side made approach to within 100 yards almost a certainty in ordinary circumstances.

I was getting on nicely, and almost within shooting distance, when a couple of plovers took



WATERBUCK WARNED BY PLOVERS

WATERBUCK WARNED BY PLOVERS

exception to my movements, showing their disapprobation by circling overhead and screeching loudly. The game looked up, and stared intently in all directions in their anxiety to locate the approaching danger. One of the plovers continued his noisy screeches above while the other flew to the game, and then to and fro between the herd and his mate. This manœuvre seemed to satisfy them as to the position of the hidden enemy; they turned, cantered another 300 yards further up the valley, and settled down once more. Again I advanced, and once more when almost within range these little busybodies "gave me away" in the same manner. This time the herd seemed to come to the conclusion that things looked somewhat suspicious, for they again retired, settled down on the far side of the valley, and, while the remainder continued their evening feed, a bull posted himself on a rising mound, partially concealed by a bush, and acted as sentry to his companions.

Another attempted approach was noticed by the antelope's quick eye, and away they all went—this time in real earnest.

The next day my companion had another piece of "bad luck." In his anxiety to get a shot he walked on about 400 yards in advance, but, having his eyes on the ground as usual, failed to see two sable antelope grazing on the far

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

edge of a plain several hundred yards away. They were within range of sight for fully five minutes, but fortunately either did not see him or considered him too far away to be of danger.

Halting the boys, I crawled about 500 yards on my stomach unnoticed, thus reaching an ant-heap which was the last piece of covert between the game and myself. Waiting till they had grazed their way among the scattered bush that fringed the plain, another crawl was commenced. At a time when they were out of sight, so far as I was concerned, they must have caught a glimpse of me, for suddenly they were to be seen cantering away through the bush. A long steep hill lay in the background, and another of gentler slope met it at right angles on the left. The conclusion naturally to be arrived at was that they would veer round, skirt the steep hill, and make for the pass between the two. In anticipation of this I drew a "bee-line" and ran as hard as possible for this point. When about 250 yards away a bull was to be seen standing on the alert, broadside on and part way up the slope. It was the last chance, so taking a Mannlicher from Muliphi I fired well forward. So far as could be judged at that distance, he seemed to go away lame in front. Seizing the 16-bore I put my best leg forward, got on the spoor and followed him up. After going some little distance the wounded

FINE SPECIMEN OF SABLE ANTELOPE

animal rose in front and recommenced his retreat. A bullet in his hind-quarters, high up, brought him to the ground paralysed behind. Before giving him his *coup de grâce* I took a snapshot of him six feet off, and although unable to rise he had all the appearance of being unwounded. The poor brute, powerless to rise, shook his long, sharp horns ominously in token of what he would like to have done but could not. The horns turned out to be exceptionally good, measuring forty inches along the curve from base to tip. The Mannlicher bullet had passed through shoulders and lungs.

On the 24th we had travelled far into the night for want of water. All the boys but two failed to turn up at the halting-place, so we had to spend an uncomfortable night without blankets, though, fortunately, not without food. However, except two, they came into camp before sunrise. With the missing ones was the tent, also a few odds and ends. Boys sent back on the spoor returned with the news that the absent ones had got on to the wrong track during the night, so it was obvious they had not deserted and would, in all probability, find their way to Pendamatenka. A warthog I shot that morning gave us enough meat, with what remained of the sable antelope, for another three days, which was fortunate, for on reaching Pendamatenka on the 27th it was found that so bad

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

which of recent years has sprung up among and around some half-dozen of these trees on the north bank.

By the principle of triangulation I measured the river in the dry season, making it 458 yards in width at the narrowest place, where the water is also a considerable depth. Towards the end of the wet season the banks are quite another 100 yards further apart, and the water-level rather more than twenty feet higher.

CHAPTER XII.

M. JALLA having kindly consented to allow my oxen to run with his, I made arrangements with Latia to cross them to the north bank.

With the native cattle there is little trouble in taking a herd from bank to bank. A canoe first sets off and takes up a position about fifty yards from the bank. The herd is then driven into the water, and so long as one or two oxen take the lead, which is almost invariably the case, the remainder are easily persuaded to follow. The canoe is then paddled forward, while one or two more bring up the rear so as to head stragglers and keep the herd together.

With South African cattle such as my own there is more difficulty. Many of them have never even seen a river worthy the name, and naturally dread the ordeal of facing a quarter of a mile of deep water. In such cases each ox is secured with a riem passed over the horns. A boy sitting in the centre of a canoe holds on to the other end, while the beast is driven, sometimes with much difficulty, into deep water. He is then drawn to the side of the canoe, and his

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

head held and secured so as to render his struggles powerless to upset the unstable craft, and in this position he remains until his feet strike the shallows of the opposite bank. Occasionally a crocodile, more venturesome than his fellows, deems the opportunity too tempting to be wasted, but in the vast majority of cases no mishap occurs.

In this manner my six oxen were landed on the north bank, the crossing of the last one only giving me any anxiety; for a crocodile followed within a couple of yards of the ox's heels for quite a hundred yards, but did not seem to grasp the fact that he had quite twenty to one the best of it, for it is improbable that in the struggle which would have followed an attack he would have been compelled to show himself above water, and thus become vulnerable. How fortunate it is that animals and niggers, not realising their power, so seldom attempt to exert it! As the canoe approached the bank the crocodile turned about and left us.

I now set about to make arrangements for an expedition through the Matoka country into Mashikolumbwe-land. My wish was to travel in a direction slightly east of north until I struck the Kafukwe river, to follow that river to about $14^{\circ} 30''$ S. Lat., then turn west and follow the Luompa and Luena to the Zambezi, thence to Lialui once more.

ACUTE ATTACK OF DYSENTERY

With this object in view I tried in vain to get the requisite number of porters together but, do what I would, eight was the sum total who were professedly willing to accompany me. A further week's delay did not add one to this number, so I decided to proceed with half my loads to Botoka, send back for the remainder of my goods, and in the meantime endeavour to get together my caravan. The loads were arranged and allotted, and I gave the order to start, but not a move could I get out of one of the scheming rascals I had engaged. The fact was, they never had the smallest intention of leaving Kazungula, but had entered my service with the object of being fed so long as I found it impossible to move! Needless to say, the whole eight of them very shortly left in a hurry. My only hope now was to wait for Latia, who had gone to Lialui on a visit to his father. He, I trusted, would supply me with the boys I required.

But now another and more serious obstacle rose unexpectedly. I suddenly found myself knocked over with dysentery, that worst and most pertinacious of all African diseases. In a week I was reduced to little more than a skeleton. I looked miserable and felt miserable, for I had only accomplished half of the work I had set my mind on, and semi-success always appears to me closely allied to defeat. On the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

9th I took to my bed—a cork mattress on the top of bales and boxes. Rice, porridge, and other farinaceous food, with what little milk Mdme. Jalla could spare me (meat, of course, is fatal), Dover's powders, bismuth, and finally Warburg's tincture checked the disease, so that I was able to get up for a few hours on the 12th. However, I was so weak that I found it difficult to walk a hundred yards without resting.

At this stage boys once more came in and offered to accompany me, probably thinking I would not be able to go far. This change of front seemed strange to me, so to each boy I put the same question, and each boy gave me a similar answer.

“Are you willing to accompany me into the Mashikolumbwe or any other country I wish to visit during the next four months?”

“Yes, N'tate.”

“And you quite understand that if you come with me you will get no pay unless you return with me to Kazungula?”

“Yes, N'tate.”

And so by the 17th I had got together the requisite number of porters, and had gained strength so satisfactorily as to feel that I could travel by easy stages.

M. Coillard had arrived from Lialui *en route* for Europe. For some months he had suffered severely and patiently from some internal com-

START FOR MASHIKOLUMBWE-LAND

plaint he had been unable to diagnose or relieve. He had, therefore, wisely decided to accompany M. and Mdme. Jalla, who were about to enjoy European leave after ten years' life on the Zambezi.

Kindness and sympathy itself, M. Coillard tried to dissuade me from proceeding north, and pointed out that my duty to myself demanded my return home, and under ordinary circumstances I might have taken his kind advice. However, in spite of my weakness, I had no feeling or presentiment of an untimely end, and I was particularly anxious not to forego what I anticipated would be the most interesting half of my expedition. Thus, as is the way with most of us, my mind conjured up arguments favourable to my wishes.

"My oxen are weak, and I doubt if they could take me through the desert.

"To the north I must strike high ground, can travel slowly if necessary, and will have a better chance of picking up strength than the hard work of travelling through the Kalahari would allow."

And so on the 17th, the day MM. Coillard and Jalla trekked south, I went north, feeling anxious lest the former should succumb to the discomfort and hardship of the desert journey, while they, as I afterwards found, feared I had seen home for the last time.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

That day I managed to march eleven miles, and camped near a pool in the bed of a small stream, feeling quite pleased with myself, as I was in no way exhausted.

The country I had travelled through was extremely pleasant at that, the spring season. About a mile and a half from the river the first of a series of red sand undulations is reached. The trees and bush are clothed with those fresh, delicate tints of green which, under a tropical sun, so soon become sombre and dull. Here and there a shrub still further brightens the foliage with its bursting flower buds of pink or white or yellow, and among the fresh spring grass, too, occasional flowers lend additional effect to the cheerful colouring of Nature's art. How strikingly superior is the power of Nature to the effort of man in this blending of colour! How oft do we see two colours, with which the atrocious taste of some will endeavour to beautify their person, in such harsh and cruel contrast that each makes the other hideous, while, when handled by Nature, the two live side by side in sympathetic beauty!

After marching four miles on the following morning I reached mopani flats, which, owing to the rains, were ankle-deep in water. After tramping seven miles through these swamps the south bank of the Umgwezi river was struck. This river is of a different character to such rivers as the Njoko, Lui, and Lumbi, and narrowly

THE UMGWEZI RIVER

resembles the great majority of South African streams. The high, clean-cut banks and sandy bed, growing tall reeds, are at most times waterless, except for pools which occur at intervals, but after heavy rains lead large volumes of water from the high plateau at the source to the big river which it helps to feed.

When I reached the Umgwezi a strong stream washed both banks, travelling at the rate of about five miles an hour, which I afterwards found to be five feet deep at the ford.

The tent was pitched on a dry mound and I rested all the afternoon, not considering it wise to do more than ten miles or so a day until my strength had returned. Here two of the boys told me the next morning that they were too sick to go on that day. I saw they had fever—one of them, a youngster of about sixteen, badly. Rather a bad beginning! I thought it best to send them both back to Kazungula, and did so, much to the disappointment of the younger one, who had evidently set his mind on becoming the possessor of a blanket and sitziba. In their places I engaged two boys from a small village near the river to accompany me in the dual capacity of guide and carrier to the next district. I always made a point when possible of having one or two local boys present, from whom I could get the names of rivers and places and obtain other geographical information.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

After the boys had tried to find a ford for some little time, they discovered a place where it was just possible to cross without the necessity of swimming, the water in the deepest place being just up to the chin. Subsequently everything was landed on the north bank without mishap, and as soon as I had dressed, the caravan once more started forward. I had not gone more than a mile and a half when a wildebeest bull was disturbed, and cantering off for about 300 yards stood still. Following under cover of isolated bushes I got a glimpse of his head and neck between two trees, but the bullet entered the neck just in front of the shoulder and he went away, myself and boys following on the blood spoor. A few hundred yards and a small patch of bush was reached, from behind which the wounded animal turned in flight. Just as he wheeled round a bullet from the right struck him low in the shoulder, and immediately after one from the left entered his quarters—ten yards further and down he came. The boys thoroughly appreciated a good round meal, as probably none of them had eaten meat for some time.

After I had given them time to cut up the remainder of the carcass, another start was made, still through swamps; but after going a further three and a half miles camp was pitched, as the swamps or the crossing of the river had brought

POSTBOY TAKEN BY LIONS

on a relapse of my illness, and I felt somewhat exhausted. In the meantime the smaller boy I had sent back rejoined the caravan, so I allowed him to remain.

The next morning, though feeling weak, I realised that the sooner I got away from swamps and wet feet the better for my chances of regaining strength, so moved forward at 6.30 a.m. After crossing the Nangombe, a small tributary of the Umgwezi, some twenty feet wide and three feet deep, I was glad to see rising ground a few miles to the north, and continued the journey more cheerfully.

A serval sprang out from the grass in a small open plain and commenced a retreat, but foolishly half turned round and stood about sixty yards away. He tried to escape with a broken shoulder, but was easily overtaken, skinned, and ultimately eaten by the boys.

In the evening camp was formed on the banks of the Sara river, a tributary of the Sejlefula, after having done $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles that day, and curiously enough feeling much fitter than at the commencement of the day's march.

The tent was pitched under a large tree, which my guide afterwards told me had a few weeks before been the scene of a lion tragedy.

Two natives on their way to the Nkala mission station with letters rested for the night at this very place. During the night one boy was

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

disturbed by the cries of his companion, whom a lion had seized and was at the moment dragging away. The terrified boy at once climbed into the tree, where he remained till daybreak, and then leaving the mail behind returned to Kazungula in post-haste to tell his gruesome story.

I saw a large herd of warthog and a few koodoo and pallah here, but failed to get a shot.

After travelling seven miles the following morning through a rising country, I halted to allow the tail end of the caravan to come up. After waiting some time there were still three boys missing, so I walked back to see what had become of them. In about three-quarters of a mile I came across a boy lying down in the pathway near his load, and to all appearances asleep. As I roused him he turned over and gave me a scared, vacant look, then staggered to his feet. The poor boy, after reeling about like a drunken man, finally fell to the ground. This was the very boy who had followed me from the Umgwezi, after having received orders to return to Kazungula. Returning to the main body of carriers I sent a couple of boys back to bring him in. Fortunately there was a village close by, so after summoning the headman I arranged that he should look after the sick boy and feed him till he was able to return to

A HEALTHY PLATEAU

his home, for which he received the price in calico of sixty pounds of corn, and a similar present was given to the boy to do what he liked with. When I started he had recovered his senses, and I have no doubt was perfectly well a few days later.

That evening I camped on high and healthy ground nearly 4,000 feet above the sea-level, after a tramp of thirteen miles. I had suffered no recurrence of dysentery since the day I crossed the Umgwezi, and was already rapidly regaining strength. A heavy thunderstorm broke over the district in the afternoon, but was followed by a clear night, which offered the first opportunity since leaving Kazungula to take an astronomical observation for latitude.

On the 22nd I travelled in an easterly direction for eleven miles along the watershed of the left bank tributaries of the Sejlefula, where the country was charming. Wooded undulations were every mile separated by broad grassy valleys, down the centre of which small running streams flowed. I was surprised to find that this corner of the great Matoka plateau was occupied by Matutela, almost every valley crossed supporting a village of these people. Extensive mealie fields surround each village, capable of producing a large harvest under favourable circumstances, but for the last few years huge swarms of locusts have devastated the country

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

from north to south, and left barely enough corn for seed purposes for the ensuing season.

On the 23rd I turned north again. The village near which I camped on the previous evening proved to be the last in the Matutela country, and an hour's march brought me among the Matoka. The characteristic difference between these two peoples is very striking. Living within three miles of one another, speaking the same language, and ruled alike by the same chief—Liwanika—the inhabitants of the two villages were as typically Matutela and Matoka respectively as any other of their many villages which lay on my route. The tall, slight figure of the Matutela, with his pointed beard, and, for an African, refined features, contrasted with the thicker-set Matoka, with his more rounded features and almost beardless chin.

That afternoon, after walking myself dry subsequent to a heavy thunderstorm, I was induced by the gathering clouds to pitch my tent and avoid a second drenching. The camp was just above a deep-cut valley, along which the Sejlefula rushed down a steep, rocky bed. An extract from my diary written that afternoon will at least describe my impression of this part of the country, and it is hoped convey an accurate idea to the reader.

“The country here is destined to be a favourite spot for white settlement. High and undulating

PROSPECTS OF MATOKALAND

—good soil and grass—semi-open—well-watered. Trees picturesque, the predominant one bearing a drooping leaf something like syringa; others at a short distance looking like chestnut, beech, lime, and ash. There are many ant-heaps forming mounds some ten to fifteen feet high, which are almost invariably covered with trees. In the gullies through which the numerous streamlets flow huge blackish boulders rise here and there, contrasting with the bright green grass of this time of the year.”

The healthy nature of this plateau seems to leave nothing to be desired. Convalescent as I was at the time from the worst and most weakening of African diseases, I rapidly regained vigour, though—owing no doubt to hard work—never managed to replace the 28 lbs. I had lost, until after my return to civilization and comfort.

It would be folly to endeavour to colonise this plateau under existing circumstances, in my humble opinion, but a railway to the Victoria Falls from Bulawayo will bring Matokaland in the future nearer England than Matabeleland was at the commencement of this year. When once our south and north Zambezi possessions are connected by rail, the risk of another such famine in Rhodesia as so materially contributed to the sum total of disaster in 1896 will be diminished, for drought in Matabeleland does not necessarily mean drought in the Marotse empire

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

—a better watered country and inhabited by a more industrious people. In March, 1896, I left behind a gathered harvest capable of keeping Liwanika's people for two or three years. When I reached Tati and Palapye what little corn there was in the country had been imported from other continents, and I believe shortly after mealies were selling in Bulawayo at £18 a bag!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day, being Christmas Eve, I crossed the Sejlefula, and travelled about seven miles to a picturesque spot 3800 feet above the sea-level, where I decided to celebrate Christmas.

As old vintage ports, plum puddings, and turkeys were out of the question, I thought I could not do better than dedicate that particular day to the god of sport. I had shot a zebra a couple of miles from camp, and despatched some boys to bring in the meat, while the remainder pitched the tent, built a "schem" for themselves, and collected wood.

At about four o'clock, after a cup of tea and a pipe, I took three boys out in search of game; for if possible I wished to kill two or three head more which could be conveniently cut into strips and dried the next day, and thus the larder would be supplied for four or five days.

The first living animal that came under my notice was a warthog boar carrying a large pair of tusks. He was restlessly moving up and down a patch of bare ground at the time in

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

search of some root or husk. The 300 yards that intervened were open and sloping down towards the game. Leaving the boys under cover, I stretched myself on the ground and wriggled towards the pig whenever he turned his back my way. The old chap was evidently fully alive to the necessity of keeping a look-out, as he would frequently stand and look fixedly first in one and then in another direction. So long as he was looking away I came nearer and nearer, but at times he compelled me to flatten myself on the ground for a time, until he had decided to his satisfaction whether I was animate or inanimate. As the wind was right and he could get no taint as evidence of the former hypothesis, he each time gave the latter the benefit of any doubt he may have felt. In this way I got to about 150 yards of him—as near as I thought wise to approach in so open a country. Then, taking the first chance he offered, I sat up and fired at his shoulder; with a grunt he rose from his knees, on to which the shock had forced him, and went away lame from the left shoulder.

In a moment or two the boys were on his blood spoor, which was easily followed into the open forest that bordered the plain. Following this for about half a mile piggy was found lying down in grass covert at the base of an ant-heap. When disturbed he bolted, but after going

THE MERITS OF THE PIG

100 yards rounded on me suddenly and charged. But poor piggy was not a dangerous enemy. The boys were all round and I did not think it safe to fire, so stepped quickly aside. The boar went straight on and followed one of the boys, who likewise dodged him. Then seeing no one in front he again turned and came for me once more. This time as I stepped aside he received an ounce of lead and died.

Not only did this little incident give me the best pair of tusks I had up to then secured, but the pig was in excellent condition and was the animal of all others that I would have chosen to break the long meat fast imposed on me since attacked by dysentery, and which I had made up my mind should be brought to an end on Christmas Day, as being the only exceptional way available by which the animal side of my nature could be reminded that the most festive day of the most festive season had arrived.

It may be amusing to some to know what culinary experience has shown me is the way to make the most of a pig one has been fortunate enough to secure, and instructive to others as demonstrating the fact that it is not necessary for the African traveller to encumber himself with all sorts of tinned abominations in order to procure a palatable meal. With this end in view, I will venture to give the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

history of piggy from the time he is cut up and taken into camp to the last stage in which he retains his identity.

The feet, after being cleaned, scraped, and deprived of hoofs, are put into a saucepan with water, pepper, and salt, and boiled to a jelly. The tongue, cut up into small pieces, can be added with advantage. If after five or six hours' cooking this is removed from the fire the last thing at night, the jelly is cold and set in the morning and makes an excellent meal, and is always available at a moment's notice until finished.

The head, too, can be turned to excellent advantage if placed in a hole under the camp fire and allowed to remain there for eight or ten hours. When cold, the cheeks especially would please an epicure.

The liver and kidneys, either fried in a little fat or stewed with thickened gravy, make a better breakfast than is frequently served by the professional cook.

Then chops or steaks can be fried, grilled, or stewed. A joint, too, can be admirably roasted with no more trouble than is entailed by burying it in the cinders of a wood fire and leaving it there for a length of time regulated by its size.

We will leave out the question of black puddings—I have never tried them.

A CHRISTMAS HUNT

On the way to camp I struck a quite fresh koodoo spoor, and as I had not bagged one of these most graceful of antelopes during my present trip, left one boy in charge of the warthog meat, sent another into camp to fetch fresh boys to carry it in, and with the third spooed the koodoos. Twice I disturbed the herd, but failed to get a shot; a third time, however, they were sighted in the bush, and I managed to get to sixty or seventy yards of them. Picking out one whose head could not be seen distinctly, but which appeared to have horns, I prepared to fire. Just as my rifle was raised, the game took alarm and turned to leave. However, I managed to place a bullet in behind the animal's ribs as it swerved round. The wounded koodoo fell, but recovered itself in a moment and made off through the bush. Half a mile of spooring revealed what to my disappointment proved to be a cow and not a bull, as had appeared. I say disappointment because I never, on principle, kill females unless my camp is quite out of meat.

The sun was now on the horizon, so I returned at once to camp and sent a relay of boys to bring in the carcase that evening, as I had no wish to feed jackals and hyænas with fresh meat.

That early Christmas morning was fresh, bright, and exhilarating as I crawled out of the tent a few seconds after the sun commenced his daily tour of duty.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

As there were koodoo in the neighbourhood I determined, if possible, to get a bull that morning, so took out my rifle and boys with the intention of ignoring all other game, let the temptation be never so strong.

But my powers of self-restraint were not to be put to a test, for I had not walked more than half a mile when one of the boys pointed out a koodoo bull standing with his hind-quarters towards me between two bushes. Without much trouble I crawled up to a spot within sixty yards of the game, from which I placed a bullet obliquely behind the ribs. The bull bounded forward for about 100 yards, when he suddenly fell to the ground. Great scars on his shoulder and chest showed that about three days earlier he had had a narrow escape from a lion. I did not consider the horns good enough to save, but his head and neck-skin was taken to decorate a fine but scalpless head, whose owner was killed by lions close to my camp when in the Mangwato country in 1891.

There was now as much meat as could be carried conveniently, and enough to feed the caravan for the best part of a week, so leaving the boys to cut up the koodoo I retraced my steps with a view to finishing my Christmas Day in rest. And so I did, for the remainder of the day I was compelled to remain within the four walls of the tent. A terrific thunderstorm burst

CHRISTMAS DAY

over the camp a few moments after my return, and was followed by a steady downpour which lasted until evening.

It was impossible in such circumstances not to ponder on the contrast between the festive gatherings of friends at home and the solitude of my own surroundings. And yet I was not unhappy, for I felt that single-handed I was succeeding in my humble effort to do useful work in the interests of the empire of which I am so proud to be a citizen—and such a feeling, I take it, has something of reward in it to those who are not entirely dependent on the approbation of others for recompense or encouragement.

In the morning of the following day camp was struck, and I travelled through a country still pleasant, but not quite so useful-looking as that through which I had passed during the preceding few days. The tsetse fly became much more numerous, and the native population very sparse. In the evening, after travelling seventeen miles and crossing two Machili tributaries, I camped on a third, the Nanyate, at some distance from its source—probably ten or twelve miles.

On the 27th I reached the Mua, a small tributary of the Nanzela, which feeds the Kafukwe river, and the following day descended about 300 feet into a huge plain of mopani and swamp, sorry to leave the magnificent plateau through a corner of which I had travelled for the past week.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

This Matoka plateau practically supplies the Umgwezi with all, and the Kasaia and Machili with most of their water, whilst through the Nanzela and other rivers it helps to swell the current of the more important Kafukwe river.

On the 29th I find I made the following entry in my diary :

“ Rained the greater part of the night. Found in the morning that nearly all of the meat was consumed. That is to say : the pigs have eaten somewhere about twenty-five pounds a day apiece in four days, *i.e.*, meat which before dried would have weighed that. In spite of this one comes to me this morning rubbing his stomach and saying he is hungry.”

As, according to native report, game was very scarce for some distance, I sent back to a village passed through on the previous evening a request that corn should be brought for sale. A small quantity only arrived, which I purchased, and immediately continued the journey northwards.

In the evening, however, a herd of Lichenstein's hartebeest was sighted peacefully grazing in a plain on which patches of long grass made stalking comparatively easy, and consequently I was able to get within fifty yards of the herd without being noticed. In view of the reported scarcity of game ahead, I made up my mind to seize the opportunity and make hay while the sun shone. I emptied both barrels at a couple of the

FOUR HARTEBEESTS BAGGED

antelopes, and by the time they had pulled up in their surprise after cantering about fifty yards, my rifle was reloaded, and I got a second right and left home. Two lay dead with bullets through the heart, a third walked away—poor creature! coughing up blood from the lungs, while a fourth trotted off heavily, also with a lung wound. Within a few minutes each had received his *coup de grâce*.

I confess on occasions when I have been compelled to shoot animals with no other object than to feed my gluttonous carriers, to have fairly hated the sound of my own rifle. It was impossible for me to keep a check on excessive consumption, as each boy had to carry his share of meat, and the native African prefers carrying it inside so far as possible. Thus on every opportunity, whether while marching or not, eating goes on until there is nothing left to eat.

Fortunately these animals were shot at the base of rising ground, the existence of which probably accounted for their presence in the neighbourhood. It was consequently possible to form camp clear of the swamps I had waded through for the last two days. The carcasses were all brought into camp that evening, and next day dried over fires. In the dry season no further trouble is required in the process of drying meat than cutting the flesh into strips, which are hung up in the shade if available. In

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

the moister atmosphere of the wet season a four-cornered framework is constructed by driving forked stakes into the ground, and these support short poles on which a series of similar poles are laid parallel to one another and about four inches apart, and on them the strips of meat are placed over a lighted fire.

On turning out next morning a large herd of wildebeest was to be seen standing about 200 yards from the tent, gazing intently at what to them must have been quite phenomenal. At times so good an opportunity of procuring meat without leaving my tent would have been most acceptable. They stood with their heads up for two or three minutes, when they turned and went quietly away.

The tsetse here were very troublesome, and for some little time after sunset went for me so boldly that I was able to consign many of them to my collecting tube.

On the 31st I was again on the move. Six miles of swamp and nine over slightly rising ground completed my work for the year 1895.

New Year's morn was bright and exhilarating for some hours after sunrise, but towards midday heavy clouds crept over the deep expanse of blue, and with them the impressive booms of a tropical thunderstorm grew nearer and louder as the storm approached. Fortunately I had been delayed in starting while waiting for two local

JANUARY 1ST, 1896.

boys whom I had sent for to act as guides, so escaped the drenching my goods and self would have suffered from the downpour of rain that followed.

By one o'clock the rain had ceased, camp was struck, and I was once more working my way northwards. A four hours' march was put an end to by the appearance of a couple of zebra to the right of the track. After a short stalk I placed a bullet in the shoulder of one of them, but too far back, and the animal went away with its mate. While following on the blood spoor I found myself within seventy yards of a herd of Lichenstein's hartebeest, and as the sun was already below the horizon I fired in case darkness should prevent my coming up with the zebra. The antelope was wounded in the lungs and went away. I followed for some little distance, but losing the spoor returned to that of the zebra. Some three or four hundred yards further revealed him standing with his head down and back towards me. Creeping up I put him out of his misery before he had noticed my presence. It is a curious fact that the hartebeest was found dead by one of my boys within a hundred yards of the zebra's carcass. He must have retreated in a semicircle, as when I lost him he was going away at right angles to the line the latter had taken. There was a mission

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

station in front, so far as I could judge about two days' journey to the north, which had been founded about two years previously by Messrs. Buckenham and Baldwin. The former, whom I had met at Kazungula in July, 1895, had kindly asked me to call in and spend a few days with him in case my work took me within measurable distance of his station. I had heard from M. Jalla that the famine was so severe on the borders of the Mashikolumbwe country, where Mr. Buckenham's station was, that he had been obliged to send his boys away to their homes owing to the absolute impossibility of procuring food for them. As, therefore, it was by no means certain that more game would be met with, I impressed on the boys the necessity of being careful with the meat, telling them that they must make it last six days as I intended resting at the Meruti's for four days and would not hunt; so that if they ate all their meat in three days they would have to starve for three before I attempted to kill any more.

That night I succeeded in taking an astronomical observation for latitude, only the third opportunity since leaving Kazungula, owing to the continual obscuration of the stars by the numerous white clouds that seldom cease to pass over the heavens during the wet season.

The result proved very encouraging, and

A FLOODED RIVER CROSSED

showed that constant practice had taught me to estimate distances satisfactorily. The distance according to my route map was fifty-three miles from the last point of observation, which the sextant proved to be fifty-four.

On the 2nd I did not strike camp till twelve o'clock, so as to allow the meat of the animals shot on the previous evening to dry out a little.

In the afternoon a serious obstacle presented itself. The Nanzela river, across which the path lay, was in flood — 200 yards wide and overhead twenty yards from the bank.

I had an opportunity here of witnessing a piece of native engineering. Trees stood in the water to the borders of the natural bed of the river on both sides. The boys felled first one tree and then another, until a succession lay across the stream to shallow water on the north bank—a very crude bridge this was no doubt, but still it enabled us to get across without disaster.

It was getting dark by the time this bridge was completed, and it must be confessed I anxiously watched my goods as they underwent the precarious ordeal of being carried through the river. At one time a branch would lead through four feet of water, at another, a couple of feet above the surface. With a current of four miles an hour, and at times only a thin, bending bough to steady the body, it required

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

a considerable amount of care to retain a foothold, but somehow or other no mishap occurred beyond the wetting of many of the loads. It was a quaint sight to watch the string of black bodies working their way through that flooded forest, shouting and jabbering like a troop of monkeys!

Cold and wet I pitched my tent on an old ant-heap, and had a roaring fire made in front of the doorway. A good dose of quinine, some supper, and after that the blankets, and the day was ended.

Fortunately there was sun the next morning, so I was able to dry my maps, papers, and such of my clothes as had been submerged on the previous evening. I then started off through the swamps which bordered the river for a few miles, with the intention of reaching Mr. Buckingham's mission station that evening if possible, as the local natives told me it was only half a day's journey away.

After marching about eight miles I came to a cluster of villages known as Sezunga. These people, as I afterwards discovered, are a mixed tribe of Marotse, Mankoya, and Mashikolumbwe. A Marotse chief of the name of Sezunga, about half a century ago, had got into hot water over some fishing rights, and incurred the displeasure of the paramount chief. Information that his life was in danger prompted him to gather his people

THE NKALA MISSION STATION REACHED

together and leave Borotse. He settled in the district which still retains his name, on the borders of the Mankoya and Mashikolumbwe countries, and many fugitives from these tribes joined him. A gruesome sight met my eyes as I followed the path through a mealie field bordering on one of these villages. In the path the body of a boy of about ten years of age lay; a piece of bark by which he had been dragged thither was fastened round the ankles, and a wound on the left side of the head rather suggested death by violence. The ground, now dry, was becoming higher and higher as I advanced. The bulk of the porters were far behind, as I had hurried on so as to get my "half-day's" journey over as quickly as possible. It was long after dark, however, before I reached the mission station accompanied by three boys, and wet through, as the Nkala river, on the north bank of which the station stands, was swollen with the rains, and chin-deep in water when I crossed.

I was extremely sorry to find sickness rife in that isolated home. Mr. Buckenham, whom I had seen six months before looking as hard as nails, and in perfect health, was a complete wreck, and simply full of fever. So weak was he that he could only walk with difficulty. His wife was also suffering from fever, and his little daughter, a child of six, was reduced to a

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

skeleton, and the word death was written on the poor child's face. Mr. Baldwin alone was in good health, which was fortunate, as there was only one boy on the station, and he had mentioned his intention of returning to his home at Sesheke, as the time for which he had engaged himself had expired.

Mr. Baldwin took me to a spacious hut, which he placed at my disposal for as long as I should stay at the station. After I had clad myself in dry change of clothes which he lent me, I returned to the dining-hut, where Mrs. Buckingham had been kind enough to prepare a much-appreciated supper. The man who has slept on the ground for months realises the comfort of a bed, and sleep came kindly that night. The main body of my carriers arrived at noon the following day.

At about 4.30 p.m. on the 5th, a steady down-pour of rain commenced, and did not cease till about 4.30 the following morning. Mr. Buckingham's rain gauge indicated that 2.53 inches had fallen during these twelve hours. I remained four days at the Nkala mission station. Observations for latitude placed the station in $15^{\circ} 53' 7''$ S. Lat., and for altitude at 3290 feet above the sea-level.

The boys of course finished the meat the day after arrival. However, I reminded them of the warning I had administered, and told them they

THE PORTERS' DREAD OF THE MASHIKOLUMBWE

would have to look for food on the veldt. At that time of year there were wild fruits and berries in abundance. Rest I required, and rest I intended to have.

During my sojourn here I had many interesting conversations with Mr. Baldwin, who gave me much information about the country and people.

The boys had at different times impressed on me their estimate or affected estimate of the Mashikolumbwe character, and I quite expected some trouble before I succeeded in entering the country these savages inhabited. According to them they not only killed men but eat them. The eating I was pretty sure was a libel, and the killing I did not anticipate where a white man's caravan was concerned. True, the only two white men who had hitherto attempted to penetrate into their country had met with disaster on the borders, but in each case the attack could be explained.

Mr. F. C. Selous in 1888, as is known to everyone who has read that most interesting book, *Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa*, which also includes his experiences north of the Zambezi, had a most providential escape from these people, and lost some of his boys and all his effects. But, as he afterwards discovered, the outrage was instigated by the rebel Marotse chief, Monze, who, having been unsuccessful in his attempt to purchase powder for use in his struggle

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

with his relative and sovereign, Li-
gated the Mashikolumbwe to proceed
by means of treachery and murder.

Dr. Holub, too, the Austrian ex-
equally disastrous experience in
was looted, his white servant
and his wife had to retrace their
Mashikolumbwe, however, state
servant in some way exasperated
their enmity was towards him
be reason for supposing the
their story, or why did they
doctor and his wife, which they
done had they been so inclined.

Having regard, therefore, to the
in these two cases, I determined
should repeat itself in the future
to stick at nothing, and the impossibility in
my attempt to find out something about the
country on the border of which circumstances
had placed me; and my keenness was accentuated
by the sight of the fine broken country I could
see rising to the north of me. My friends the
missionaries kindly offered to take care of any
of my effects that I wished to leave behind, so
my loads were rearranged with a view to taking
only such things as were necessary for a two
months' trip. Thus should a looted camp and a
hasty retreat on the mission station become
necessary, I should not have to fall back on the



GROUP OF MASHIKOLUMBWE



GROUP OF MANKOYA

THE BOYS "JIB"

hospitality of my friends to supply the means for the return journey.

When the boys saw that I was making ready for a start, a deputation came to enquire what direction I intended taking.

I asked :

"Did you not engage yourself to follow me wherever I wished to lead you?"

"Yes."

"And did you not agree that unless you accompanied me back to Kazungula you were to receive no pay, as your blankets and sitzibas would be wanted to pay the boys who returned with me?"

"Yes."

"Then it does not matter to you where I go. I will lead and you must follow."

They answered that they would not go into the Mashikolumbwe country. I ordered them to leave me, and continued to make arrangements for departure.

I told Mr. Baldwin of this interview, and he informed me that they had been speaking to him on the same subject. He added :

"You may take my word for it they won't go among the Mashikolumbwe; they are afraid of them. They all say they won't go across the river."

Both Mr. Baldwin and myself took it for granted that they referred to the Kafukwe, or as

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

the Mashikolumbwe call it, the Loenge—their word for “river.”

In face of these circumstances, I decided to modify my plans. By going in a direction about twenty degrees north of west for seventy or eighty miles, I ought to strike my old route at the source of the Niambe, and thus be able to supply an important longitudinal check by joining the two sections of my map. Then I would travel north-east until I could prevail upon some chief to give me a few boys, with whom I would make an incursion into the heart of Boshikolumbwe.

With these plans in mind I bade *au revoir* to my hospitable friends, and started away in the direction indicated on the evening of January the 8th.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the evening of leaving Nkala, after marching about four miles, just as it commenced to grow dark, I got a shot at a wildebeest and wounded him in the shoulder. He went away slowly and I gave chase, but unfortunately had to return empty-handed for want of light. The boys were decidedly sulky and inclined to give trouble. Their spontaneous willingness to take service with me at Kazungula was receiving an explanation. They evidently expected to force my hand by refusing to go beyond Nkala, and thus compel my return to Kazungula. They had failed, and now the only way left by which they could carry out their wishes was desertion, which spelt no pay and a future reckoning with Liwanika.

On the 9th I came across a herd of hartebeest, but failed to get near them, and shortly afterwards missed a warthog. This was unfortunate, as the boys had had very little food during the past four days.

At midday I reached a kopjie which I ascended. From the summit, after climbing a

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

tree—for the bush was thick—I obtained a good view of the country beyond, and took a few compass bearings on the many hills which rose in all directions above the forest. This was the first piece of country I had passed through in which it had been possible to make any use of my prismatic compass.

In the afternoon I came to a dense, impenetrable forest, through which a single man could not go far unless he carried an axe to cut his way through the entanglement of creepers and undergrowth that blocked the way. Such dense forest is very rare on the great African plateau so far south. In fact, this was the first occasion on which I had come to impenetrable forest. Fortunately it was possible to skirt its northern confines without going much out of my direction, otherwise progress would have been both tiresome and slow.

In the evening, while crossing one of the numerous grass valleys that intersected the forest, I had another opportunity of replenishing the larder, and this time with good result. A warthog rose about seventy yards in front, and with tail erect ran off in an oblique direction to my path. I fired, and although he seemed to quiver as the rifle went off, I was by no means sure that the bullet had struck home, as I heard no "thut." Still I bolted after him as fast as my legs could carry me, hoping at worst to get

THE PORTERS LAG BEHIND

another shot. He had gone quite 200 yards when he suddenly tripped and fell. The bullet had entered behind the ribs and, travelling forward, had carried away an extraordinarily large piece of the lower part of the animal's heart. Such a case shows the importance of following up game for a short distance at least, even when the hunter is inclined to think he has missed his mark.

The next day towards noon I was stopped by a river with high, clean-cut banks, and from seventy to a hundred yards wide. It proved to be the Musa river, an affluent of the Kafukwe, flowing in a direction slightly to the north of east. It belongs to the same type as the Umgwezi, and, when I first saw it, carried water from bank to bank. From the size of this river and its apparent direction, it seemed that it must have its source no great distance from that of the Njoko, so I conceived the idea of tracing it thither.

After waiting a long time for the boys, who had evidently made up their minds to delay as much as possible, since they had failed to turn me, I followed the bank of the river for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and there stopped and set Muliphi—the only boy with me—to work to collect wood and light a fire. In the meantime I took my rifle and went in search of game, but the only thing I saw was a duiker, which I bagged and brought into camp.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

To my annoyance none of the boys had put in an appearance. They started in the early morning from a spot only $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, and now it was four p.m., and not one had turned up. Unfortunately I had not a single boy I could trust, or who was capable of acting as head boy, and it was impossible for me both to lead the way and drive on the stragglers. Pony, a Natal Zulu, was not only useless and untrustworthy, but was also a wreck from fever or liver, or both. Lecharu, a Bamangwato, had never quite recovered from his illness at the Njoko camp, and he had absolutely no control over the porters; they laughed at him when he ordered them to collect wood or bring water. Muliphi, also a Bamangwato, was a bright little chap, and more trustworthy than the other two, but he was too young to act as headman, and also too small—the porters would have none of him either. In these circumstances I had to give every order myself and personally see to everything, or else nothing would ever have been done. So now the only thing for it was to tramp back on my own footsteps and bring on the boys. After walking about a couple of miles I met these bright specimens of humanity leisurely approaching. A good rating by way of letting off steam relieved me and made them move a bit quicker, but otherwise I do not suppose troubled them much.

LECHARU REPORTED DEAD

After being in camp an hour or so I noticed for the first time that the boy Lecharu was missing, and asked Pony what had become of him.

“He is dead, baas.”

“Dead!” I exclaimed; “how is he dead?” For in the morning he showed no signs of being seriously ill.

“He is not quite dead, but he could not come on. He is very sick and will be dead soon, so we left him behind.”

Such is the nature of the African. Sooner than take the trouble to help this unfortunate boy forward he was left to die.

I immediately ordered two boys to return and help the sick boy in. At first they refused, but only for a moment, then they went in a hurry. A lion was to be heard about a mile off, apparently moving in a direction parallel to the river, so far as could be judged by the sound of his roar. Should this be so he would strike our spoor, and probably follow it to where Lecharu lay.

In something over an hour the two boys returned and stated that they could not get Lecharu on to his legs, so had to leave him. Being by no means certain that they had been further than 100 yards from camp, I decided to take them back with Muliphi and see what could be done.

It was dark, there being no moon, so it was no pleasant work finding the way over the rough

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

ground, for there was no path. However, in about half an hour I was guided to the place where the sick boy lay. He was not dead, but had quite lost his senses, and finding he could not stand on his legs, I made one boy hold on to each shoulder and the third carry his legs, but he kicked and struggled so violently that only one way out of the difficulty remained. A large fire was lighted, and leaving Muliphi with instructions to remain with him through the night, I returned to the camp, prepared a pint of soup, to which was added about twenty grains of quinine, and sent it back by two boys, instructing them to bring Lecharu into camp in the morning if possible.

I told the remainder that evening that I had no intention of allowing them to continue their conduct of the last two days, for they had made it impossible for me to travel more than six or seven miles a day since leaving the Nkala station. "I have had enough of this sort of thing," I said; "you had better return to Kazungula and I will send back to Musanana" (a chief near Nkala) "for boys to take your place."

If the African native imagines that the traveller is entirely dependent upon him he will behave accordingly, so to show my independence I affected to be prepared to adopt a course which in reality I should have been sorry to take, for Musanana's Mashikolumbwe, I knew

THE BOYS GIVE TROUBLE

from Mr. Buckenham, combined all the vices and none of the virtues of the savage.

"If you will give us our pay we will go back to Kazungula," they replied.

"What about Musanana's boys? they must have your blankets and sitzibas, for they will do your work."

One after another they came to the conclusion that they would remain with me.

"That depends on yourselves," I added. "If you continue to give me trouble I will turn you all out of camp, and send for the Mashikolumbwe."

Early the next morning the sick boy turned up in camp. He had quite recovered his senses, but was of course very weak. As the day was very hot I allowed him to rest till afternoon, and myself took the opportunity to hunt for beetles. At about three o'clock I advanced up the river in easy stages.

Koodoo, zebra, reedbuck, pallah, and grysbuck were to be seen during the march, but I only got a shot at a pallah, which however went away unhurt.

After doing six and a half miles I camped shortly after five o'clock, and set off with three boys to look for game.

It was getting dark while returning to camp, when I noticed a waterbuck standing sideways on only about sixty yards away. A bullet behind the shoulder sent him off, but after following for

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

about 100 yards he was found dead partly submerged in a pool of water.

Lions were to be heard again in the neighbourhood of the camp, but they never seemed to approach very near.

The boys did not appear so happy over the carcase of the waterbuck as they invariably had been in the presence of fresh meat. They sat in groups and talked in subdued voice. These two facts told me there was something in the wind, and I wondered in what direction their perversity would lead them.

It is said that the native African porter combines the stupidity of the ox and the ass, but lacks the intelligence of either.

After travelling a couple of miles the next morning I shot another waterbuck, and had to wait over an hour before the boys came up. The same old tale!

Another three miles and I reached a place where the river was fordable, and made up my mind to cross to the north bank, where I halted for the hot hours. It had taken five hours to do as many miles!

At about three o'clock I was stooping down over the light refreshment haversack with which a boy always accompanied me in case I felt inclined for a bit of bread and a cup of tea, when on raising my head I noticed that all the porters had absconded, and my three South Africans

THE PORTERS DESERT

alone remained. I went a short distance towards the river bank in the hope of catching a glimpse of them, and returned to find that two of their number were still in camp.

"What are you doing here?" I asked angrily. "Why don't you go with the other boys?"

"We want to remain with you, N'tate."

"Why do you want to remain with me?"

"We wish to go back with you to Kazungula."

"But I am not going to Kazungula yet. I am going there first," I said, pointing to the north.

"We will go where you go, N'tate," they answered.

"If you are women like the other boys you had better follow them; but if you are not afraid to go with me among the Mashikolumbwe you may stay."

Why these boys did not desert with their fellows I never could quite understand, unless it was that they feared Liwanika's wrath. That loyalty to me was a cause I do not for a moment believe, more especially as one of them proved to be not only lazy, as he always had been, but an incorrigible thief as well. The other was an intelligent, willing boy, and most amusingly conceited.

It did not take more than a moment or two to decide on my future action. I had ascertained that a Mashikolumbwe chief, by name Kaiyngu,

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

of whom Liwanika had spoken, lived apparently about forty miles to the north-east. I would pitch my tent over the bulk of the goods, leave the two sick boys Pony and Lecharu to look after them, and as soon as I had shot enough meat to feed them for two or three weeks set off with the two remaining porters and Muliphi for Kaiyngu and try to arrange with him to send back boys for my loads.

In the meantime I noticed one of the deserters in the bush about 100 yards off. They had taken all the meat and their skin blankets with them, so it was obvious to me they did not intend returning, and besides, they had been such a source of annoyance of late that I felt almost relieved at their departure, in spite of the predicament they had placed me in.

Now I did not want to shoot game for my two boys and return to find that the deserters had come back for the meat in order to provide food for their journey, and thus leaving my boys to starve or feed on my own scanty supply of meal, so I determined to give this boy a fright which I felt sure would clear them all out of the neighbourhood for good. As I walked towards my rifle off went the boy at top speed; then, taking care of course that the bullet should pass some yards to his left, I fired the right barrel. He never turned to look round, and shortly had disappeared from view in the

TWO ZEBRAS SHOT

bush, nor did I ever see him or any of his fellows again.

I then took the three sound boys out in search of game, and I was not long in coming across three zebras, a stallion, a mare, and a six-months-old colt. If I could only manage to bag the two full-grown animals I should be able, I thought, to make a start first thing in the morning, so spared no pains in getting as close as possible to the game, and secured the two of them with a left and right.

Then the sadness of necessity showed itself. The colt after cantering away returned to look for his missing dam. The poor little creature came to within a few yards of me every now and then, trotting round and round in a circle and neighing piteously. I had never before found it necessary to fire at game with calf or foal at foot, and hope I shall never have to do so again.

The meat was brought to camp at once, cut into strips, and hung to dry. In the meantime I piled up my loads inside the tent with the tin cases underneath, and resting in their turn on a wooden foundation to afford protection as far as possible from the attacks of the white ant.

The boy Lecharu while tying up a bag fell down senseless. With his eyes fixed and open and limbs motionless I at first thought he was dead; however, on finding that his heart was

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

still in motion, cold water was applied to his temples and he shortly came round, though he did not recover his senses till the following morning. During the whole evening he would continually rise to his feet and walk aimlessly about followed by his brother tribesman Muliphi, who would bring him back to his place and force him to the ground again.

Thus for the first time I discovered that he suffered from some kind of fit, probably epileptic. On enquiring of Muliphi I was told that they had constantly recurred for the last few years.

Early next morning—the 13th—I put up about ten pounds of meal and some tea, saccharine, and such-like necessaries as provision for ten or twelve days. Having already found out that master Pony preferred my food to his own—when he thought he could acquire it unknown to myself—I carefully weighed what meal I had left, which with care was just enough to last me until I once more reached civilization.

Mr. Baldwin had told me that Kaiyngu was almost due north of Nkala, and as I knew how far I had moved to the west it was not difficult to determine the probable direction I ought to take. The boys, of course, knew there was such a place and such a chief as Kaiyngu, but had no notion of the whereabouts. I took them on to a rising piece of ground, where hills were to be seen in the distance in a direction some

GOING NORTHWARD

twenty degrees east of north, told them that Kaiyngu lay just beyond those hills, and that I was going to take them to a hill which was to be seen about forty miles away. They were at a loss to understand how I knew, as no white men had been near that place before, so I told them I knew by looking at my compass.

Taking a bee-line I left my goods and chattels behind, wondering whether I should find anything there on my return. Since the day after leaving Nkala I had not seen any sign of human beings, so had hopes that the Mashikolumbwe would not find the tent, which was pitched behind a huge ant-heap some 400 yards from the river.

After travelling about a mile and a half I came to a tributary similar in character to and scarcely smaller than the Musa, into which it flows, subsequently discovering that it bore a most imposing name—Marundumgoma.

For the rest of the day I passed through a most pleasing country—undulations covered with forest and frequently intersected by open valleys and streams. After about fourteen miles marching I camped on the borders of one of these, and, unaccountable as it may seem, felt thoroughly happy and content with everything. Whether, in spite of the predicament in which the absconding porters had placed me, the disappearance of such perverse dependents was an unconscious relief, or whether the “glorious uncertainty” of the next

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

few days and the interest attaching to research in a country which already showed signs of being full of interest as it was of mystery, was the cause of this I cannot say, but whatever the cause the effect was perfect contentment.

Before sunrise the next morning the boys disturbed my slumbers to show me a herd of hartebeest standing less than 100 yards from camp, which they were watching intently. I rolled out of the hammock, which was slung between a couple of trees, and seized my 16-bore. Though there was lots of time to fire I was little more than half awake, and before my eyes were in a condition to take a good aim the animals had evidently found out all they wanted to know, so left in a hurry.

I was obliged to travel slowly that day, as the grass was long and the boys with their bare feet felt the want of a foot-path, for even with care their toes were cut by the sharp, saw-like edges of the grass. My own feet were, of course, protected up to now, but for how much longer they would be it was impossible to judge, as my veldt-schoons were only held together by an interlacing of iron wire.

As I advanced the country became higher and higher, more broken, and in places rocky, until in the evening I camped near a stream about a mile from the hills I had selected as my objective two days ago. During that time no glimpse of them

A FINE COUNTRY

had been obtainable on account of the forest, and I must have passed within half a mile of these hills before camping. As I afterwards found, they are known as Namabuba, and the stream which has its source among them as Namakungu.

The country I had travelled through, which is similar in character to what I saw hereafter during my stay in Boshikolumbwe, I find described in my diary as "the most pleasant I have seen, high and dry, soil good, fertile valleys, open bush." Up to now no sign of human habitation had been seen.

After once more patching up my shoes with wire—for they had again broken asunder in places—I started off for the hills, selecting for ascent a large round granite kopjie, on which the only vegetation grew from the cracks which had gathered a certain amount of soil.

From the summit I got an excellent view of the surrounding country, and took some half-dozen compass bearings and a photograph looking northwards.

On returning I met two Mashikolumbwe, who pointed in the direction I was taking as being that of Kaiyngu. From scraps of conversation I had heard fall from the boys, I judged they were by no means confident that I knew where I was going. On the previous day I heard one of them give as his opinion that it was an absurd

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

thing for the *macore ho tsamaia ka pele* — the white man to lead the way. Now that they saw that by means of my compass I had brought them right in spite of forest and cloudy sky, they did not disguise their surprise; and Muliphi, with the superstition of ignorance, insisted that my compass was *schellem*, which denotes anything that is uncanny, be it evil spirit, vicious man, or noxious animal.

Early in the afternoon I continued my journey, reaching a Mashikolumbwe village in about an hour. There were no men to be seen, and a few women only. These latter gave me quite an enthusiastic reception, especially one old lady, who jabbered out her welcomes at a surprising rate, and shrieked to all the other ladies in the village to come out and see the white man.

The name of the village, or rather I should say cluster of villages, was Edzumbe. Imagine a clearing of about 300 acres planted with mealies from end to end, and studded with several small clusters of round huts, with grass-thatched roofs extending almost to the ground, and round each of these a strong stockade some twelve feet high planted deep in the ground and firmly bound together — such is the Mashikolumbwe village of Edzumbe, which is typical of the larger centres among these peoples.

While descending from the high ground on which the village stands, I passed several

UNPREPOSSESSING SAVAGES

Mashikolumbwe warriors, and I must say was not favourably impressed either with their manner or appearance. Savages whose sole article of apparel consisted in a leather necklet constructed on the principle of a bootlace, on which is threaded either a large bead or two, the horn of a small antelope, or the hoof of a goat, their hair plus that of their wives—who are clean shaven—worked up with some gum-like preparation into a semi-spherical chignon on the back of the head, and armed *cap-à-pied* with assegai, axe, bow, and poisoned arrows—they passed within a few feet of me without greetings or remark, scarcely a glance, and sometimes a sneer. Never having seen a white man before, the ignoring of my presence by one and all of them, whether they passed by singly or in small groups, could only be remarkable if not hostile.

I was barely two miles past the village when one of the boys noticed an eland on the outskirts of the forest which bordered the open vale along which I was travelling. Making a detour, a fire was lighted in the forest, the two porters left to look after the few goods and chattels I had with me, and I set off with Muliphi in pursuit of the game. In a short time five eland cows were in sight, but they took alarm and went away without giving a chance of a shot. While following the spoor across an open valley, a herd of zebra were to be seen just within the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

forest opposite, and to their right a herd of ten or a dozen Lichenstein's hartebeest. Throwing myself on my stomach, I crawled to an ant-heap within sixty yards of the hartebeest. Just as I pulled the trigger the herd looked up—a click, and off they went. I had very cleverly stalked my game with an empty rifle. On looking up four different herds were to be seen all within a short distance of one another in the forest—eland, hartebeest, pallah, and zebra.

The eland had not seen me, but trotted slowly off, being put on the *qui vive* by the retreat of the hartebeest. I decided therefore to once more devote my energies to them, as their flesh is better eating, and their fat—a luxury seldom found in any other African antelope—is soft, and does not stick to the roof of the mouth. Muliphi spooed, and my eyes were well to the front until I once more observed these splendid animals grazing about 300 yards away, but unfortunately the pallah which were between them and myself saw me and bolted; thus for the second time the eland were apprised of a hidden danger and trotted slowly away. Once more they were sighted, and once more I crawled slowly through scant covert towards them, eventually finding myself behind a huge, bush-covered ant-heap, within 150 yards of them. They had quite settled down now, picked leisurely at the grass and young leaves, and plied their tails from flank to



GAME IN MASHIKOLUMBWELAND

A FAT ELAND COW SHOT

flank in contest with the flies that worried them. I had been in pursuit for two hours, and now had to wait some minutes in the hopes of getting a shot at a fat cow with exceptional horns which would not show herself in the open, though the others gave me an excellent chance one after the other. When they once more trekked forward, I regretted I had been so fastidious in ignoring all but the best. Again I followed, and under cover of a stunted bush got to within 100 yards. This time fortune favoured, the cow I coveted showed me her shoulder ; I fired and down she came. She proved to be fat, and carried one of the best pairs of eland cow-horns I have seen.

The game had taken me in detour to within a mile of the village. I at once sent Muliphi to bring the two other boys and their loads in, and decided to camp by the carcase for the night.

Either the report of the rifle or the smell of fresh meat attracted a gang of Mashikolumbwe, headed by their chief, who was dressed in the same unostentatious fashion as his subjects. Gold works wonders where the consciences and affections of civilized races are concerned ; so, too, meat with the African native will make a friend of an enemy, and the paths of him who supplies it smooth. Consequently these very savages who had scowled on me three hours earlier were now both affable and friendly—in fact seemed to think I was not such a bad sort of person after

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

all. Putting together my first reception and subsequent experiences with the people of their tribe, I am not certain that this eland cow did not save me considerable inconvenience.

I took the opportunity of finding out from these people the names of the rivers and hills in their neighbourhood, and, as was my invariable custom, whether the rarer and more sought after species of big game were to be found.

That evening I had two experiences of the petty worries and annoyances which the African traveller is frequently subjected to, but with which I have not made it the rule to worry the reader. The eland head with the neck had been severed from the body, and awaited its turn to be skinned and cleaned as a specimen. A good deal of chopping was of course going on all round, as my own boys and my Mashikolumbwe guests energetically (the African native is energetic where meat is concerned) cut up the eland. Wishing to prepare everything for an immediate start in the early morning, I told Muliphi to bring the head to me and skin it under my supervision, a precaution I always found necessary if I wanted my orders carried out correctly. He returned to tell me that Macumba—the less intelligent of my “loyal” porters—had spoiled the skin. I went to see what had happened, and found that the left cheek had been used as a butcher’s block and the skin

TRIFLING WORRIES

was hacked and cut about in every direction. I was not very pleased with Macumba.

Eland marrow bone is a luxury, and once in a way I appreciate a grilled bone. Muliphi, by my orders, had saved one and put it aside till wanted. But lo! when that time came, the bone was nowhere to be found, until, on search being made, it transpired that Letangu—the more intelligent of my “loyal” porters—was already three parts through his master’s supper. And thus I was robbed of my bone.

The chief of Edzumbe, after impressing on me that Kaiyngu was quite an insignificant person as compared with himself—no doubt with the object of inducing me to sojourn where I was for a short time and supply him and his people with more meat—undertook to lend two boys to accompany me as far as the chief’s town, and to carry a small load of meat each on the condition that I gave him the rest of the carcass.

These boys were ready to start in the early morning, and, with a view to ensuring the safe conduct of the meat, I told them that when I reached my destination I would give each a “bonsela” of beads.

After 4½ miles’ march I halted for breakfast. Macumba and Letangu had not put in an appearance when I continued my journey, though at the time I thought nothing of an occurrence

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

by no means uncommon. As I advanced my mind became uneasy. Had these boys absconded with my things? or had the Mashikolumbwe waylaid and robbed them?

Muliphi was sure they would not desert here, and certainly reason was in favour of his view. African natives think twice before molesting a white man or his servants, and so long as the two missing boys belonged to me they were comparatively speaking safe, though to what extent was a matter of doubt in this particular country. Once, however, their connection with a white man became severed, they would have small chance if they fell in with any Mashikolumbwe warriors, for it is the custom of the country either to knock any native stranger on the head at sight, or, if young and presentable, enslave and sell him to the half-caste Portuguese "ivory" traders who occasionally visit their country.

But the second hypothesis gave me some anxiety, as these two boys carried most of the few necessaries I had brought with me—a Mannlicher, shot-gun barrels, and all my ammunition save nine 16-bore cartridges which were in my belt, most of my scanty supply of groceries and the beads, etc. That afternoon I passed through a picturesque broken country, falling away towards the Kafukwe river, which was but a short distance to my right. A cluster

KAIYNGU

of large kopjies rose in front, close to which I had been given to understand Kaiyngu's head-quarters were. Here I rested for a short time to fill in the route sketch of the last stage, as was my invariable custom throughout whenever a halt was made.

"Letangu lapa," Muliphi suddenly ejaculated.

I looked up, and sure enough Letangu approached, closely followed by Macumba. The suspicion of disaster had caused me more anxiety than its realisation would have done. I was so pleased to see the pair of black faces, each with a broad grin stretching nigh from ear to ear, that I omitted to upbraid them for the anxiety they had caused me. It transpired that they had taken the wrong path while passing through the precincts of a deserted village, but knowing that Kaiyngu lay behind the hills in front had eventually struck my spoor a short distance back.

A few hundred yards further on the stockade of the village was to be seen, so I turned off to the right and followed the course of a small stream for about a quarter of a mile, and here selected a shady spot for camping.

When everything was settled and a bivouac of boughs had been constructed to protect me from the rains and dews, I left Macumba to look after the camp and, with Muliphi and Letangu, went to see what manner of man Kaiyngu was.

CHAPTER XV.

OUTSIDE Kaiyngu's stockade a subject told me the chief was within, and led the way into the centre of the compound. Around the inside of the compound was a circle of round huts, and in the centre a larger one, in front of which was a good-looking native with grey hair and beard, clothed in a blanket, and seated on a wooden stool.

He rose as I entered, we shook hands and exchanged "greetings."

Then I conversed through Letangu, who understood the Mashikolumbwe language—or, more correctly speaking, "dialect"; for I am told by the missionaries that there is no more difference between the Mashikolumbwe language and that of the Marotse than there is between the English of the Yorkshire "yokel" and his Devonshire brother, though it is so far distinct that while Letangu could converse freely, neither Macumba nor Muliphi could make themselves understood without considerable difficulty.

"I am glad to be here at last, Kaiyngu," I said. "I have come a long way to see you."

THE CHIEF KAIYNGU

"It is very good of the 'Macore' to journey so far to see me," he replied. "I bid him welcome to Kaiyngu."

"The *Morena* (chief), Liwanika, told me about you when I was at Lialui. He said you were subject to him, are a good chief, and would give me help if I wanted it."

Many Mashikolumbwe chiefs have acknowledged Liwanika as their paramount chief, and send a tusk, a leopard skin, or food stuffs annually as a tribute and acknowledgment of suzerainty. In this way they escape being raided, and are practically as independent as ever they were.

"Yes," he said, "I know Liwanika. I once went to see him in Borotse."

One thing struck me at once in the manner of this chief. Liwanika speaks in a quick, somewhat nervous manner, at times almost stammering in his hurry to get out his sentence. Kaiyngu had struck off this mannerism to a nicety, and it was at times almost impossible to believe that his better was not speaking. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," and apparently black men suffer from the same weakness as the civilized race whose idiosyncrasies have given birth to this and other proverbs.

And so we talked till there was nothing more to talk about. In the meantime I was much interested by my surroundings. The sun was just setting, and gilded everything with a golden

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

richness on which his declining rays played as he bade adieu to shed his lustre in other climes. Through the stockade these streaks of light cast an almost unnatural brightness on the scene within, so intense and vivid was the contrast between the golden light and the dull, sombre shade. Wandering about in the clear space between the huts of the chief and his people were some ten head of Mashikolumbwe cattle. These miniature animals belong to the neater and more graceful class of cattle, and more nearly resemble the Ayrshire in shape than any other breed at home. I have measured a full-grown cow at thirty-six inches at the shoulder. Among the cattle, some of which were being milked, cocks and hens and little naked niggers wandered at their own sweet will, while in the background, squatting in front of their huts, sat the women, closely scrutinising a member of that mysterious race of which they had often heard, but had never till now seen a specimen.

The chief and myself had said all we wanted, and I was about to bid him adieu, when a tall, dreamy-looking native appeared from behind some huts carrying a huge native "piano," four or five feet from end to end, which, as I subsequently found, produced by no means unpleasant music through the medium of a couple of drumsticks and the combination of iron-work and some eight different-sized calabashes attached.

NATIVE MUSIC

The musician, who was draped in a long, flowing, blue and white plaid robe, slowly advanced to a hut immediately opposite. There he seated himself with an air of nonchalance, and leisurely prepared to air his talent. Then in sonorous tones to his own accompaniment he warbled out a song in honour of the white man who had come from afar to see his chief.

This over, I congratulated Kaiyngu on the excellence of his band, and retired to my bough-built bivouac, dinner, and sleep.

The sun had not risen when the soft, subdued tones of Kaiyngu's band once more struck my ears and woke me abruptly from sleep. Putting my head round the corner, the tall, dreamy-looking native approached at the head of a single file procession, beating lustily at his instrument, which was supported by a cord passed round the back of his neck. Next came the chief himself, and behind men and boys of most ages from fourteen to forty-five.

The old man was now clothed in his Sunday best—a striped cotton shirt with a belt round the waist, and a coloured handkerchief placed turban-like on his head, and over his shoulders a white cotton blanket. All his retainers, too, had something on, though not very much. It is the custom throughout Liwanika's empire to sling from a waistbelt fore and aft a small strip of skin. The leading inhabitants of Kaiyngu, being more

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

advanced than their neighbours, have not only adopted this fashion but have dispensed with the gum-and-wool chignon, worn almost universally by the Mashikolumbwe.

After wishing *lumela*, the old chief called up the small boys that followed him—bright, good-looking little fellows—and presented them to me one by one with the simple statement, “This is Kaiyngu.”

I discovered afterwards that the old gentleman is the father of a numerous family ranging from forty years of age to something very near zero. Each and every one of these were always addressed simply as “Kaiyngu,” and though I presume they must have some distinctive auxiliary name I never heard one applied save to the father, to whom his people occasionally referred as “Morena,” or chief.

In answer to my request that he should dispatch a dozen boys to bring on my things from the Musa camp, Kaiyngu affected to be only too delighted to accede to my wishes that very day, and I was led to suppose in the evening that the boys had been sent under guidance of my boy Macumba. After the chief and his principal men and sons had partaken of cold eland meat he departed, and I took my rifle and strolled down to the river, which was about a mile from the encampment. The path wound its way through thick bush until within



VIEW IN MASHIKOLUMBWELAND



VIEW IN MASHIKOL'UMBWELAND



THE KAFUKWE RIVER

100 yards of the Kafukwe. When my eyes rested on a picturesque river with high banks and 400 yards of deep, clear water, I confess to having been not a little surprised to find the Kafukwe approach if it did not equal the Zambezi in size at the same distance—between three and four hundred miles—from the confluence of the two streams. As I strolled along the bank two or three lots of pookoo were to be seen grazing on the open flats which bordered on the river about two miles up stream.

One of these herds, a nice ram and five or six does, took alarm, and in their flight turned up a narrow valley skirted by bush. I followed them under cover for about half a mile, when they were found grazing quietly a short distance from a large ant-heap, by means of which I placed myself within 150 yards of them.

A bullet from my 16-bore struck the ram in the right place, he staggered forward two or three paces, then fell dead.

On returning to camp I sent a hind-quarter to Kaiyngu, and after keeping what I wanted for myself and boys, distributed the remainder among the Mashikolumbwe who had accompanied me. The natives had been living on nothing but wild roots for many months, which their women spent the whole day in search of. Although there was plenty of game in the neighbourhood it was little or no good to this

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

inferior tribe, the members of which are too lazy even to hunt. I frequently found that they were loth to spoor up a wounded antelope, if the animal had strength to travel more than two or three hundred yards after receiving the bullet.

I had an uncomfortable experience that evening, while sitting just within my shelter in front of the fire. First one nip and then another prompted me to look down to see what manner of insect I was sitting on. The ground was literally swarming with red ants, and so were my legs, but fortunately, thanks to my putties, they were outside only. I was not long in making myself scarce, and spent the remainder of the night by a fire which I caused to be made on fresh ground.

This red ant possesses the knack of finding its way through ground to any spot on which raw meat may have been placed. They are known among hunters and traders as the "red soldier ant," and by the Marotse as "serula," and are carnivorous, as the circumstances I mention would imply, for within a very short time of the first discovery of a joint of meat its whole surface is covered with these vicious little insects. A black soldier ant, also known as "serula," I have met with in other parts. In a subsequent chapter I relate a marvellous instance of the vicious energy of these insects which came under my notice.

A WILDEBEEST BAGGED

On the 18th Kaiyngu paid me another early visit, but this time without the band.

Later I went out in search of game in a westerly direction, but wandered far without seeing anything save a small herd of hartebeest, which, however, I failed to get a shot at. Having been out all day, I was on my way back when a large herd of wildebeest were seen grazing down an open vale. After a careful stalk I got an easy chance at a bull, and made an atrocious shot at him. Away they all scampered and I after them. At about 800 yards they stood, turned, and, contrary to their own interests, galloped back on their own spoor towards a small bush, behind which I crouched. Down they came, passing my bush at full speed at a distance of 120 yards. A bull brought up the rear, and I took a shot at him. It was evident he was hit, as he swerved at once, and describing a semicircle followed the herd into the bush. He was found 200 yards beyond, stone-dead at the base of an ant-heap. A lucky shot had passed through the heart, and my previous bad miss was atoned for in the eyes of my savage friends, who were not long in lighting a fire and getting their teeth into the old bull's flesh.

Next day I remained in camp all the morning. A steady downpour of rain had wet everything, and left me more inclined for rest than hunting. My bough hut was good enough to keep the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

water off throughout an ordinary downpour of rain, but twelve hours proved too much for my temporary roof, and sleep on wet ground and in a wet blanket has not the same refreshing influence as it has under more favourable conditions.

In the afternoon I strolled down to the river with shot-gun and camera. Whilst wandering about in search of guinea-fowl or other feathered game, the appearance of a pookoo ram and some five does suggested the idea of a photograph at close quarters if possible. The grass was about two feet long, so I managed to crawl unnoticed to within thirty-five yards of the little group. Three times in succession I photographed them, and congratulated myself on so successful a stalk. But lo! when my negatives six months later came to be developed, these three were among the fogged ones.

Afterwards I shot a brace of guinea-fowl and returned to camp.

On the 20th I decided to go out in a northerly direction, with as usual the double object of shooting and seeing as much of the surrounding country as possible.

This was one of those occasions, which I suppose occur to most of us, on which nearly everything I did seemed to be the wrong thing.

The "son and heir" Kaiyngu, and a suitable retinue for so important a personage, accompanied me on this occasion. We had not gone far when

NO SUCCESS

a small boy came running up and told me he had seen a leopard. According to him the animal had retreated down the edge of a valley across which our path led us. After following for about 600 yards I sighted the leopard standing a hundred yards away broadside on, but looking away with his head turned in the opposite direction. Unfortunately a bit of scrubby bush close to which he stood covered his shoulder, though as likely as not a spherical bullet would have found its way through without deflection. As he had not seen me I thought I could improve the position by crawling to the far side of a small clump of bush where I should have been able to get a clear shot. But by the time I got there the leopard was gone, and I felt I had done the wrong thing in not firing on first sight.

Next I wounded a pookoo ram in the shoulder, but with a bad shot, as my bullet struck too high. His blood spoor was followed for some distance but without result; he still went strong, so the chase was given up.

Some time afterwards a Lichenstein's hartebeest with a severe lung wound gave me a long hunt. After viewing him several times but never getting near enough to administer a *coup de grâce*, chance brought me at last to within ten yards of the game, as the wounded animal lay on the ground behind a bush. I was just on the point of firing when the heir apparent rushed forward and

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

hurled an assegai at a distance of about five paces, but missed by as many feet. The antelope was on his feet in a moment and made another bid for life. In spite of my bellowing at him at the top of my voice to come back, Master Kaiyngu once more placed himself between the muzzle of the rifle and my quarry, again hurled an assegai at close quarters, but missed as hopelessly as before. A volume of English adjectives followed, Kaiyngu looked bewildered, and my fluency came as a relief after the months during which my voice had been accustomed to the murdering of native languages only. All this meant another chase, and would have developed into a third had the hartebeest not taken us to the bank of the river.

Here Kaiyngu once more played the same game with similar result, but this time the poor beast took to water, and died about fifty yards from the bank. The body was recovered a few hundred yards down stream, cut up, and carried in.

It was dark when camp was reached that evening, and the meat did not arrive till some two hours later, when a shoulder was sent as a present to Kaiyngu. First thing in the morning the meat was returned to me with the curt message:

"The chief does not want this, he wants a hind leg."



KAFUKWE RIVER AT KAIYNGU



NATIVE HUTS

THE SECRET OF AFRICAN TRAVEL

I told one of my boys to take the shoulder and cut it into strips for drying.

Now, I have always been convinced that more is to be gained than lost by not only taking up a position of independence in dealing with native chiefs, but by individual action conveying to them the idea that the white man not only thinks himself but actually is superior to each and all of them ; and this is more essential in the case of the unprotected traveller with three boys than where an armed rabble of niggers, for what is meant to be defensive purpose, can be employed to menace or coerce. In my own mind I feel sure the keynote of successful travel among the more remote and least known peoples of the African continent is the note that was struck by Livingstone and Joseph Thompson, whose force of character, determination, and consistency opened paths which would have been closed to a show of force, and, what is still more important, left behind them a confidence and respect which have helped and not deterred those who followed them.

To be dignified but not overbearing, to be courteous without being either cold or familiar,—for the one breeds apathy, the other contempt,—and to be fair and just, suggest a line of conduct which contributes towards the grand secret for travelling far and with the minimum of trouble. In my humble and imperfect way I have tried to

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

practise what I preach, and consistency was more than ever necessary in my present isolated position. Kaiyngu and his people had been living on wild roots for months before my arrival. For four consecutive days I had sent him sometimes a quarter of an antelope, sometimes more, and he was even now beginning to presume on my good offices. I had no wish to quarrel with the old man, but knew perfectly well that the gift of an inch would be followed up next time by the demand for a yard, and then heaven only knows what the sequel would be had he once realised that I was not altogether independent of him.

So I sent the messenger back to tell his master that since he did not want the meat I would keep it for my own boys, and that as I wanted the hind-quarters he would have to do without any at all.

Towards evening Letangu wished to visit the village, so I instructed him to tell Kaiyngu incidentally that the white man thought he had not behaved like a chief in returning the present, but as a man of small importance.

His majesty did not come near me that day—a most unusual occurrence.

On the 22nd I went out hunting in a south-westerly direction, and after refusing to fire at some zebra, much to the disgust of my Mashi-kolumbwe followers, tramped a long way without seeing anything, until when within a couple of

KAIYNGU'S EXPLANATION

miles from camp a herd of pallah attracted my attention. I shot a couple of rams, one of which carried an exceptionally fine pair of horns.

Not very long after returning, Kaiyngu, who no doubt thought that if he did not come and put things right with me he would have to do without meat this night also, marched up, wished me "*lumela*," and squatted down by the fire.

"It was not a good thing for you to do, Kaiyngu, to send back a present as you did the meat I gave you."

He told me he did not wish to offend, but he preferred the hind-quarters.

"So did I," was the answer, and then went on, "If I give you half a pallah will you send it back with a message you want a whole one?"

No, he would not.

Next he told me that he had received word that Macumba could not find my camp on the Musa river, and that some of his boys had returned.

This was not good news, the more especially as my small supply of provisions was all but finished. It was therefore arranged that Muliphi should act as guide to another batch of boys whom he consented to lend me, so I sent them off that evening, giving Muliphi instructions that he must return in five days. Thus I found myself left alone with the boy Letangu only. Next morning I went out after hippo in a canoe.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

The river below Kaiyngu is very picturesque, studded with islands and broken by rapids.

When paddling near these rapids an inquisitive hippo watched the movements of the canoe so fearlessly that I was able to land on a large rock only about fifty yards from him and to fire before he showed any inclination to retreat below water. The bullet unfortunately struck high and merely ricocheted off the animal's forehead, judging from the sound it made, before it subsequently struck the water some distance beyond. After paddling three or four miles down stream I landed and walked across the flats that bordered on the river. There I viewed a herd of some seven warthogs, the upper part of their bodies only showing above the grass. From an ant-heap about 100 yards from them they offered an easy shot at one. The herd scampered across my front, but pulled up before going more than fifty yards. A fine old boar with large tusks stood with his shoulder exposed. The bullet struck home and sent back a telling "thut," and away they all went, the big boar tearing and crashing through the bush in a direction of his own.

On reaching the spot where the herd had been, I was surprised to find a sow lying apparently dead, for I had thought the first shot had missed its mark. The boar had torn away, leaving much blood spoor behind him, and 200 yards on he was found stone-dead with

A FINE WARTHOG

a heart wound. He was a big brute, and measured 79½ inches from snout to tip of tail, and 33 inches at shoulder. The spoil was cut up and carried to the canoe, which was reached shortly after sunset. Fortunately it was a moonlight night, as camp was not reached till about nine o'clock.

During the small hours of morning a lion was to be heard roaming about in the district I had been hunting, so thinking it probable that he might have struck the spoor of a pookoo I wounded but failed to bag on the previous afternoon, I walked down the river until the place to which the animal had been spooed was reached. But unfortunately, with Letangu as my only boy, I was bound to leave him in camp, as there had already been two or three cases of theft, and what little I had with me I had no wish to lose. In consequence I was dependent on Mashikolumbwe for spooring, and they were one and all useless in working out a spoor that was not as plain as a pikestaff. So after wasting some time in a fruitless attempt an adjournment was made in favour of fresh game.

Not long afterwards I came across a herd of seven pookoos—all rams. One carried a very long pair of horns; so long were they that when I first saw them three or four hundred yards away I was by no means certain that their owner was not a lechwe.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

By crawling through the grass I was all but near enough to fire when some women who were wandering about in search of edible roots put them to flight. Again I followed, and came once more in sight after going half a mile or so.

By the time I had crawled to within 120 yards they became suspicious that something was wrong, and looked restlessly about in all directions. I saw that if time were wasted the work would have to be done over again; so, as the owner of the coveted horns stood with his shoulder exposed, I raised myself gradually above the grass, aimed, and fired. The six were off in a trice, but my beauty remained standing where he was. This puzzled me, as game invariably either falls or rushes forward when wounded, and I began to suspect that curiosity was delaying him from joining his fellows; so crawling through the grass to a more certain distance I rolled him over with another shot. It was then seen that the first bullet had passed through both forelegs, and I conclude must have severed the nerve. The horns, as I had thought, were exceptional, and measured $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which is a good three inches above the average. The animal himself, too, was quite the largest I have seen, though not standing as high as some. From the upper lip to the root of the tail he measured 72 inches, and stood $36\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the shoulder.

KAIYNGU'S PERVERSITY

I had now wandered about in all directions to the west of the river, and was anxious to cross to the left bank and travel inland for three or four days, being particularly anxious to reach a hill which rose above its surroundings, from which to take compass bearings on various points.

I intimated to Kaiyngu my wishes, and he told me he would send boys early next morning who should accompany me.

About a couple of hours after a start ought to have been made, Kaiyngu's eldest made his appearance at the head of six of his warriors all armed to the teeth. I proceeded to roll up my blanket, which, in addition to a little musty tea which had been wet in crossing the Nanzela river, and a bottle of saccharine, was the sum total of my available worldly comforts; but when everything was ready, Master Kaiyngu calmly informed me that there were no boys to accompany me.

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked. "Why have you come?"

"We will cross the river, but we will not sleep on the other side," was the answer.

I suspected that the scheming old scoundrel Kaiyngu was at the bottom of all this. If he allowed me to go away for three or four days, he would miss his daily meat. However, I made up my mind that he at least should not score,

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

so ordering Letangu to unroll the blanket I seated myself in front of my hut, and told Kaiyngu that he might go home, as if I crossed the river I had no intention of returning for a few days, and added: "Unless boys are sent to go with me I shall rest for three days, and then go on to Muyanga" (a chief about twenty miles to the north). No more meat for Kaiyngu's people. I will not shoot here any more. Muyanga shall be made fat instead."

They then began to hedge, and were willing to this and that and the other, but I told them I would have nothing more to do with them. I had done much for them and they would do nothing for me in return, so I would leave them. One by one they left, and I made up my mind that as soon as Muliphi and Macumba arrived with provisions, I would go north with or without Kaiyngu's assistance.

An hour or so afterwards, Shantivi, a boy who had been in daily attendance on me, a dirty, naked, but willing savage, whose presence was forcibly, if unpleasantly, indicated through another sense than that of sight, arrived on the scene to tell me that he and some other boys would cross the river and stay for a few days. Affecting at first to be unwilling to go since his people had shown me they did not wish for meat, and protesting I meant to rest and not kill any more game, I finally told him that if he brought boys

MASHIKOLUMBWE CANOES

at once, I would cross the river and kill some game for them.

Shantivi soon returned with four more of his kind, so at about one o'clock a start was made. Just before leaving, Macumba turned up with two native baskets containing meal but no groceries. I made some bread before leaving, and was not sorry to have change from meat other than the wild roots I had been reduced to for the last few days. Pony and Lecharu, he told me, were better, but I could not get out of him the reason why he had parted from Kaiyngu's boys or they from him. It was not till four p.m. that everything was landed on the east bank, as it was found that a canoe had to be brought from some distance up the river, and, of course, everything was done at the slowest possible rate.

The Mashikolumbwe "dug-out" canoes differ from those used by the Marotse and Upper Zambezi tribes. They are both shorter and deeper. They are propelled, too, in a different way and with a different shaped paddle. The Zambezi boys, with a long paddle nearly resembling the sea-oar, with a blade about two feet long by six inches broad, stand up to their work with one leg advanced, and use the back as well as the arm. The Mashikolumbwe squats or kneels, and in this position leisurely plies a short paddle with broad, almost oval-shaped blade, about two feet long by ten inches wide.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

On leaving the river the boys, as a matter of course, wanted me to go quite a different way to that I had decided to take, though they had to conform to my wish and travel east. Towards evening a couple of Lichenstein's hartebeests gave me a shot at about 150 yards. The bullet struck low, breaking the left fore-arm just below the shoulder joint. Even the Mashikolumbwe found no difficulty in tracking the wounded antelope, there was so much blood spoor. Half a mile on a piece of bone three inches long was picked up, but although the poor brute occasionally showed himself some distance ahead he never allowed me to get near enough to give him a second shot, and want of daylight finally put an end to a long and futile chase.

Next morning, after steadily travelling up hill till midday in a north-easterly direction, a large clearing was reached, on which were a number of small stockaded villages, similar to what has already been described at Edzumbe. This town is known by the name of the chief who rules it—Kowetu.

A headman met me outside one of these stockades and invited me inside. A stool was brought, and I was soon the centre of interest to a group of natives, who squatted down in front while their women sat in a row behind. A wooden bowl containing cooked food was offered me, but it looked very nasty and by no means tempting,

AT KOWETU

so I thanked mine host and handed it to my boys, who seemed to appreciate it. A dish of boiled vegetable marrow was next brought. This looked clean and good, and I was glad to be able to partake, and enjoyed it too.

A shower of rain drove me to take shelter in the headman's hut. He showed me his battery, of which he was very proud. It consisted of four great Portuguese smooth-bores, one of which was evidently looked upon by its owner as something very *recherché*. Its enhanced value was derived from its ornamentation by a number of brass studs that had been driven in pattern into the butt.

He told me he bought them from the "Mambari"—black "Portuguese"—who occasionally visited the country to trade for ivory and slaves; that unfortunately his powder was finished, and he would willingly give me some salt if I would give him powder! As an amendment I suggested either ivory or leopard skins. The former was not, but the latter he thought might be arranged when Kowetu put in an appearance, which he probably would do ere long.

In answer to enquiries about game, he told me that there was a herd of eland in the neighbourhood.

"If then you give me boys to show me the *mpofo* in the early morning, I will sleep here to-night and make you fat to-morrow."

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Unlike all the other tribes acknowledging the supremacy of Liwanika, who take their tobacco in the form of snuff only, the Mashikolumbwe and Mankoya are great lovers of the pipe. Their pipes are usually clay bowls with a long reed attached, but occasionally a more fanciful one is used. In this case one end of a reed is inserted into a hole through the bottom of a clay bowl, while the other is similarly attached to the lower extremity of an elongated, sausage-like calabash, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Through a hole at the top of this the smoke is drawn. The tobacco these people use is atrocious, in fact they will smoke anything rather than nothing, one makeshift I frequently observed being especially ingenious. The reed having been withdrawn from the bowl, some two inches of the lower end is cut off and converted into shavings. These being of course permeated with nicotine, are then rubbed up with a little dry grass, with which the pipe is loaded, smoked, and apparently enjoyed!

On rising to depart the boys asked to stay a little while longer, and pointed to a pipe, which meant that they wished to fill and light it, and then suck it in turn till all had sucked. Their request was granted, the ceremony performed, and search was made for a shady spot near water, but not too near the village. The people were very hospitably inclined, and brought me presents of

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY

marrows, pumpkins, and native cucumbers, probably in anticipation of meat on the morrow.

A bivouac was constructed on the edge of a fertile valley, down the centre of which a small stream of good clear water flowed. I then "fell in" three boys, and set off in a northerly direction to look for game, and the hill which had been seen from the western side of the river.

The only game I saw was a single duiker, which was bagged; and I failed to find the hill I was in quest of.

Still a most interesting afternoon was spent. Since leaving the river the day before, I had gradually ascended to a high country, well over 4000 feet above the sea-level and pleasing to the eye.

Travelling north that afternoon I descended a steep slope studded with huge rocks and kopjies, and which could be seen leading quickly down to a plain, extending to the banks of the Kafukwe. As every pace down meant a step later on up hill, I made a detour in a north-easterly and then easterly direction. This led me into a fine broken country. Deep rocky kloofs separated hills which rose abruptly on either side for two or three hundred feet. After wandering and winding through these hills for an hour or thereabouts, the sound of falling water guided me to a rivulet which rushed and gurgled down a steep and stony bed in a

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

northerly direction. While tracing up its course I was much impressed by the grandeur and beauty of the scenery. In general the southern section, at least, of the great African plateau is sombre, monotonous, and by no means picturesque, but here was one of those occasional exceptions to the rule, which would compare favourably with much of the "show" scenery of the civilised world.

The sun had been down for an hour by the time camp was reached. I had regaled myself on duiker meat and vegetable marrow, and was enjoying my after-dinner pipe, when four natives, among whom I recognised my friend the headman, approached the fire.

"This is Kowetu," he said, as he motioned towards a middle-sized, bearded savage, with a mild countenance, and an old terra-cotta sombrero which had no doubt once decorated the head of one of the Chartered Co.'s police, and which was very much too small for its present owner.

I told him I was pleased to see him, made him a sign to be seated by the fire, and spent about an hour struggling with his language.

He left after I had got a certain amount of information out of him, and arranged to give him powder for two leopard skins if he would send a boy back with me to Kaiyngu, where the powder was.

Early the next day—the 27th—a move was

SULKY BOYS

made in search of game. Four miles from camp eland spoor was crossed, and as it was quite fresh I sat down under a tree, sending a couple of boys off to ascertain the whereabouts of the herd. In half an hour they returned with the news that they had found them. I was disgusted to find zebra instead, and knowing eland were somewhere close I left the zebra alone, much to the disgust of the boys, whom I told that I had come to shoot an eland, and they must follow up the spoor with me. They sulked and refused to take the eland spoor, so I returned to camp, rested for a short time, and then commenced my return journey. Nothing unusual occurred on the way back. No game was seen, and the boys got no meat.

CHAPTER XVI.

I FULLY expected on return to find Muliphi there with all the goods and chattels, but such was not the case. The next morning Kaiyngu came to see me, and explained that Muliphi had failed to find the Musa camp.

Now the boy Muliphi had been born and bred in the Kalahari Desert, and his life had been spent among game. I was convinced that something must be wrong, as he should have been back three days before, and it was impossible for him to have gone wrong in a journey of only forty miles, with a river like the Musa cutting his path almost at right angles, unless he had been interfered with.

A boy who accompanied Kaiyngu explained that he went part way with Muliphi, who did not leave the afternoon I despatched him, but slept in the village. He mentioned places where they had slept on the three following nights, which showed that the travelling had been ten, six, and ten miles respectively for these three days.

Although Muliphi was the best boy I had,

MULIPHI STILL MISSING

and also my favourite, for he was a cheery little fellow, he was, nevertheless, like most of his kind, given very much to scheming, if by doing so he could shirk his work. In fact, he was always complaining of a pain here and a pain there, and distributing over his copper-coloured face a most doleful expression if there was any hard work to be done; but the moment anything was killed, especially if the animal carried fat, his sufferings would cease, and his expression change, for I never allowed sick boys to eat meat if any root or farinaceous food was procurable.

The tale this Mashikolumbwe brought was so plausible and so probable that I swallowed it, and was much displeased with Muliphi's conduct, for so far as he knew I had not a particle of food, for Macumba had not arrived with the meal when he left.

Later I went out after pookoo, taking with me the Mashikolumbwe who had accompanied me across the river, for I wished to give them a good lump of meat each as they had behaved quite respectably—considering that they were Mashikolumbwe—during the three days they had been with me.

Unfortunately my shooting was bad that afternoon—it was one of those occasions on which one can only wound. Two pookoos were hit, and one at all events ought to have been brought

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

to bag, but the Mashikolumbwe are the poorest hunters I have ever been among. Either the animal hit must drop in his tracks or leave behind him such a blood spoor as a blind pedlar could hardly fail to see, or you will never come up with your quarry when it depends on the exertions of this most depraved people.

I was beginning to realise the fact that the apparent impossibility of getting my goods from the Musa camp was attributable to the old rascal Kaiyngu. He knew perfectly well that when once my things arrived I would move north to Muyanga. This was altogether contrary to his interests, for the white man would then be no longer available as purveyor of meat to his Majesty.

When his boys turned up the next morning to take me out hunting they went back with the message that the white man was not going to kill any more game until his boys and loads had arrived. "How will this act?" I wondered. I had sent Kaiyngu no meat since the day before starting for my short trip to the east, six days before, and I thought the old gentleman must be getting an averagely keen meat appetite on him once more. This would grow, and when he found that his guest meant what he said he might find it to his advantage to accede to his request in a more practical manner than by word of mouth only. I had been feverish for the last

DECIDE TO RETURN TO MUSA CAMP

few days, so that the rest incumbent on my resolve was not uncongenial.

On the 30th it transpired that my suspicions were not ill-founded. The boys supposed to have been sent with Muliphi had been in the village, I found, for some days.

I at once made up my mind to leave that very day. My two boys could not carry all the things, for in addition to ammunition, blankets, meal, etc., I had accumulated a few ethnological curios and several trophies, among which was a pair of warthog tusks, pookoo and eland horns of exceptional quality. These I had no wish to leave behind, so a message was sent to Kaiyngu that as he refused to bring my camp to me I was going to it that day, and requesting him to lend me two boys to help carry my things. One boy told me he wished to go to Kazungula with me, but could not do so without his chief's consent.

Kaiyngu answered my message in person. The loads were made up and a second boy had agreed to accompany me.

I told the scheming old scoundrel that I was leaving at once, but on giving the order Letangu and Macumba took up their loads while the two Mashikolumbwe remained seated. When asked "why?" they looked towards their chief, who blandly answered for them :

"They cannot go to-day, for there is no meat

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

for the road. If you hunt to-day they shall go with you to-morrow."

Of course his anxiety was for his own stomach, so he did not quite see that my reply was satisfactory—"There is plenty of meat on the road," but calmly suggested that I might go if I wished and he would send his boys after me on the morrow!

This was too amusing.

"You have behaved badly to me, Kaiyngu, and now you want me to shoot game that you may eat it. I have given you and your people much meat and many presents, and how have you treated me in return? Is this how a chief should act?"

"The boys cannot go to-day, they will go to-morrow," and he pointed straight over his head, indicating that the start would be made when the sun was at its meridian.

"Liwanika is your chief. I am Liwanika's friend. He told me at Lialui that you would help me if I asked you. If you still prevent these boys coming with me to-day I will write a letter to Liwanika telling him how you have behaved to me, and you will have to send that letter, or else when the *Morena* hears that you have not done so, look out for your cattle."

As he once more refused, and at the same time suggested that I should give him some powder, I answered him :

I FIND MULIPHI

“I will give you nothing except a letter to send to Liwanika.”

I went into my hut and commenced to write it.

Half a dozen lines were scarcely written when Letangu told me that three boys were ready to start at once.

The two boys who had volunteered to come were not among them. It was an uncanny-looking trio, especially so far as one of them—Kaiyngu's son-in-law—was concerned. He, I imagine, was a Mankoya, and a very dirty, odiferous one, too. His wool was highly greased into long streaks, and his expression would have done justice to Mephistopheles himself.

With this disreputable escort I coldly bade Kaiyngu farewell, to which he replied:

“You may leave my country,” and departed.

I travelled seventeen miles that day, and one incident worth narrating alone occurred.

The path I took led me through one of the numerous small villages of Edzumbe.

On approach I heard the subdued notes of a small native-made “piano.”

Looking in front, who should the minstrel prove to be but Muliphi, who was squatting underneath a small shelter outside the stockade. His scared look on catching sight of me conveyed the idea at the time that he was simply taking advantage of being out of my sight and having a lazy time of it, instead of returning to me at once,

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

as he should have done, nor did I realise for some days afterwards that he was probably compulsorily retained by the Edzumbe chief, and very likely at the instigation of his neighbour Kaiyngu.

On his failing to give a satisfactory reply, I spoke to him severely, and ordered him to take his share of the loads and follow.

He then said he had been there three days, and that last night the Mashikolumbwe had stolen his blanket and assegai. I did not think it wise to delay for the sake of the boy's assegai and blanket, more especially so as voice-signals had been going on all round me for the last three miles, commencing shortly after passing some surly-looking natives on the path. Putting a further seven miles between Edzumbe and myself, the last two of which were done after sundown and not on the beaten path, a camp was selected behind a huge tree-covered ant-heap. Although I did not suspect that night that we were being followed, subsequent events showed that such was the case. The Mashikolumbwe, unlike most Africans, attack at night, and I am not so sure that in the first place my leaving the native path in order to return by another route, and in the second being compelled to travel after dark for want of water, were not fortunate accidents.

The next morning an early start was made,

MULIPHI DISAPPEARS

but the long grass necessarily made travelling slow. It took the whole morning to make $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

I shot a hartebeest *en route*, and camped at the first water afterwards to allow the boys to have a good meal.

At two o'clock the journey was recommenced. Progress was slow, to keep the boys together as much as possible—for unless the caravan has a rear as well as a vanguard this is no easy task, inasmuch as there are generally one or two boys who by special exertion will manage to lag behind even if the travelling rate is only two miles an hour. Such a boy was Muliphi. In consequence I was neither surprised nor suspicious of treachery when late in the afternoon a "coo-oo-ee" reached my ears from about half a mile in the rear. Concluding he had gone off the path and was uncertain of the route, I answered him, and went slowly on.

Reaching water two or three miles further on, camp was made for the night, but in spite of a shot or two and vocal volleys from the boys Muliphi did not turn up that night. The Musa camp could not be more than ten miles away however, so I quite expected he would arrive there as soon as, or sooner, than myself.

On the following day, being the 1st of February, the three Mashikolumbwe boys, either intentionally or otherwise, made a fool of me. We

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

struck the Musa river, but neither myself nor boys were at all certain whether the camp stood up or down stream, as the previous journey had been along the south bank, whereas we were then on the north. The Mashikolumbwe, however, were certain that the way lay up stream, so up stream we went for some seven miles. I then came to the conclusion that the wrong direction had been taken, Letangu and Macumba agreeing with me, but the Mashikolumbwe objected to going any further one way or the other, and put down their loads. They ignored my order to follow at first, but the simple movement of bringing my rifle from the "slope" to the "port" brought all three on to their legs, and evinced from the son-in-law of Kaiyngu the expression—quite affably uttered—of a wish to follow me.

Still my eyes had to keep watch fore and aft, as Kaiyngu's beauties did their best to let me get well in front, and then once out of sight it was pretty certain neither they nor their loads would be seen again.

Whilst sound asleep in the early hours of the 2nd my mind was called back to things real—very real!—by the words "*Mashikolumbwe tsamai-ili*," whispered by Letangu in my ears.

I was up in a moment, to find that these gentlemen were apparently on their way home, and had taken all they could lay hands on,

KAIYNGU'S BEAUTIES ABSCOND

even down to the small effects of Letangu and Macumba.

It sometimes seems almost incomprehensible that so treacherous a people should never have attempted to possess themselves of my rifles, ammunition, and other effects, by the very simple process of driving an assegai into myself and boys whilst sleeping, especially since—as previously mentioned—a strange native has a very poor chance if caught within their boundaries. I suppose that same feeling of awe which causes the beast to give man a wide berth is shared by even such ill-disposed savages as these Mashikolumbwe natives in respect to a race so superior to their own. Like the beasts they don't know their power or are afraid to use it, and in addition I imagine that even if they could succeed with impunity in taking a white man's life, their superstition impels them to suspect that his spirit may play havoc when released and bewitch them and their people wholesale. Letangu and Macumba had to carry heavy loads that day, but not for a great distance for camp was reached in good time.

The two boys, Pony and Lecharu, were looking very much the better for their rest, and, as I subsequently discovered, had been doing themselves well on my meal and other provisions. They had consumed twenty-five pounds of meal and a tin of dried apple-rings. This was the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

second occasion on which master Pony had mistaken my provisions for his own, so I impressed upon him that next time I would kick him out of camp, so that if he was particularly anxious to go home under his own protection he had better help himself to a little more of my meal. It is only in keeping with the character of the African that Lecharu should have robbed me, for had I not saved his life twice! This latter boy, with whom I had left a Mannlicher and a few rounds of ammunition, had killed a pallah and a leopard: the skin of the latter was rich in colour and large; when pegged out it measured 7 ft. 11 in.

I was almost surprised to find the camp unlooted. No natives had visited it until when two days previously three Mankoyas had put in an appearance and undertaken to return with others the day after I happened to arrive, and take my things as far as the Nkala mission station.

Muliphi had not been heard of, and for the first time I realised that the purport of his "coo-ee" had been misunderstood by me. At the time we were many miles past Edzumbe, and there was no native village between that place and the Musa camp. The Mashikolumbwe must have followed at a distance and waited for such an opportunity as Muliphi's lagging behind had offered. He had been robbed and almost to a certainty killed. With him was a little

MULIPHI'S FATE STILL A MYSTERY

powder and ammunition, the large eland horns and the warthog tusks. Up to that very afternoon he had also carried my shot-gun barrels, which I should have been very sorry to lose as they are old friends. As a matter of luck these had been transferred to Letangu, the horns of the hartebeest shot that morning having been given to the ill-fated Muliphi in their place. I still hoped against hope he might put in an appearance either at camp or possibly at the Nkala mission station; but such was not to be. No trace could ever be found of the missing boy, and subsequent enquiries through native sources were equally fruitless.

It is needless to say such luxuries as rice, stewed apples, and oatmeal porridge, to say nothing of sugar and condensed milk, were thoroughly appreciated after the unvaried menu of meat and roots both morning and evening since running short of supplies a fortnight earlier.

On the 4th, since the Mankoyas were already two days over the time they fixed for their return, I determined to move my camp towards Nkala by short stages. The four boys would be able to carry everything in three journeys backwards and forwards. During the two days since arrival I had been unable to shoot anything, for game was very scarce, consequently there was no meat in camp.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Fortunately a large herd of wildebeest was encountered after the first lot of loads had been carried six miles. I shot one, but very nearly lost him. The animal lay apparently dead quite five minutes after being rolled over. The boys had come up, and I was selecting a site for the tent when a noise of movement caused me to look round. The wildebeest was in the act of cantering away, and had I not been lucky enough to roll him over with a second bullet the larder must have remained empty. The boys were then sent back to bring on the next lot of loads. Failing to strike water—for I was making a "bee line" for Nkala—six miles had been travelled instead of four. The last loads it was probable would therefore have to remain near the Musa until morning, and it would be fortunate I thought if the next relay arrived in four hours. It can be imagined that I was agreeably surprised when less than an hour had elapsed to see a dozen boys or so, each carrying a load, approach. The Mankoyas had turned up just in time, and the difficulties of the past month were at an end!

These boys were quite a godsend, their "captain" being an excellent fellow, who with three of the others travelled with me as far as Kazungula. Fever had been hanging about me for the last few days, and that night came to a climax. My temperature was very high during the night, but a couple of doses of

TRouble AT THE MISSION STATION

Warburg's tincture, without which medicine no one should travel in Africa, brought me down to 99°, and I was able to do a good march that day. Shortly after midday on the 6th the Nkala station was reached. There sickness and bereavement had cast a gloom on the mission.

The headman of the village hard by had met me half a mile from the station, and shaking his head dolefully informed me that "Missy," as the natives called Mr. Buckenham's little daughter, was dead. He also told me that a lion had been killing women and cattle, and that all the people were afraid.

Both these statements were unhappily corroborated when I reached the house. Little Elsie Buckenham had died three days earlier, within ten days of her sixth birthday. Mrs. Buckenham was broken-hearted as might be expected, and her husband, shattered by his long attack of fever and saddened by his loss, gave me the impression of even then having one foot in the grave.

Mr. Baldwin gave me the history of the depredating lion. He had first made his appearance on Jan. 28th, nine days before, and had undoubtedly done himself uncommonly well during his sojourn in the neighbourhood. The manner in which he varied his menu proved him to be quite an epicure, and the method by which he supplied it showed that he was an animal of

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

remarkable sagacity and daring. In one case he actually removed a reed constructed door from a native's hut, walked in, seized a woman, and carried her off to his lair in some dense thorn-bush a short way from the mission station. On a previous occasion another woman was taken by him when only a few yards from the stockade. For the rest he had paid special attention to the station cattle kraal, which stood within a few yards of the stockade surrounding the mission compound.

In his first attack he was highly successful. After wandering round the kraal to thoroughly work on the fears of the animals inside, a sudden feint at a charge accompanied with a sharp growl would cause the cattle and donkeys to rush in a body to the far side of the kraal. The combined weight of the excited animals having forced an opening through the stockade, the terrified beasts dashed through and made away into the darkness of the night. Of course, all that was left for *felis leo* to do now was to take his pick and eat it. So persistent was this animal in his resolve to have a meal at the missionaries' expense, that either on this, or one of his subsequent attacks, Mr. Baldwin narrated how he had fired a number of shots through the compound stockade in the direction of the marauder, but all to no purpose, for the flash and report of the rifle and the sound of the

AN AUDACIOUS LION

ricochet bullets caused but a momentary cessation of hostilities, but no retreat.* He also wounded a ram so severely that it died.

Nothing had been heard of the "schellem," as my boys dubbed him, for three nights, so it was quite to be expected that he would call shortly. This was an opportunity too good to be missed. The animal evidently did not suffer from nerves, and would probably give me a shot, so I decided to remain at the mission station for a few days and see if the brute could not be brought to bag. The next day I walked to one of two hills which stood about a mile to the north of the station, though on account of the impenetrable nature of the intervening bush, a three instead of a one mile walk was necessary. From the summit an excellent view was obtained, and I took fourteen compass observations on to surrounding hills.

An intelligent boy, whom Mr. Baldwin kindly brought for the purpose, told the name of each hill, and gave me much information which I was glad to get. I was given to understand that there were hot-water springs near the Kafukwe, about ten miles in a north-easterly direction, and that the water was sufficiently hot to be used for

* This is a description, with dates, of this lion's bag since his arrival—Jan. 28th, woman; 29th, ox; 30th, (daytime) sheep, lamb and goat; (night) woman from inside hut. Feb. 1st, donkey; 5th, donkey; 9th, ox (finale).

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

cooking purposes by the natives of a Mashikolumbwe village—by name Musanana—which stood about a mile away. The women would submerge baskets containing marrows or pumpkins, and leave them in this natural cauldron until sufficiently cooked.

Mr. Baldwin kindly agreed to accompany me thither on the 8th.

We started at sunrise on that day and arrived at 9.20 without a halt. After breakfast we went to examine the springs, which according to my thermometer had a temperature of 182° Fahr.

Quite a large mound had been built up of the deposit, which proved to be calcareous. The water was tasteless and bubbled up into several small basin-like pools overflowing in as many streamlets, which amalgamated in one clear stream to be carried away towards the river.

Mr. Baldwin wished to take the opportunity of visiting Musanana and his people. We walked along the edge of the open swampy plain through which the Kafukwe flows from a short distance above this point for the greater part of its course towards the Zambezi. On approaching the village a shady tree was selected as a resting-place, and a message was sent to the chief Musanana to apprise him of our visit.

In a short time he arrived—a stark-naked savage, with the usual Mashikolumbwe head-dress.

SLAVE OFFERED FOR SALE

Two or three of the cattle which the lion had scared from the mission station had been taken charge of by Musanana, who refused to return them until he had received a present. Mr. Baldwin pointed out that he had not behaved in a very friendly manner by detaining his cattle, and ultimately it was arranged that the chief should send them to Nkala and should receive a present of an empty jam-tin. These empty tins are naturally very much valued in such parts of Africa as this, where they are not only a novelty but can be made useful as drinking cups. Musanana also tried to do a deal with me, and offered a slave if I would give him calico. I merely told him I was not only a white man but an Englishman, and that Englishmen did not buy and sell people like cattle. At about midday we set off for a hill about four miles away, also named Musanana, after the naked savage who presides over the district.

Here I had hoped to get several counter compass bearings to check and render more valuable observations I had made from Bacubi Hill and other points, but unfortunately the bush was so dense on this hill that I only succeeded in taking three bearings altogether.

During the return journey an excellent opportunity for supplying the larder occurred, but was not successfully taken advantage of.

A mixed herd of zebra and hartebeest had

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

allowed me to get within eighty yards of them. Firing at a bull among the latter but missing the mark, apparently created so much surprise that they did not attempt to retreat and an equally easy second chance would, it is to be hoped, have met with a more satisfactory result. The excited Mankoya, however, who crouched behind me and evidently imagined that a white man had only to fire a rifle to at least wound his game, rushed forward with his assegai to finish the animal he expected to see kicking on the ground. The game fled, and I addressed myself emphatically to the boy whose blunder had lost me a second shot, although it must be confessed that of the two the master deserved stronger language than the servant. Following the hartebeest up for a few hundred yards—the zebra had separated from them—I saw, from a tree I had climbed, a single hartebeest standing on a small mound a quarter of a mile away. Crawling to about a hundred yards from him I put a bullet in his shoulder, on which he fell head over heels and for a moment seemed to be dead. However, before the boy had reached the spot where he lay he was on his legs and off, nor after spending some time trying to work out his spoor did I ever see him again, so rejoining Mr. Baldwin we continued our return journey.

The sun was already low in the heavens, and about eight miles remained to be done, when

HARTEBEEST COW BAGGED

another hartebeest (a cow) ran across our front. A better shot dropped her in her tracks, and made it a certainty that we would not reach the station till some time after dark.

The hartebeest cow had a good pair of horns, and was remarkable by virtue of a well-defined V-shaped white blaze between the eyes similar to that on the koodoo.

As soon as the meat was cut up a fresh start was made. A dark night, and for some part of the way no footpath, made travelling slow and troublesome, so we did not arrive at our destination till nearly nine o'clock. Dinner and pipe over we retired to rest, but not for long.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT about one o'clock that night I was partially awakened by hearing Mr. Baldwin address me by name, and wholly so on hearing his further remark, "The lion is in the kraal, and has killed another ox."

To jump out of bed and into a pair of trousers was the work of a moment or two only. I had brought blue lights with me, but hitherto no chance of using them had presented itself.

It was to be feared the only chance of bagging him was by going for him at once, for had he reached the thick thorn behind the station, which he always had done before sunrise on previous occasions, the chance of killing him would have been remote. Mr. Baldwin immediately volunteered to accompany me on being told that my intention was to go to the kraal. There was no moon, and the night was pitch dark, for a cloudy sky completely obscured the stars. It being impossible to use a rifle and hold a blue light at the same time, I asked the boys if any of them were men enough to come out with me to the kraal. I confess to being agreeably



A NIGHT ATTACK

A NIGHT ATTACK ON A LION

surprised when three of them offered to do so—Lecharu, one of the Mankoya boys, and a Mashikolumbwe lad of about eighteen. This latter boy's passive expression led me to trust him with the holding of the blue light, which it was my intention to strike when the moment for doing so arrived. I placed him immediately behind my right shoulder, and to his right the other two armed with assegais advanced in line, with Mr. Baldwin beyond. A shot into space—probably accidental—from Mr. Baldwin's rifle would, I feared, have caused the lion's retreat into the bush beyond.

Not so, however, for when within twenty-five yards of the kraal a low growl told his whereabouts. The Mashikolumbwe boy had got round to the far side of Mr. Baldwin, and I looked for the light in vain. On calling him he brought it, but twice the fuse refused to ignite. Then came a second growl, and then another, and a series in quick succession, each one nearer than the last as the animal galloped towards us. Retreat was out of the question; it would have been suicide for me, at least, as I was nearest the enemy. With rifle at the ready I waited till he should light close in front, preparatory to making his final spring, when I hoped to pour both barrels into his chest.

Mr. Baldwin and the boys stood their ground like bricks. The former I had confi-

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

dence in, but natives so seldom keep their heads when in a tight corner, especially on a dark night, that my fear was that they would bolt, in which case the lion would almost to a certainty have attacked me. As it was the growls stopped about three paces away, though so dense was the darkness that nothing could be seen. Another attempt at the fuse set the light aglow, and everything was visible within a radius of thirty or forty yards. His lordship had taken covert! A short wait and a second light without a further glimpse of *felis leo*, and we returned to the station with the intention of giving him time to return to his kill.

In half an hour or so we renewed the attack. This time, when a few yards from the place where we had been standing during the first attempt, another low growl caused me to strike a light, when the Mashikolumbwe whispered "There is the lion."

"Where?" I asked.

"There, close to the ant-heap."

The ant-heap rose some three paces from the kraal, and about the same distance from the other side of it the bush commenced. On either side of the ant-heap was a dark object. To the right what appeared like the head and shoulders of a crouching lion, to the left something which I took for bush, but which seemed much too high for a lion.

WE OVERSLEEP OURSELVES

A careful aim at the crouching lion, and all was quiet. The light had gone out before the smoke cleared, but a second one revealed the object aimed at still in the same position, but the large one was there no more. Then it was obvious I had fired at the wrong mark. We returned to the house, and I felt I had missed a chance not likely to recur.

Some time later a third attempt was made, a light was struck, and the lion was to be seen gliding away from the kraal to the bush, so we returned at once to the house.

At four o'clock a council of war was held, and we came to the conclusion that the only chance remaining was to postpone the hunt till grey dawn, when even if the lion had dragged the carcass away he would probably not have reached the thick bush. We had done a hard day's work, and were inclined for rest, so each retired to lie down on his bed for an hour and a half. I had no intention of sleeping, so with the candles burning made an effort to rest my limbs only, but the brain would have none of this arrangement, and was soon fast asleep.

The sun was risen in the heavens, and must have been up an hour and a half, when the opening of the hut door awakened me. Mr. Baldwin looked amusingly ashamed of himself, and I was by no means pleased to think that our good friend Morpheus had so treacherously allied

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

himself with the lion—our enemy. Contrary to my wont when ladies or ministers of religion are present, it was impossible to swallow one solitary “D—n” that rose from my throat with the quick thought that the lion had escaped me.

The boys told Mr. Baldwin that the carcase of the ox had been dragged away.

After a cup of coffee I suggested that there was just an off chance that the lion had not reached the impenetrable part of the bush, and that at all events no harm could be done by following up the spoor, in which Mr. Baldwin acquiesced.

The brute, it was found, had actually eaten his way into the kraal through stakes the thickness of a man's arm, and thus effected an entrance.

A quarter of a mile brought us to thicker bush, but there was still standing room, and without difficulty we advanced to within a few yards of where the carcase of the ox was to be seen, just within the entrance of a tunnel of dense thorn about four feet high. No lion was visible, but we knew he could not be far away. The tunnel turned off to the right about ten yards beyond the carcase, so that nothing could be seen in front but a wall of dense thorn. In a few moments what appeared to be but a low growl from behind this screen told me all I wanted to know. This same growl, Mr. Buckenham afterwards told us, sounded loud to him although

THE LION CONFRONTED IN DAYLIGHT

within doors 600 yards away, and I have often noticed this same remarkable peculiarity in the growl of a lion at a distance.

Making a sign to Mr. Baldwin to remain where he was, I commenced to skirt the bush—it was not a large patch—with a view to taking the enemy in flank.

I had not gone more than a few yards, and was just on a line with the dead ox, when a huge lion bounded down the tunnel and took up his position immediately behind the carcase. Mr. Baldwin stood his ground but did not fire, and although the animal was not six feet from me I could not get my rifle through the intervening thorns before, having noticed me apparently for the first time, he turned and trotted back to covert. Once more advancing and peering into the bush in front, my eyes rested on a small patch of light brown visible through an opening only a few inches in diameter. Not quite clear whether this was not a barkless tree or an ant-heap, I watched it intently for some seconds, when my sight detected a slight movement in the position of a dark patch on the lighter colouring. This could only be the nose or the ear of the lion, and it was all that it was necessary to see, for according as the animal was facing or standing sideways a bullet striking one or the other must enter the brain.

The only comparatively clear view of the mark was too high for a kneeling, but too low for a

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

standing position. In a necessarily constrained posture I felt by no means confident of hitting the animal in the right spot, but fortune favoured—the report, a sudden movement in the light brown colouring, and everything was quiet.

The bullet had entered the right nostril, passed through the brain and then through the atlas vertebra, which it shattered, finally resting under the skin at the back of the head. On measuring the distance, it was found that thirteen paces had separated me from the lion.

Asking Mr. Baldwin to see that the position of the dead animal was not interfered with, I fetched my camera from the station and photographed him where he lay. Then leaving Lecharu to keep guard, for the natives of this country have a way of wetting their assegais in the blood of a fallen lion, and also rather like to hang his claws round their necks as charms, we returned for breakfast.

Going back to the carcase an hour or so later, we found a gathering of naked Mashikolumbwe, who were now coming in fast from every direction. Two of the chiefs deemed this a fitting opportunity for airing their eloquence, and addressed me in long, fluent speeches, of which, however, I understood but little.

A Mashikolumbwe strongly objects to being photographed, but I could have done anything with them just at that time, so took advantage of

A LARGE LION—HIS MEASUREMENTS

the existing good feeling to **take** a photograph of a group as they stood watching the body of the animal that had spent so merry though short a time among them.

It was decided to bring the body to the mission station and skin him there. A long pole was cut, and to it the legs were tied, when seven boys hoisted him on their shoulders and carried him in. With the help of Mr. Baldwin, and in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham, careful measurements were taken. Between two assegais placed perpendicularly in the ground, the one at the point of the shoulder, the other against the heel pads of both feet—toes pressed well back—his standing height was shown to have been forty-three inches. To the tips of the toes taken in the same way the measurement was forty-seven inches, which, it may be assumed, is proof that the feet were not merely half pressed back. From tip of nose to root of tail was six feet ten inches; tail, three feet; forearm, nineteen and a half inches; circumference of head above eyes, thirty-one and three-eighths inches; girth, forty-nine and one-eighth inches. The skull measured, in straight line—width, nine inches and three-quarters; length, fifteen and a quarter inches. In order to weigh the carcass a spring balance was attached to the hind legs and the body hauled up to a stout branch. The machine was only capable of indicating 400 pounds, but there was room for some fifty

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

more to have been marked. When, however, the head still rested sideways on the ground, the indicator was forced to its extremity, thus showing approximately about 450 pounds. We calculated, therefore, that the lion must have weighed nearer six than five hundred pounds.

Anxious to get the exact weight I proceeded to have him skinned, intending to weigh the skin, hind legs, and trunk in separate pieces. The skin was all but off when a heavy downpour of rain came on, so giving Pony most definite instructions that the lion was not to be touched until my return I retired to shelter. It drizzled for some time after the violence of the storm had passed, so I made no haste to return. When I did, however, my annoyance can be imagined when the picture that met my eyes is described. The lion was skinned, decapitated, and dismembered; even the kidneys had been removed, the stomach had been opened, and the ox meat extracted therefrom was boiling on a wood fire hard by. So the weighing of the carcass was out of the question.

Such was the boy Pony who was recommended to me by his late employer at Mafeking as the best boy he had ever had, though he had been compelled to dismiss him for constantly hankering after his master's whiskey bottle, which craving he satisfied whenever possible.

For myself I never yet had a boy who so



NATIVES CARRYING LION

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THE LION PAID OUT IN HIS OWN COIN

persistently varied his inclination to do nothing at all with the occasional accomplishment of the wrong thing.

The carcase of the lion was taken away and eaten by the Mashikolumbwe, in spite of the fact that two ladies of their tribe had been interred therein.

All this happened on Sunday, the 9th of February. The surrounding villagers assembled in their numbers, and Messrs. Buckenham and Baldwin had the largest congregation that ever assembled to listen to them; in fact, with the exception of the two or three who occasionally turned up, their first Sunday at Nkala two years before supplied the only other congregation worthy of the name, for the Mashikolumbwe have no wish to be better than the worst. I had never been among such an all-round bad lot till entering their country. Mr. Baldwin remains alone at Nkala—for Mr. Buckenham only survived his little daughter by a few months—and it is to be hoped he will be able to do something to improve this hopeless people, but if too much is expected it is to be feared disappointment will follow.

On Tuesday, the 11th, a start was made with a mixed caravan of Mashikolumbwe and Mankoyas, who had agreed to take my loads to Kazungula, whither it was my intention to return by a more easterly route.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

There was very little game in the country now, as that cruel scourge the rinderpest had swept through it, killing about ninety-five per cent. of all ruminants.

The following evening I killed a wildebeest, but unfortunately had only two boys with me. Between them they carried a good piece of meat into camp, but at the time of arrival it was too dark to send for the rest that night.

Early next morning two hartebeests passed down the valley, on the edge of which the tent was pitched. A bullet brought one down without my having to leave camp.

Boys that had been sent for the remainder of the wildebeest shot the previous evening found nothing but bones. The hyænas and jackals had devoured the meat. However, the hartebeest provided a good feast for the porters, which was fortunate at this early stage of the journey, as very little faith was to be put in these boys unless their stomachs were kept well filled. Only about four and a half miles was traversed that day, during which I skirted the plain through which the Kafukwe flows.

On the 14th I was surprised to see white sheets hanging up near some huts a short distance to the left of the path. This proved to be a mission station recently founded by a Mr. Pickering, who lived there with his wife, who at that time was nursing him through a bad attack of

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE AND THE FLOCK

fever. Poor Mrs. Pickering had her hands full with one thing and another. I just arrived in time to witness the ejection of a tall Mashikolumbwe from the station. He left reluctantly as the good lady gave him a severe scolding. I wondered what sin the retreating nigger had committed, when Mrs. Pickering explained :

“I always turn these people away when they come here with absolutely nothing on.”

It is doubtless unpleasant to a European lady to see stark-naked men wandering about their premises, but after all the evicted savage wore his national “get-up,” than which he and his fathers before him had known no other—simply a chignon on the back of his head, and a necklace round his neck—a most unassuming garb, and to him not indecent. I wondered how many natives would visit the station if the possession of a loin cloth were a *sine qua non*.

After spending a couple of hours at the station in order to allow Mrs. Pickering to write letters, which I had volunteered to take to Kazungula, the journey was recontinued.

Two days later a halt was made at midday near a village. The chief visited me and asked me to remain there that day and shoot some game for his edification, or more accurately speaking, mastication.

The condition that if he supplied boys to

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

lead me to the game he should have a present of part of the meat was readily complied with.

This occasion furnished another interesting instance of the penetrative power of the Mannlicher bullet.

A herd of pallah was viewed about 250 yards away, and beyond the range of the 16-bore. Taking a Mannlicher, I aimed at the shoulder of a ram standing broadside on. He fell in his tracks. On going to the spot a doe also was found to be lying dead within five paces of the ram. The bullet had passed through the heart of the former and out through the off shoulder, then striking the latter just in front of the hind-quarters had passed through the spine, which was of course shattered, and out at the other side.

The meat was brought in, and nearly half was given to the chief and the boys who had accompanied me.

Some time afterwards it was discovered that the villagers had purloined nearly all the meat reserved for the boys.

It can be understood that these monkey-like thefts are calculated in all circumstances to provoke. In this instance it was especially the case, for since recovering from dysentery, continual hard work had prevented my putting on flesh in place of what I had lost, and when two and a half stone below normal weight, it follows

MEAT STOLEN BY VILLAGERS

that though what is left may be hard, there is a lack of extra substance to supply fuel for extra exertion. Hunting in a country where so clean-sweeping a scourge as the rinderpest had so materially decimated the game as in this case, generally means hard work and consequent delay, for meat is a necessity where other food is unprocurable. Delay as likely as not would deprive me of the means of getting back to civilization, for even now the epidemic was well in front, and if it reached Kazungula before I inspanned for the journey southwards, to be stranded without provisions or means of crossing the Kalahari Desert must be the inevitable sequel. Hoping to get back part at least of the stolen meat, I turned to the chief and addressed him :

“ I have given you and your people meat, and yet they steal what I want for myself. Order those who have taken it away to bring it back.”

The boys were packing their loads, and everything was nearly ready for a start, but still no meat had been returned. A fishing-spear was standing in the ground near me, so seizing it I turned once more to the chief and said :

“ Your people have not brought back the meat. When it is returned I will give back this spear, but not till then.”

Twice more the request was repeated, but elicited no response. A sudden impulse seized

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

me, to which perhaps it would have been more prudent not to have yielded, and in a moment the spear was shattered across my knee, and the broken shaft on the ground.

The natives lost no time in responding to a vigorous "*Tsamaia!*" (go!).

A short time afterwards small groups of niggers were to be seen standing about, and in each case an orator harangued his audience. Most things have their counterpart. Here was Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon being played in Central Africa.

It looked like starting time; so, instructing the boys not to lag behind, but to keep close, I led the way, carrying a Mannlicher, and followed by Lecharu, with my double-barrel 16-bore. I did not anticipate an attack, though thought it wise to be prepared. The path led through the village, and it was most important that it should be followed, for quitting it would imply fear, and fear invite attack.

When about half-way through the village, an opportunity was offered for making peace with the chief without loss of dignity. While passing a low thorn "schirm," he advanced and handed me the piece of meat that had been given him. I of course refused to take it, adding, "That meat is a present from me to you. I do not want back any presents, but am angry that your people should have taken meat which I had

A THREATENED ATTACK BY NATIVES

not given them." He thanked me, and I went on feeling that he at least was squared.

Beyond the village there was a large mealie field through which the path led. For about 500 yards the stalks were very sparse and stunted, so that there was no covert, but beyond the corn was dense and some eight feet high. On leaving the village a number of armed natives, most of them with assegais, but one or two with bow and poisoned arrows, followed at about sixty yards away on the left flank, while two or three were to be seen moving round on the right. The outlook was threatening, and I kept an eye on the movements of a poisoned arrow gentleman in advance of his companions, whose arrow was already on the string, but pointing downwards, intending to pick him off as soon as he raised his bow—he was only sixty yards away. Only twenty more paces and the thick mealies would be reached, where the niggers could get to within six feet without being seen. Deciding to try the "game of bluff," I ordered the boys to close up, and then taking two or three paces in the direction of the natives brought my Mannlicher down to the "ready," and proceeded to raise it to my shoulder. In a moment the whole rabble turned about and fled towards the village. They had run a hundred yards without turning by the time the thick mealies were entered, and even

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

had they made another attempt to get into them they could not have done so before the open ground beyond had been reached.

On the 18th I camped near a village called Bisi. Here the first-fruits of the year's harvest had just been gathered, and corn was brought in for sale in large quantities. I also bought four young guinea-fowls in a couple of ingeniously constructed basket-work cages. These I hoped to bring to England with me, as they belonged to a species I then believed to be new.

This cluster of villages stands within three miles of the borders of the Matoka plateau, across which I intended taking a course some twenty or thirty miles to the east of the previous route. To make the most of my work it was essential that local natives should accompany me who knew the names of the many tributary rivers to be crossed, and to which system each belonged.

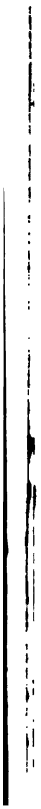
No boys would consent to come with me, which seemed unaccountable, as the Matokas—among whom I was once more—had previously shown exceptional readiness to earn a few feet of calico and their food. At last the explanation came. Letangu presented himself at the door of my tent, looking very much amused, and confided to me that the absconding porters had passed through Bisi on their way home, and had told the people that I had killed both Macumba



GROUP OF MATOKA



MATUTELA WOMEN AND STOCKADE



LYING REPORTS BY DESERTERS

and himself, for which reason they had left me. They had not yet realised that the two "dead" boys were still with me; so going out to the villagers who were squatted on the ground a few yards from the tent, I asked them:

"Did those old women who were afraid to go with me into the Mashikolumbwe country tell you I had killed Letangu and Macumba?"

"Ee."

"Look then at the two dead boys; this is Letangu and this is Macumba. Dead boys are not often so fat as these."

Letangu then proved his identity to their satisfaction, though at first they were reluctant to believe him. Afterwards two boys came forward and offered to act as guides to the Umgwezi river.

The next day a start was made at ten o'clock. Two heavy showers caused much delay and wet everything. As a consequence it was found necessary to travel for a short time after sunset in order to reach water.

Pony, the hopeless, was no longer my head boy, and Letangu reigned in his stead, so I saw little of him, more especially as the affection with which he regarded my small supply of provisions made it advisable that he should sleep with the porters and not near my fire, with the two boys told off as personal servants, as had been his privilege.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Consequently it was not till next morning that I learnt that he was missing, and had not slept in camp that night.

Letangu was ordered to detail two boys to go back on the spoor of yesterday and bring in the missing boy, for he had complained of being sick on the previous day, and I suspected that he had made a small camp of his own and there remained. Letangu returned to say the boys would not obey him. This was only another instance of the abject selfishness of the African—he always considers, as is the way of wild animals, that his first duty towards a sick companion is to leave him!

An order from me of a somewhat peremptory nature persuaded them to change their mind, and in an hour's time Pony was in camp. Fever was raging in him, so I gave him a day's rest and a good dose of quinine. The next day—the 21st of February—I camped on the highest point of the plateau traversed; my observations made it 4110 feet above the sea-level. The tsetse fly had been very troublesome on this high ground, which at this, the wet season, is as a rule teeming with game; but so deadly had the rinderpest proved itself that only once had game been seen since leaving Bisi. Deprived of the blood of beasts, they collected themselves and attacked the boys and myself to some tune.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EARLY next morning exclamations from the boys awakened me. All I could learn in answer to the question, "What is the matter?" was that something had gone wrong with the guinea-fowls. However, on getting up to ascertain for myself, very little was to be seen of the poor birds.

Their cages swarmed with "serui," the dark brown soldier-ant, whose first cousin, the red "serui," has been alluded to in a previous chapter. There were apparently four sizes of the ant, varying from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch in length. The flesh of the inmates of one cage was entirely consumed—all that remained were the bones and feathers. The other two birds were about half eaten.

This calls to mind an experience a missionary gave me in which he was the sufferer.

While travelling up the Zambezi in native canoes he was landed on an island one evening and camp was formed for the night. A few native huts stood some little distance from the river-bank, and thither the canoe boys asked

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

and obtained permission to go, promising to return early next morning.

A sharp nip, and then another and another roused my friend during the late hours of night. Striking a light he found the ground was literally swarming with these soldier-ants, and some hundreds were already crawling over his legs and body. Tearing his shirt off he fled in search of some uninfested corner, but finding none on dry ground—for he described the whole surface of the island as swarming with these little creatures—he had perforce to enter the water. The boys had taken the canoes with them to the bank, so there was only one thing left for the unhappy man to do, and that he did. Till morning he was compelled to stand ankle-deep in water, naked and cold, for it was winter, when towards morning there is sometimes even a degree or two of frost in these latitudes. It is fortunate a hungry crocodile did not pass that way, for in some parts of the Zambezi these reptiles are very voracious.

Another missionary related to me how one morning he found a calf of his that had been tethered for the night, stone-dead and partially consumed by "serui."

That evening Pony did not turn up with the stragglers, and on enquiry I was told that he could not stand up, so they had left him.

Here was another instance of the brute nature

COMPELLED TO LEAVE PONY BEHIND

of the African, which I reproduce from my diary :

“Sent Letangu and another boy back for him—some two miles. They returned without him. Sent them off again with matches and food, instructing them to bring him in early in the morning. They all three arrived together, but I found the two boys had gone to the village a hundred yards away, slept there, and gone for him next morning. I do not believe these insults to human nature would walk a mile to save a brother from death!”

The next evening—the 23rd—this performance was repeated. It was impossible to delay in order to rest the boy, for the rinderpest had not yet been overtaken, and though much to the east I was within fifty miles of the latitude of Kazungula. The disease was travelling from north to south.

Probably even if the oxen had so far escaped, I should not be able to inspan till some six days after arrival at Kazungula, so impressing on Pony that if he wished to return to Mafeking with me he must find his way to Kazungula before a start was made, I arranged with the people of a neighbouring village that he should have shelter and food until able to follow, and also left him the means to purchase any necessaries he required on the road to Kazungula.

That day the travelling was down hill, the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

descent averaging 100 feet for every 3000 yards. By midday the Umgwezi was reached and found to be very different in character from the lower reaches of the river. The bed here is steep and rocky, the banks high, and the country through which it flows is composed of steep undulations strewn with stones and boulders of every size.

Fortunately the heavy corn harvest that the Matoka were reaping after two years of famine owing to locust depredations, had done away with the necessity of hunting, or food would have been scarce in camp, since the rinderpest seemed to have made a clean sweep of almost all game. A few waterbuck remained on the banks of the Umgwezi, and one of these was bagged and supplied meat for the boys by way of change; with the exception of these, which were noticed two or three times each day, a few klip-springers—the only ones I had seen during this expedition—appeared to represent the four-footed fauna of this part of the Umgwezi. Two days later this district of rocky undulation and rough travelling was left behind, the country became almost flat, and for some distance from either bank open. Here a small herd of roan antelope was seen, and the spoor of wildebeest, eland, and zebra, and I began to think I was heading the disease at last, though at the eleventh hour.

On the 27th, midday rest was taken near a large village. The boys evidently found them-

TWO MASHIKOLUMBWES DESERT

selves among congenial spirits, and although they had been told when I intended making a start, half a dozen of them absented themselves till after sundown, expecting, no doubt, that they had put a spoke in the wheel of progress for that day and would be able to return to the village and spend the evening in frivolous revelry with the villagers. It was moonlight, so I determined to make up for lost time and do some night travelling. There was something of a protest when the order to pack up the loads was given, but that was not repeated when they were given to understand that any boy who gave trouble would be turned out of camp, would not receive his blanket, and a messenger would be sent to Latia asking him to send boys to carry the goods to Kazungula. They saw the argument, for Kazungula was only two days distant.

After travelling for about an hour, a young Mankoya boy was to be heard shouting a quarter of a mile to the rear. He was answered, but continued to call each time I replied. It could not be, therefore, that he had lost his way; either he had hurt himself by falling into some pit or been treed by a lion, so two boys were sent back to ascertain the meaning of his repeated calls. They returned with the boy, who told how two Mashikolumbwe porters had deserted with their loads and had tried to persuade him to abscond with them. It would have been

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

impossible to follow their spoor successfully at night, so I determined to camp at the first water and follow them next morning, even if I had to do so for fifty miles, and woe betide them if they did not go quicker than I did, which was hardly to be expected considering their loads.

Water was found close at hand. The deserters had with them seventy yards of calico, all the horns I had saved during this second expedition from Kazungula, the lion's skull, about two dozen jackal, wild cat and other skins, and a bag containing odds and ends.

Fever was already on me, but unfortunately the next morning my temperature was very high and I did not feel up to travelling all day in the sun.

Lecharu was a good spoorer and not in sympathy with the Mashikolumbwe, so I promised him a present of 10s. if he recovered the trophies, which I anticipated the miscreants would leave behind after their first halt. Four boys accompanied him, with the understanding that any who assisted in recovering the lost things should have a present of a sitziba. For myself, Warburg's tincture and the blankets promoted a profuse perspiration, so that by four o'clock I felt almost well again. Shortly after I was delighted to see Lecharu and the boy who gave the alarm the previous night arrive with the trophies—the others had gone in another

THE DESERTERS' STORY

direction, probably that of the village. A clean white sitziba five minutes later decorated the loins of the one porter who had carried out my instructions. It was the first he had ever worn, and caused him to swagger about for the next day or two with an air of conscious self-importance.

The following morning at seven o'clock a start was made in a southerly direction. By noon fifteen miles had been marched, and the caravan rested near a village. This proved to be the home of the boy Macumba, whose appearance created considerable sensation among his fellow-villagers; and well it might, for this is the tale they had been told and led to accept as gospel. Of course the first question the boys who had deserted in the Mashikolumbwe country would invariably be asked was:

“Why have you left the white man?”

Answer: “The white man shot Macumba, Letangu, and the three boys he brought with him from Mangwato while they slept at night. The noise of his rifle awakened us from our sleep, and we only just managed to escape with our lives.”

Question: “What has become of the white man?”

Answer: “Oh, he went by himself right into the Mashikolumbwe country and has never been heard of since.”

Such was the perfected tale which the in-

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

ventive genius of these boys had consistently spread everywhere. It had even, I afterwards discovered, reached the ears of Mr. Bagley, a trader at Pendamatenka, who was preparing for a journey to Lialui. Liwanika, of course, had heard of it, as had all the missionaries and natives in the land. Two chiefs had been sent down to Kazungula from Lialui to make further enquiries for the king's edification. The missionaries, of course, did not believe the tale *in toto*, but conceived the idea that I might have fallen foul of my boys, and myself been killed after sending on the five who had not returned in advance, to announce my speedy arrival in another sphere.

All along the route to Kazungula the people came out to meet the caravan, for messengers had of course gone on from village to village with the news of my arrival. I must confess to being immensely surprised at the enthusiasm of my reception. In many instances men marched alongside for a mile or so past their villages, jabbering their congratulations and laughing cheerily. I began to realise the sensation—afterwards shown to exist—that the alleged bloodthirsty conduct attributed to me had created in these parts.

The deserters would not have dared to spread such a report had they deemed the return of myself and boys likely. Had untoward circum-

THE VALUE OF NATIVE REPORT

stances arisen in Mashikolumbweland to prevent that return, this tale would have been believed by the uncharitable, modified by the more liberal-minded, and probably disbelieved *in toto* by the few who knew me. Knowledge of this dispelled any intention I may have had not to insist on the severe punishment of the absconding boys at the hands of Liwanika and Latia, for they were genuinely in terror of the Mashikolumbwe, and so far there was excuse for their desertion. As it was, not only did the sleek appearance of the two resurrected faithful ones give the lie to any suggested ill-treatment, but they were frequently to be heard protesting that the "white man was a good master, and that they had always had plenty to eat." As a matter of fact, from the first time I visited Africa in 1890 till my arrival at Kazungula in March, 1896, no native had ever been chastised by me or at my instigation.

In attempting to give an unvarnished account of my travels among these people, I have endeavoured to avoid wasting the reader's time and my own by moralising and giving vent to every thought that circumstances may have suggested from time to time, but an exception has been made in this case in order to prove to impartial minds with what a very big grain of salt the numerous uncharitable tales reflecting on the humanity and manhood of those who have been losing and risking their lives in the interests of the empire

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

during the recent Matabele revolt, ought to be taken. So many of these "yarns" have been proved to be slanderous and ill-founded, though in a small minority of instances there may be some proof of excess—generally under trying circumstances,—that it is impossible for anyone worthy the name of an Englishman not to resent these cruel libels. It would be interesting to notice the effect on the opinions of such gentlemen as those alluded to, had they an opportunity of seeing with their eyes, in place of through the vision of a prejudiced imagination, the struggle between the white man and the black in Rhodesia. Had the termination of my earthly existence occurred in January, 1896, instead of being providentially postponed to a later period, it is not inconceivable that when the news of my alleged and unrefuted brutality reached England, as it must have done in a few months, a certain though happily a small section of the press would have held this up as yet another instance of the barbarity with which white men in Africa treat the poor helpless savage. It would have mattered little to the deceased "slaughterer of unarmed and slumbering natives," but might have caused pain to his friends.

Another piece of news given me by the natives showed that my return to Kazungula was not a bit too early. The rinderpest had killed off all but about a dozen of the hundreds of cattle in the



HERD OF ZEBRA ON SENEKE FLATS

RINDERPEST RAVAGES

neighbourhood of Sesheke, which as the crow flies is within forty miles of Kazungula. The mission cattle, 120 odd, were all dead. It had already crossed the Zambezi there, and was travelling south. The game was already dying beyond the radius of a few miles of Kazungula itself, but as yet the disease had not shown itself among the cattle. There was no time to be lost, and I made up my mind to travel hard, a resolve that was favoured by an almost full moon. The camp fire was not lighted that night till one a.m., after thirty miles had been completed. The next night at eight p.m. Kazungula was reached after marching a further twenty-three and a half miles, so that the boys, each of whom carried a load of not less than forty pounds, and some over fifty, had covered fifty-three and a half miles in thirty-seven hours, a performance which spoke volumes for their endurance and amenability alike.

Early this last day—March 1st—the left of my last pair of shoes gave out—the sole, which had been gradually parting company from the welt, hung on to the heel only, which was itself merely attached on the inside. At first the foot was tied up in a towel, but it was not long before the sharp seeds which the grass was now shedding had worked through to the feet, and thus converted the towel into an instrument of torture such as the mediæval officers of the Inquisition would have revelled in. This towel then shared the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

fate of the boot, and the last ten miles were done with no other covering to the left foot than a sock. It was not very pleasant going, and my foot was somewhat cut about by the end of the journey, but as there was little walking to be done the next few days I soon went sound again.

After a good night's rest I hobbled round to the mission station. There I was sorry to find both M. and Mdme. Boiteau down with fever; the lady had recently presented her husband with a daughter, and for some days had been in a very critical condition.

The news received from the natives about the rinderpest proved to be quite correct, with this addition—that it had already crossed the Kwando (Chobe), and was travelling south through the Kalahari. This was not encouraging, for should it catch me in the desert my only chance would be to abandon everything but my maps, diaries, photographs, and as much food as could be carried, and tramp through that inhospitable sandy waste.

In the afternoon I went to see Latia, when, of course, the first subject discussed was the boys who had deserted.

Latia is an intelligent native, and although as a rule there is little or no sincerity of faith among the majority of Christian natives, I believe him to be one of the bright exceptions, and further, as the king's son and heir, one calculated to have

A CHAT WITH LATIA

a most beneficial influence on his people; for his life and conduct always appeared consistent with his professions.

After hearing an account of my journey, he said :

“I have been very anxious, for I was afraid harm had come to you, but I never believed you had killed the boys, for I know my people often do not speak the truth. Still, there are some who did believe the boys' tale.” To which he added, “Some people always like to believe what is bad about others.”

“Yes,” I answered, “it is the same way with some white men as it is with your people. Now, I am more angry with these boys on account of the lies they have told than because they left me, so I want you to send for those who belong to you, and try them in the presence of Letangu and Macumba ; then, if you find that they have lied and have always been well fed and well treated, I wish you to punish them, so that your people may see that when a white man behaves well to them they must treat him properly, and not leave him by himself on the veldt.”

He agreed to do as requested, so I added :

“It will be wise for you to do so, for you know the English people will soon be coming into your country. They will want your people to work for them, and will give them calico and money. If your boys treat them as they have done me,

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

and the chiefs do not punish them, many white men will punish their boys themselves, and this will give trouble."

Next the two Mashikolumbwe who had absconded with their loads had to be dealt with. Latia gave sundry exclamations of disapproval as a list was given him of the articles stolen.

"These boys left at the Umgwezi, close to Kazungula," I continued; "that shows that they deserted only for the purpose of stealing the things they carried, for their journey was nearly finished and they would have received their pay in three days. What I want you to do is this—send special messengers after them at once, and they may be caught before they reach their home; if not they will easily be found, for they live near 'Meruti' Buckenham, and I will write a letter describing them, for he knows all the boys I engaged there."

"I will send after them, and they shall be punished *a hula-hula*" (very much).

"Then I make you a gift of all the calico and skins, out of which you can give your messengers what presents you think fit. The other things I wish you to hand over to 'Meruti' Boiteaux, as there are some letters among them which he will send on to me."

And so it was arranged, nor did I feel sufficiently charitable towards these two mis-

AN UNRULY OX

creants to wish them anything less than the severest punishment.

Arrangements having been made for swimming the oxen across the river next day, after which canoes would be placed at my disposal for a journey to Sesheke to bring away those trophies, etc., which M. Goy had kindly consented to take charge of, I departed.

The following was an uneventful day as the canoes did not turn up, but the rest did my feet no harm.

On the morning of the next, however—the 4th of March—the tent was pitched on the south bank, and everything I had at Kazungula, including the oxen, had been taken across.

An attempt to swim the six oxen over at once with one canoe leading and a second driving proved successful in so far as five of them were concerned, but not so with No. 6—he had not the smallest intention of voluntarily taking to water. When the remainder were safe across an attempt was made to secure this troublesome brute by a riem. As soon as he saw what the idea was up went his tail and away he went with a couple of boys on his track; he took them quite a mile across a marshy plain before they could head him. A second attempt; once more a protest by the ox, and another run for the boys—this time, however, for three or four hundred yards only, when he was turned and

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

driven back. The riem was now over his horns, the canoe was putting away, and a crowd of boys shouted, pushed, and applied sticks to his hind-quarters, but nothing could be done, for whenever he found himself up to the belly in water he kicked and plunged so violently that his drovers scattered in all directions.

At last a second riem was thrown over the horns and two canoes placed parallel one to the other and about four yards apart. The ox was driven forwards between the two until I was able to sit in the centre of one holding the end of a riem, while the other was entrusted to a boy sitting similarly in the second canoe. At a given signal the canoes were punted forward, and the troublesome ox attacked from the rear by some half-dozen natives. It looked like a success, but unfortunately before he had quite lost foothold the animal plunged away from me, but finding the riem did not give, turned, and came towards me. Of course the nigger let go his riem as soon as it became taut, with the result that in a second one cloven hoof was firmly planted on my stomach and another on the side of the canoe. The next moment the unstable craft was at the bottom of the river in four feet of water, myself still sitting in it held down by the animal's foot. Then he rushed over me, but without doing any harm. I was soon above the surface, and fully realised the ludicrous side of

SOUTH AFRICAN POSTAL NEGLIGENCE

the picture. What a pity it should all have been wasted on a pack of niggers, who, so far from appreciating the comic side of the episode, looked rather scared! I believe myself to have been the only person to derive any amusement out of the ducking, besides which it had an agreeably cooling effect after the heating fight with my obstinate opponent.

The next attempt was successful, and our bovine friend lost his foothold before he had time to lodge an effectual protest.

That afternoon a waggon arrived at the right bank from the south, and I was delighted to shake hands with Messrs. Bagley and Kerr, both of whom I had met previously. These gentlemen were on their way to Lialui with trading goods, and hoped to return with ivory and as many of the more valuable class of skins as they could purchase.

From the time of leaving Palapye in May, 1895, I had not received a single line or newspaper from England, so that for ten months I had been completely cut off from my friends at home. This of course should not have been the case, and can only be attributed to the up-country postal arrangements, either at Palapye or south of that place. The excuse of not knowing my whereabouts would not hold water, for two business letters from Mafeking had reached me at Lialui. My instructions to the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

postmaster at Palapye were that letters should be handed to the Assistant Commissioner at Palapye, who would forward them by the runners that carried the missionaries' mails. That gentleman, and also his right-hand man, the assistant magistrate, were personal friends of mine, and any letters received by them would certainly have reached me.

In these circumstances it can be imagined with what greed the doings of the new Government (new to me) were swallowed, and with what satisfaction I heard of the strong manner in which Lord Salisbury had asserted England's intention to uphold her rights and dignity at all costs. The first news, too, of the Jameson raid reached me that day, but as these gentlemen heard of it while *en route* it was received with mystified incredulity, so unaccountably extraordinary did the facts as recited appear, which none the less were proved to be substantially correct five weeks later.

The next day information was brought across the river that the disease had broken out among Latia's cattle, and two of them died that day. They were, however, herded two miles from the mission oxen with which mine had been running, so that it did not follow that the germs of disease were among them, in which case, with 600 yards of river and a steady up-stream breeze, I might yet escape. That noon a start was made for

SESHEKE ONCE MORE

Sesheke, which was reached an hour and a half after dark the next evening.

It was not a pleasant journey, as heavy showers fell at intervals each day. The river was in places over the banks, and the flats that extend for a few miles on either side were converted into a huge marshy swamp. The canoes left the river, and were punted the greater part of the way through the grass, which generally rose about a couple of feet above the water. Thus the current was avoided and large corners were cut off.

I was glad to find M. and Mdme. Goy in good health, as on my previous visit they were both suffering. They confessed to having given me up for dead on hearing the tale the deserters had disseminated throughout the country, and although they did not credit the story of the boys in its integrity, had concluded that I had in some way been attacked, and in the skirmish killed some of the niggers. I could not help alluding to his own experiences with Mr. Baldwin, when the two missionaries were reported by messengers to Lialui as having fought one another so fiercely, that had it not been for the Mokwai's people one of them would surely have killed the other, adding, "There is just as much truth in the one story as there is in the other."

M. Goy confirmed the sad story of the decimation of game to the south-west by the rinderpest.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

I have given a description of the many species and numerous herds met with in one short eight-days' excursion only eight months earlier, in hunting that district. Now according to native report everything was dead, and the large herds of buffalo that had given me such good sport were rotting on the veldt. Cattle can be replaced, but it is to be feared wild game will never again be more numerous in South Central Africa than it is in the hunted-out districts of Khama's country.

As has been previously stated, slavery and aristocracy complete the sole popular classification of the Marotse kingdom, and each Marotse chief owns slaves from the subjugated tribes. When a chief kills an ox he and his family greedily consume meat and marrow, while the wretched slaves get little more than the skin of the teeth. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and so it would seem the rinderpest epidemic was no exception to the rule. M. Goy told me how that the slaves of Sesheke revelled for days in the foul meat of the dead cattle. Any exceptional event is almost invariably put into song, and this is M. Goy's translation of the song in which the humbler people of Sesheke expressed their views and feelings on the clean sweep of their masters' oxen—

"God has killed the oxen,
Dogs and slaves are fat."

SEKOME AND LIWANIKA

It will be noticed that with all the humility of modesty they give the dogs the precedence, and so frequently do their masters. In fact, it is quite common for the slave who covets a piece of meat, to crawl up to his master and address him thus :

- “I am your dog, feed me with meat.” This mode of address gives him a much better chance of success than if he calls himself a slave.

For the last two or three weeks a war scare had filled the country with excitement, and both at Kazungula and Sesheke preparations were in progress. Latia at the former place was specially energetic, and small groups of eight or ten warriors, each carrying an assegai, were daily to be seen moving about at a quick pace in single file and headed by a “captain” armed with a rifle.

All this was the outcome of an arrogant demand by Sekome, son of Moreme, chief of the Lake (Ngami).

It seems that this young chief sent messengers to Liwanika, demanding that he should abandon the suzerainty of a tribe on the Kwando in the south-west corner of his kingdom in favour of their master. This deputation was at Lialui during my visit in September. Of course the answer was not satisfactory to the young aspirant in the south, who promptly sent back an ultimatum—“I am no longer friendly to you, Liwanika.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

If you do not give me this tribe I will bring an army and take it."

This evoked from the Marotse chief the contemptuous reply which arrived at Sesheke *en route* for Ngami during my visit.

"Moreme, chief of Ngami,—You say you are no longer friendly to me. I am your father. Do not come here to fight with me, but go to my son Latia at Kazungula; he is big enough for such as you." The despatch concluded with the following description of the origin of Sekome, son of Moreme: "Your father was a man with a fat belly, your mother was a Masarwa."

Sekome's mother, though not actually a Masarwa (bushman) was a slave, which fact deprived him of the *right* to rule. However, in this case "might was right," for on the death of Moreme he usurped the chieftainship, being at the time a lad of eighteen only, and has retained it for the last five years or thereabouts by force of character only.

Three or four years ago a strong undercurrent ran through his tribe in favour of the rightful heir. His partisans had told him that it was frequently asserted in the tribe that "Sekome is not the chief of Ngami."

He made a pretext for summoning all the chiefs and headmen of the people to attend an "indaba" at the "kotla."

When all had assembled, the youthful usurper

SEKOME AND KHAMA

walked out of his hut carrying a loaded rifle and thus confronted his people :

“There are some of you who say that I Sekome, son of Moreme, am not chief of my father’s people. Where are those men? Let them stand up and tell me to my face what they have said behind my back.”

No one was going to be the first up, so all remained seated, received a public admonition, and were told to go home. Once while staying at Palapye I met this youth. His copper-coloured face wore a thoughtful and somewhat “hang-dog” expression, and in stature he was well below middle height. However, his estimate of his own importance is not measured by his inches, as the following incident tends to show.

Khama, who of course places Sekome in the category of small fry, attended service in the native church on Sunday afternoon. Sekome also was present, and by way of compliment a chair was placed for him immediately behind that of the ruler of the Bamangwato, who occupied a chair in front of his people and in a line with no one. This was not good enough for the son of Moreme, who advanced his chair to a level with Khama’s and there remained. When subsequently questioned as to his reason for acting as he did, he tersely replied :

“I also am chief in my own country.”

On the 10th at midday I bade farewell to M.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

and Mdme. Goy, to the former, I very much regret to say, for the last time, for the first Zambezi news to reach me after arrival in England told how he had succumbed to fever after three days' illness. Always hospitality itself, he placed a roof and a bed at my disposal during each visit to Sesheke, nor would he or his good wife hear of my absenting myself from their hospitable board during my stay there. His energy and resource had built up a model station, spacious, neat and clean. With the people of Sesheke he was thoroughly in touch, the only thorn in his side being the capricious young chieftainess, who with her husband begrudged his popularity among her subjects. To M. Goy more than all others I owe much of such knowledge as I was able to gather of the people and their customs, to gain an accurate conception of which requires more than a cursory passage through a new country.

With a strong current in their favour the paddlers made good progress, and I slept that night within three hours' journey of Kazungula. It was a nasty damp night, the air filled with mosquitoes and a drizzling rain, from which a blanket and rug only served as a partial protection. To add to the general discomfort there was only sufficient fuel procurable to cook a duck and a "beaker" of tea. The boys had the best of it that night from their



MISSION STATION AT NESHEKE



MASUBIA GIRLS AT NESHEKE MISSION STATION



I LEAVE THE ZAMBEZI

point of view, for they retired to a small native village hard by. Personally, damp and mosquitoes were preferable to dryness and the particular form of animal life that haunts the African's hut; I had been a victim on a previous occasion, so that "once bitten twice shy" was not an inappropriate motto on this.

Shortly after sunrise a fresh start was made, and at nine o'clock my journeys in the Marotse kingdom were at an end.

That day a mail arrived in which were seven letters for me—five from England and two from the colony.

Messrs. Bagley and Kerr were still encamped on the south bank, there being no canoes available for their journey other than those that had brought me from Sesheke. I was unable to inspan that day, as the cart required more packing than had been anticipated, and some time had to be spent on the other side of the river in paying farewell visits to M. and Mdme. Boiteau and Latia before I could get to work.

There it transpired that the epidemic was rife among the cattle to the east of the town, but as yet had not shown itself at the mission station, which was to the west, so that there was every hope that the germs were not in my oxen.

By the evening of the 12th everything was ready for a start. The cart, from which the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

greater part of the canvas cover had been cut by thieving natives, presented a unique appearance. Out of a bag of 113 head some sixty had been selected as trophies. These entirely filled up the space from the baggage in the body of the cart to the frame of the tent above, and tied on behind with riems was the skin of a hippo's head and neck, some five feet long, which rested on three pairs of buffalo horns fixed on the back of the cart. Three Zambezi boys had engaged themselves on the condition that they should be allowed to accompany the cart and be fed as far as Palapye—they affected a wish to go to Kimberley to work in the mines, which proved to be “bunkum,” for at seven p.m. when the oxen were inspanned the trio was “non est”; in other words, all they wished was to eat and do nothing at my expense so long as the cart remained stationary, but no longer. Thus it happened that the desert had to be faced with two worn-out boys—for Pony had turned up a couple of days earlier—plenty of corn for the boys, but only a little rice, oatmeal, tea, and saccharine for their master.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT is generally supposed that ten oxen are none too many to take a Scotch cart with a load of 3000 lbs. through the heavy sand belts of the Kalahari desert, though six can do it at a pinch, provided they are carefully driven and considerately treated. Four, however, would barely have moved the empty cart up some of the severer inclines, where the wheels sink so deep that sand falls from the spokes as they move round like water from a mill-wheel. The loss of one ox, therefore, would have meant the abandonment of everything but maps, diaries, and as much food as could have been carried.

Added to this, no meat and no bread (for Pony's theft in the Mashikolumbwe country had deprived me of what would have been just sufficient meal to last) did not promise fat fare or variety for the succeeding four weeks, though, fortunately, there was just sufficient rice, oatmeal, and tea left to feed me a month—this sounds frugal, but is none the less a great deal better than nothing at all. Yet in spite of the only too apparent odds against me, I bade my friends

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Messrs. Bagley and Kerr farewell with a light heart, we each genuinely wishing the other success and *bon voyage*; and as the oxen were set moving I felt instinctively—nor did the feeling ever leave me—that I should reach my destination in safety, that the results of my work would not be wasted, nor would my bones—this time, at all events—bleach unburied under the rays of the African sun.

As far as Pendamatenka the track is fairly sound, the one bad place being the Gazuma flats, which are very swampy in the wet season, though they had already hardened, but were very rough and lumpy. It took the oxen five and a half hours to get over as many miles, while three months earlier MM. Coillard and Jalla spent three weeks in passing over—or more literally speaking through—the same ground. Two brace of duck bagged in Gazuma vley were thoroughly appreciated.

Three days and one trek brought the cart into Pendamatenka, a distance of sixty-five miles. Half of the trekking had been done by day and half by night so far, but the little team already showed signs of distress, so it was obvious that in future day-trekking must be avoided or disaster would be the result.

I will spare the reader an account of the daily monotonous hard work, which was enhanced by the groaning struggles of the poor oxen as they gallantly forced the cart through the deep sand

IN THE DESERT

which rose all round them as they disturbed it with their hoofs, half choking and parching them, thus rendering the long treks from water to water doubly trying.

Trekking went on all night and every night at intervals—three hours' trek, one hour grazing—from an hour before sunset to an hour before sunrise, while during the whole day the oxen slept and grazed at their own sweet will.

The boys had once more gone entirely to pieces, and as Pony scarcely ever missed an opportunity of driving the cart into a tree where a chance of doing so occurred, I had been compelled to appoint myself driver. When the nigger is worked out any pretence of pluck he may have possessed disappears. Here is a case in point. The boy Lecharu, on receiving orders to fill the *vaatje* (vessel for carrying water) from a pool some distance from the road, but the only water procurable for some miles—so far as I knew at the time about forty-five—pointed to a small scratch on one of his toes which would not have brought tears to the eyes of a two-year-old infant, and on the plea of that scratch pleaded exemption from work. One boy or the other, too, would occasionally fall behind and take a few hours' sleep. It was impossible to wait for them between waters, as when the oxen were compelled to spend the day without drinking the mouths of the poor creatures became so parched and dry that

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

they could not eat and strayed in all directions in search of a pool. At first this trick gave me much anxiety, as I imagined the boy had disappeared because he could not, and not because he would not make an effort to follow. On discovering that all this was merely a method for causing delay, I gave them to understand that in future I would stop for neither of them, and kept my word, with the result that the practice was discontinued. Then their blankets would come untied from the back of the cart and be missed, a boy would go back to look for them, and return in about three hours.

After this had happened twice, they were told that if the blankets came loose again they would have to remain where they dropped. They knew it would be so, consequently the blankets came loose no more. In this way Wacha was reached on March 25th. Thus the worst of the journey was over, and had been got through very satisfactorily at an average of fourteen miles a day.

At this vley the Bulawayo and Palapye roads meet, and as the former is much sounder, better watered, and about fifty miles nearer civilization, I decided to take it, sell my cart and oxen there, and travel on to Mafeking by post-cart, after packing my effects and leaving them to be forwarded by my agents to England. Thus with only another 200 miles in front of me, I branched off by the eastern road that evening.

ONY ABSENTS HIMSELF FOR TWO DAYS

Two nights hard trekking, without any water for the oxen, brought the cart safely to Tamasanka. Here was plenty of water and a good "veldt," so I decided to give the oxen a well-earned twenty-four hours' rest, and have a night's sleep myself, a luxury only once experienced since leaving Pendamatenka.

Pony had disappeared the night but one before, taking with him his blanket, some food, and the waggon whip. Lecharu told me he had deserted, and intended travelling to Palapye with some Zambezi boys who had left Wacha by the western road. The news did not turn my hair grey, as the boy was worse than useless at best.

The next day showed that something had caused him to change his mind, for in marched Master Pony with the blanket and waggon whip. Whether it was that the Zambezi boys had refused to accept the pleasure of his company, as he had only been able to take four days' food with him, being what I had served out as two days' rations for Lecharu and himself, or whether on weighing the chances of arrest later on for desertion he had thought better of the move, I do not know; but one thing he brought with him through having to travel two days in the sun without water was a hot dose of fever. As the wretched boy was so ill he was not punished; in fact, every living thing that moved with that rickety, prematurely old cart (which bore the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

name of a maker who deserves to have his name published for making one wheel of green wood), from the oxen that drew it to the master who drove, had suffered enough punishment to atone for six months' sins and misdemeanours.

Retiring early, I meant to make the most of my night between the blankets. In carrying out this resolve, and in the full enjoyment of a "Europe" morning, towards eight o'clock a strange sound roused me suddenly—it sounded like the voice of a white man. And so it proved to be, for on rolling round I was greeted with a "good morning" and a grin.

It is needless to say an opportunity such as this of hearing all the news, and conversing once more in one's native tongue, was as pleasing and refreshing as it was unexpected.

The stranger turned out to be a settler in Matabeleland, by name Simpson, owning a farm at Figtree, who had taken it into his head to break the monotony of his pastoral calling by making a trip to the Zambezi, where he told me he intended buying up large numbers of goats from the Batonga, and returning with them to Bulawayo, where he expected to realise a high price, as there were scarcely any left in the country.

Since the largest goat I had seen or heard of among the natives of the Upper Zambezi was little larger than a hare, I suggested he had

SIMPSON AND WALSH

been misinformed, and feared he was going on a wild-goose chase.

Then it transpired that his sole means of transport was a waggon drawn by sixteen donkeys, which was a few hundred yards behind, and was being brought on by a companion of his named Walsh. Now sixteen donkeys will pull nearly as much as sixteen oxen on a hard road, but in sand such as has already been described it is to be doubted if they could so much as move a waggon in one or two places—this is where the weight of the ox comes in.

Being convinced that nothing but disaster and loss could result from Simpson's plans, I ventured strongly to recommend his return home; more especially as he would have to trek through the worst part of the desert for about eighty miles without water, as owing to the severe drought the vleys were all but dry when I passed, and would be quite dry by the time he reached them.

A short time after, Walsh, a good-looking old Irishman, with white hair and long beard, came in with the donkeys. Almost the first thing he said was, "Lor', what a job I have had to get those donkeys through that sand. It has taken an hour to travel 800 yards."

"I have not seen the 'belts' in front," I said; "but Bagley, of Pendamatenka, told me that when I reached here I only had two small 'belts'

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

to go through which would give me no trouble, so you can imagine what you have in front of you."

They soon decided to abandon their plans and return to Figtree.

Thus it is probable this timely meeting saved these two a very troublesome experience, if not worse; but to myself the accident of falling in with them was even more of a godsend, inasmuch as it almost to a certainty saved me from a sudden and violent death.

As has been mentioned my intention was to trek straight to Bulawayo, but news they gave me caused a change of plans.

The cattle disease, which had for some months been reported as devastating the Zambezi districts, had shown itself in the neighbourhood of Bulawayo on or about the 4th of March, just before the two settlers started on their desert venture.

The epidemic could not reach Menu, where the Tati road branches off from that leading to Bulawayo, by the time I arrived there, so I might yet outflank it by hurrying on to Tati. Thus this piece of information must have saved me from running into the very hot-bed of the rebellion.

On the 24th of March—three days earlier—the first murders of white men had been committed, and on that very day men, women,

SIMPSON'S GENEROSITY

and children were being ruthlessly murdered and mutilated.

Simpson insisted on my accepting sufficient meal and tobacco to last as far as the Monarch Reef Mines, which would probably take ten days. I was extremely grateful for this act of good fellowship—the fact of such being a rule among British colonists speaks volumes for those who are steadily and certainly building up and consolidating Imperial Britain. Bread I had only been without for a fortnight, but tobacco had given out six months ago, and I venture to assure those who not only do not smoke themselves but disapprove of the habit among their fellow-men that I felt none the better for the deprivation, and at times much the worse.

In the evening we parted, and in doing so Simpson generously volunteered the assurance that if a message were sent back to him to the effect that my oxen had failed me he would off-load his waggon, leave his goods in charge of the chief Menu, and take my things through to Tati for me.

That night the oxen did not seem to feel the weight of the cart on the hard road after the two sand belts referred to above were passed. They went along in fine style, covering eighteen miles in seven hours, more than twice the distance they could have gone through the desert in the same time. During one trek either one of

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

the oxen or Lecharu, who led them, had a narrow escape from a puff-adder. Just in time to stop, the boy noticed the snake lying in the centre of the track. On it being pointed out I returned to the cart for the 12-bore, and approached the reptile, which showed no intention of retreating, but evidently realising that my presence indicated no very friendly motive he turned his head towards me and hissed defiantly—next moment the venomous brute was harmless. This was the second occasion since leaving the Zambezi on which a puff-adder had thus disputed my right of way. This reluctance to move makes the puff-adder more dangerous than most snakes, for there is always a danger of treading on him. Unlike most of his kind he can only “strike” backwards, and then only to the distance of half his own length. It is popularly supposed among hunters and others in South Africa that this snake reproduces its species in a curious and unique manner. When the young within the female snake are ready to make their advent into the outer world, it is said they eat their way through the flanks of their unhappy mother, with the result that they become orphans a few hours later. This, scientific naturalists at home tell me, cannot be the case.

A heavy shower of rain on the 30th made the track on the mopani flats, through which the road passed, very muddy and dirty. The next

OXEN LOST FOR TWO AND A HALF DAYS

night while Pony was leading the oxen he ran the cart into a small narrow stream bed that crossed the road, which had an impossible bank four feet high and almost perpendicular, up which the oxen were powerless to move the cart, especially since the greasy nature of the ground denied them a foothold. By the time the bank had been cut away the oxen had "struck," and absolutely refused to pull, so they were outspanned and Lecharu was told off to look after them and bring them back in about three hours. In the meantime the cart was off-loaded, as the unsound wheel looked as if it might succumb at any moment to extra strain. The oxen, however, were not forthcoming when sent for, nor were either they or the boy seen till two and a half days afterwards, when on looking round there they were among the bushes, and near them Lecharu sitting on his haunches about sixty yards from me, looking very unhappy indeed, and no doubt expecting a severe talking to or a more practical notification of his master's displeasure. He must have been disappointed, for the sudden dissipation of what might have been an awkward predicament, as notified by the reappearance of the oxen, reacted on the anxious mood I had been thrown into by their absence; besides, even if no higher sentiment than fear to return without them had impelled him to do so, he had none the less wandered about for two

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

and a half days without food, fire, or blanket. Thus, after he had confessed that he fell asleep, that the oxen wandered in search of grass, and that he had followed them ever since, he was sent away to a good round meal uncensured. Afterwards it transpired that the delay of three days occasioned by this incident must have saved my life, for it just gave time for a Matabele impi to clear out of the Bulilima villages in front before my arrival there, which they did to join in the concentration round Bulawayo; murdering a trader before leaving.

And so on the 3rd of April the journey was recontinued.

Early on the morning of the 5th the native town of the chief Menu was reached, and there the day was spent, this being the first village between the Zambezi and Bulawayo. A message arrived from the chief asking me not to inspan before he had seen me.

Towards three o'clock a very old, almost blind man greeted me, whom his people told me was Menu. He commenced talking about the Matabele killing white men, and said something about Lobengula and his impis, but to tell the truth I took little notice of what he said, since my acquaintance with the Makalaka dialect was "nil" and merely confined to such words as were common to it and Sesuto, of which language mine is only a very imperfect knowledge.

FRIENDLY WARNINGS MISCONSTRUED

As a white man, the people north of the Zambezi—especially the Matoka—had so frequently expressed their gratitude to me as being one of the nation who had “wiped out” the Matabele and thus given them peace and security such as they had never before known—poor creatures!—that I jumped to the conclusion that this friendly old chief was alluding to the late war and recounting events connected with it. And so at four o'clock I ordered the boys to inspan, little realising that old Menu had been spending an hour and all the eloquence of his language in an abortive attempt to save me from what seemed to him to be certain death. The extraordinary thing is that neither Pony nor Lecharu attempted to emphasise the danger of the situation.

So for two days I trekked through a series of native villages; another chief came out from his stockade and harangued me excitedly and in hurried tones—so hurriedly that only occasional words such as “Matabele,” “Lobengula,” and “killing” were all I could catch. Had Lobengula's name not been so inseparably mixed up with the whole harangue, suspicions of the actual state of affairs would no doubt have been aroused; but although twelve months before I was by no means certain that Lobengula had departed this life, the Zambezi people had quite convinced me that he was no more; and in consequence my mind still ran on the events of the past.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

With the orders of the chief three men preceded the cart until well past the next village, as I thought to show the road; for this I thanked them and they left.

The track was very faint; Lecharu had been sent back to look for a blanket which had fallen from the cart, and Pony was leading the oxen—and of course he led them off the spoor. Discovering this I left him with the team, and describing a circle ultimately discovered the road. It so happened my return to the cart was from the direction opposite to that taken when leaving it.

On approach, the boy Pony was to be seen rummaging in the forecase—my private provision box—in the act of pillaging my scanty supply. His back was towards me, and before he suspected my presence, he was held firmly by the scruff of the neck. This was the third time he had been caught thieving; once he had been let off with a reprimand, the second time a mere charge of the value of the meal, etc., stolen was charged against his pay, and now he was at it again, in spite of the fact that during the whole journey he had been served out with as much corn—the native's staple article of food—as he could eat. I had never chastised a native in my life, but the boy evidently required something more than a mere verbal show of disapprobation, and he got it in the shape of some half a dozen useful applications with the "sjambok."

THE MATABELE IN ARMS

The cart was turned and just moving off for the road, when to my surprise Simpson and Walsh with three natives carrying loads appeared on the scene.

They greeted me warmly.

"I *am* delighted to find you all right," Simpson said. "We never dreamed of seeing you alive. Old Menu told us you could not possibly get through those villages alive."

"Why, what is the matter?" was the natural question.

"Have not you heard? Menu said he had told you all about it. The Matabele have risen, they are in arms all over the country, and have murdered white men and their wives and children wholesale."

Then, of course, the true meaning of the harangues I had heard dawned on me for the first time.

"That accounts, then, for the excitement I noticed at times in the villages, and for all the talk about Matabeles which Menu and another chief treated me to. I quite thought they were talking about the 1893 war."

"Well, by Jove," added one of them, "you are devilish lucky to have come through those villages with a whole skin. We left our waggon and oxen with Menu, and he gave us guides to lead us through the bush, nor would they allow us to travel by day or light a fire."

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Then Simpson went on to say :

“We could not understand how you came to be so mad as to go on, for Menu said that he told you all about the rising, and that you were bound to be killed if you went on, but all you did was to smile and tell the boys to bring up the oxen ; he said you were the most peculiar white man he had ever seen.”

And so I must have appeared !

It then transpired that all the Matabele living in the Bulilima villages had left for Bulawayo just before I arrived, and that orders had been given to Menu and the other chiefs by the Matabele, that if they failed to kill any white men who came down the road, both they and all their people would be “wiped out.”

Then came the natural question :

“What do you propose doing now ?”

The natural answer was :

“As I have got so far, I mean to stick to the cart and oxen, and trek hard.” There was only one more village to pass, and it was arranged we should travel together and keep our rifles handy. Walsh’s rifle had been stolen, so he carried my 16-bore and I a Mannlicher. We came to the conclusion that in the event of emergencies, we would not leave this world without an escort.



A BREAKDOWN ON THE ROAD

CHAPTER XX.

ON the morning of the following day, the 8th, after having trekked some eighteen miles, a serious, though long-expected accident occurred.

The rear wheel of the cart, which the maker had thought fit to construct of green wood, had only been kept together so far by wedging and wetting. While passing over a small stream bed the whole weight of the cart was suddenly thrown on to the unsound wheel, which with a crunching noise was next moment doubled under the vehicle with every spoke broken.

It is fortunate this accident had not occurred earlier, for, as it was, the Monarch Reef Mines were only sixty-three miles away, and it was decided the only thing to do was to take the wheel there, have it repaired, and bring it back again. The cart was soon unloaded, and the goods piled up in the bush and covered with the tent. Then, after considerable difficulty, the wheel was removed, though several of the spokes had to be hacked away first. A sleigh was then cut, and what remained of the broken

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

wheel lashed to it with "riems," and to this the trek chain was attached.

Simpson was beginning to regret having abandoned his waggon, and mentioned his intention of returning and bringing it through. Walsh, on the other hand, did not consider the chances of getting the waggon past the villages worth the risk, and expressed his intention of accompanying me to the "Monarch," so it was finally arranged that the former should remain with my goods and Pony for about three days, during which time he would learn from friendly natives whether the rebellion was as serious as the old chief, Menu, had said, or whether it was exaggerated as we suspected. According to the information he should receive, he would either await my return or go back for his cart.

So in the afternoon the oxen were inspanned, and a start made for the "Monarch" mines.

Four Matabele warriors—whom we afterwards learned to be spies—passed in a great hurry. On being hailed they made a short halt, and from them we elicited the discouraging information that "all the oxen were dead at the 'Monarch' and sick at Mangwato."

No time was lost, as a single day might mean the loss of the stranded goods; thus two days sufficed to bring us to within six miles of the mines. There Lecharu was left with the oxen, and Walsh walked with me into "camp."

THE COMFORTS OF CIVILISATION ONCE MORE

On approach it was seen that the place was prepared for emergencies ; sand-bags were piled up on the gear, and a couple of sentries commanded a view of the country for about a mile round.

It was very pleasant to be among one's fellow-countrymen once more, to hear all the news, to sit down to a table for meals, and to sleep in a comfortable bed.

Mr. Jones, the manager of the mines, placed a room at my disposal, and treated me with true hospitality during my short stay. After a good tub and an excellent dinner we discussed many topics over a bottle of excellent "Beaune," which went down as though it were doing me a world of good.

The murder roll of the whites was put down then at about 200, and from what could be gleaned, Bulawayo was invested, and the inhabitants had all their work cut out to keep the rebels at arm's length. In these circumstances I considered it my duty to offer my services to Mr. Duncan, the acting administrator, requesting that an answer be sent to Tati, though it must be confessed that, wreck as I was, and nearly two and a half stone under normal weight, I felt much more inclined to hurry home. The rinderpest had been raging for about three weeks, having spread from Tati, so that when my start was made from the Zambezi this sweep-

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

ing disease was north, south, east, and west of me, the only untainted district being a narrow strip 400 miles long, through which the route south lay. On the following morning the wheel was brought in and handed over to the Company's wheelwright. This was the first occasion on which the oxen had been right into the infected area, where cattle were dead and dying everywhere. On the 14th the wheel was repaired, and the return journey commenced.

My friends at the mines were confident that my goods would not be found, as the nearest villagers even in peace times were notorious for their thieving propensities, and it was the people of this very village who murdered the trader before my arrival. The shade of odds in favour of a looted camp was put down at a million to a "monkey." However, I had brought in and handed over to the safe custody of Mr. Jones maps, diaries, and photographs, so that the scientific results of the expedition would not be wasted at all events.

On the 16th I was agreeably surprised on arrival to find everything precisely as it had been left. Pony told me that Simpson had left two days before, having gone back to Menu to get his cart. The next day the cart was again loaded up, and by four p.m. was once more moving southwards, and in the early morning of the following day but one was safe at the mines.

PONY DESERTS

I breakfasted with my friends, and started off for Tati shortly afterwards. Two of the oxen, I was told, already showed signs of disease, and might or might not last till Tati was reached!

The next day Pony lost the oxen for the second time within three days. On the previous occasion he had deliberately hidden himself in the bush within a hundred yards of camp, and instead of herding the oxen had slept all day, with the result that Lecharu had to follow their spoor for several miles before they were recovered. It was of supreme importance that such delays should not recur, else there would be little chance of reaching Palapye before the disease broke out in the team, so I reminded this most hopeless of boys that he had had one taste of the "sjambok" already, and that if he repeated his conduct he should have a second. It was not till evening that Lecharu brought the missing animals in; but Pony I have neither seen nor heard of from that day to this, so it is to be presumed he preferred deserting to running the risks of his well-earned chastisement.

While trekking that evening I met Mr. Drake, an old elephant hunter, at present in the service of the Tati Concessions Company as ranger, who at that time was watching the borders of the Company's territory with the aid of native

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

scouts. His spies had reported that a large Matabele impi had camped on the previous night about twenty-eight miles away, though he did not anticipate that they had designs on Tati, but rather that they were on the lookout for outlying herds of cattle.

At ten o'clock the same evening, when about four miles from Tati, a waggon was passed—outspanned and deserted save for the presence of a single dog tied to one of the wheels.

When a few hundred yards beyond, a white man hailed me as he approached the cart.

“Did you hear the firing?” he asked.

“No.”

“Three or four volleys were fired in the direction of Tati,” he continued, “and were followed by independent firing. The Matabele must be attacking the place.”

“But Matabele do not attack at this time of night. Surely there must be some mistake.”

No, they were perfectly certain.

In the meantime four other white men put in an appearance; and as all were equally certain that what they had heard was firing, I turned the cart into the bush, and tied the oxen about 300 yards from the track, deciding that if there was no more firing immediately before sunrise—the time the Matabele almost invariably choose for attack—I would inspan and trek straight into Tati.

ARRIVAL AT TATI

And so it was that the sun rose next morning unheralded by the din of battle, so that in an hour and a half the cart was outspanned near the hotel at Tati. There I found old friends and new ones, and spent the whole day among them.

Though all so-called rinderpest symptoms had disappeared, one of the oxen was so done up with the trying work of the past month that he certainly did not look equal to trekking a further 120 miles to Palapye. Some empty waggons, however, were to leave Tati for that town the next evening, so arrangements were made with the owner that should my cart come to a standstill the goods should be taken on by their drivers.

I soon learned the cause of the previous night's scare.

It appeared that a man—"person," perhaps, would be a less inappropriate term—whose name by reason of his pitiable cowardice and subsequent dishonour will long be a byword in South Africa, was leaving Tati for the south by post-cart. A few young men, anxious to take a "rise" out of this unfortunate creature, conspired to perpetrate a practical joke on him, which for various reasons had much better have been left unplayed.

The post-cart was waylaid about half a mile outside Tati, when revolvers were blazed off

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

right and left for the benefit of the unhappy inmate.

The post-cart next before this one had also, though in a different manner, been the cause of considerable excitement before and amusement after its arrival at Tati. A telegram had arrived from Bulawayo, notifying the fact that there were no vacant seats for would-be travellers from Tati, as fifteen women and children had left for Mafeking.

It was with intense interest that the men of Tati awaited the arrival of this singular bevy of beauty, for the fair sex is very much outnumbered in these parts. Imagine their feelings of disappointment when the post-horn, having forewarned the inhabitants of the cart's approach, and caused them with one accord to congregate at the hotel for the purpose of welcoming the fair women of Bulawayo, instead of those, from the top and from inside, eleven Jews, three women, and one child stepped to the ground! Truly the fighting instincts of the tribe of Judah are not what they were in the days of Canaan!

Towards 10 p.m. the oxen were once more inspanned.

The day but one after leaving Tati my attention was drawn to a koodoo yearling standing behind a scrubby bush on the very edge of the track. The oxen were pulled up alongside the poor brute, which was soon seen to be suffering

THE JOURNEY FINISHED

from rinderpest, nor did the animal go away till startled by the crack of the whip as the oxen were once more started, but had allowed me in the meantime to examine him from a distance of six feet.

Nothing of interest occurred during that last trek of 120 miles. It was a most unpleasant journey, but was completed in under five days, when in the early morning of Sunday, the 26th, the oxen were outspanned at the Lotsani Drift. All along that road the putrefying carcasses of oxen were strewn, and especially thickly round the few waters. It was indeed a pitiful sight, but the smell, which was something more than that emitted from mere decomposing flesh, was more indescribably and disgustingly repulsive than can be imagined; through night and day it was always there, and only varied in degree.

It was necessary before entering the town with oxen to get an order from the Resident Commissioner, so I decided to walk into Palapye and see that gentleman—Mr. Ashburnham—who was also a personal friend. With him was Mr. Sydney Vintcent, the assistant magistrate and right-hand man to the Resident, who was also an old friend, and with characteristic kindness insisted on my staying with him while in Palapye. It is needless to say how thoroughly the rest, comfort, and good fellowship I enjoyed for something over a week was appreciated. Full of

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

fever and far below normal weight on arrival, I left feeling quite fit and already a few pounds heavier.

The next day, borrowing a horse, I rode down to the drift to bring on the cart. One ox had at last given out and was unable to rise, poor brute! There was no sign of rinderpest on him, so there was no reason why he should not recover, consequently he was handed over as a present to the Bechuanaland Border Police corporal stationed at the drift. I was glad to hear a few days later from him that he was doing well.

The loss of this ox when within four or five miles of my destination served to impress on my mind how impossible it would have been to bring the cart through the desert sands had the loss of a single ox occurred earlier in the journey, for the four from the gallant little team that brought everything into Messrs. Whiteley, Walker & Co.'s yard on the 27th of April could scarcely move the cart at the end of even that short trek, which completed a journey of 3700 miles since the oxen were first inspanned the previous April—a daily average of ten miles throughout.

By the time my trophies and other effects were packed into cases two posts had arrived from Bulawayo, but no acknowledgment of the letter offering my services had arrived from Mr.

FINALE

Duncan, the Acting Administrator, so, accepting the natural conclusion, I took a seat in the down-country post-cart with a view to catching the ill-fated *Drummond Castle*, which in ordinary circumstances I should have done; fortunately, however, the *Arundel Castle* had been delayed two or three days at Mauritius, and I secured the last available berth in that ship.

And so ended an extremely interesting, if somewhat hard, experience, which though not overflowing with exciting episodes and blood-curdling escapes, at times would seem to have brought me within measurable distance of a final settlement which would at least have saved the writer a few months' hard labour with pen and ink, and the reader the somewhat crude result. Some may credit me with having had much luck, others may recognise in many instances the guiding power of Providence. For myself, I cannot close these lines without paying tribute to that unseen Power which would seem to protect and guide even an individual who strives to do his best—however imperfectly that may be—in the work which circumstances have imposed on him.



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APPENDIX I.

THE COUNTRY: ITS CHARACTER, CLIMATE, AND PROSPECTS.

THE foregoing pages will, no doubt, serve to dissipate some of the illusions bearing on the character of Marotseland—or the dependencies of Liwanika, king of the Marotse and subject tribes—which the reports of some who have visited the river districts have conjured up in the minds of many.

For my own part, I may say, I had formed quite a wrong conception of the true nature of the country, prior to my wanderings in it. I had been led to expect an expanse of low-lying swamps teeming with game and reeking with malaria of the most malignant type, so unanimous were the traders and others who had visited the Upper Zambezi, from whom I had sought information, in their condemnation of the climate. One gentleman, for instance, who had spent a few weeks on the flats lying between Kazungula and Sesheke, solemnly assured me, on hearing my intention to spend the rainy season on the high ground which I assumed to exist in the interior, that, in his opinion, I would find no high ground, but a flat and swampy country covered in places with acacia and mopani bush. In fact, because in the limited district he had visited he had seen naught else, he concluded that in a country three or four times the size of England nothing else existed.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

This by no means uncommon tendency to judge the whole by a part, evidently accounts for the bad character so universally given to the Upper Zambezi district whenever this country comes under discussion, either in the Settlements or by the camp-fires of "up country"—South Africa.

The kings of the Marotse, while by no means averse to receiving visits and the accompanying presents from white men, have always kept the traveller to the river route, nor have they allowed missionaries to establish themselves in the interior until, quite recently, after two years' delay and much importunity, the late Mr. Buckenham obtained leave to erect a station on the borders of the Mashikolumbwe country. In consequence nothing was known of the country beyond a very few miles from the banks of the Zambezi, which like all other tropical rivers is at certain times of the year infested with fever.

At Lialui the mission station stands on a "white ant" mound in the midst of swamps. At Sesheke, Kazungula, and Nalolo, a stone can be thrown into the river from the missionary's door. Is it then to be wondered at that those who dwell therein for ten years continuously are martyrs to malaria; that a large percentage of the adults and nearly all the children succumb to the ravages of river fever; and that others carry south with them the impress of suffering and disease, thereby giving colour to the prevailing opinion of the country from which they hail?

It is to be hoped for the sake of its workers that the Paris Missionary Society will hasten to establish a mission in some healthy district—as for instance on the Matoka plateau, where there is not only a field for work but where the station could be utilized as a sanatorium

APPENDIX I.

for the sick and a harbour of refuge for the children. I imagine Liwanika would no longer oppose such a scheme, and feel sure much valuable life would thereby be saved.

In so large a tract the surface of the country varies considerably, as might be expected.

The Matoka and Mashikolumbwe occupy distinctly superior districts to those inhabited by their western fellow subjects. High above the swamps of the Lower Umgwezi and the Kafukwe huge plateaux rise to a height of 4000 feet and upwards. These are broken, well watered, and picturesque. In the open valleys of the numerous rivulets which intersect the forest the soil is rich and productive, the air is bracing and the temperature is comparatively low, seldom exceeding 95° Fahr. in summer, or 85° in winter, while the nights are cool throughout the year. In places the broken, rocky nature of the ground is suggestive of possible mineral wealth.

The Matoka are industrious, and will make useful and willing servants. The Mashikolumbwe are lazy, and will probably prove not only useless, but troublesome.

Some of the main rivers in both these countries characteristically resemble the typical South African river—clean-cut banks, sandy beds, occasional pools in the dry season, and torrents of water during the rains. Others have a continuous flow of water throughout the year, and as a rule wind through open grass-covered valleys. To the west of a longitudinal line running approximately from the Kwando-Zambezi confluence northwards to the southern Kafukwe watershed, and as far as the Zambezi and the Marotse Plain on the east, the character of the country is quite different. Undula-

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

tions of white sand roll, as it were, from N.W. to S.E.; these are covered with trees—for the most part non-deciduous—growing to a height of thirty or forty feet, and offering welcome shade to the traveller. Except in the immediate vicinity of the Zambezi the acacia and mopani are seldom met with in this western section of the country. The Lui, Lumbi, and Njoko flowing in an almost south-westerly direction through wide, rich valleys drain this district, and carry running water almost from their sources throughout the year. So well watered is this part of Africa, that during my journey along the watershed of these rivers at the very end of the dry season I never travelled twelve miles without striking some pan or rivulet containing good water.

The valleys through which these rivers and their tributaries flow are covered with an excellent pasture retaining its succulence throughout the year, the surface of the ground being dry in the winter and swampy in the summer season, when they become favourite breeding grounds for large numbers of geese, duck, teal, and other water-fowl.

Though no rice is grown by the natives, these valleys are admirably adapted for its cultivation, and are also capable of supplying winter pasture for considerable herds of cattle. The difference between the condition of the Marotse cattle at the end of the dry season, and that of those in South Africa, where the late winter pasture is dry and unnutritious to a degree, is most noticeable.

The Marotse cattle are very similar, both in size and appearance, to those possessed by the Bechuanas, and in all probability are descended from the herds brought with him by Sebitwane, the Makololo conqueror, when he invaded the country early in the century. The cattle of

APPENDIX I.

the Matoka and Mashikolumbwe are, on the contrary, very small, in some instances not exceeding thirty-six inches at the shoulder. Prior to the subjection of these tribes by the Marotse, the latter made frequent raids into their neighbour's territory, and thus became possessed of large numbers of these pigmy cattle. The result of this introduction of the smaller breed has done much to spoil the size of the larger, and has given to many herds a very uneven appearance.

The goats and sheep found throughout the country are pigmy counterparts of the native breeds of South Africa, where the sheep grow hair in the place of wool, and carry abnormally large and fat tails, which are much valued by the wielder of the frying-pan.

The natives cultivate patches of ground in the vicinity of their villages, generally choosing the rich river valleys alluded to above. Mealies, sorghum, and a small seed known in the country as *m'bele-bele* are the principal cereals cultivated, while cassava, monkey-nuts, pumpkins, water-melons, marrows, and a species of cucumber are also grown. So far as soil, altitude, and climate are concerned the country is capable of producing wheat, oats, coffee, india-rubber, many kinds of fruit, rice, and other agricultural products. Unfortunately, the marvellous productive power of the soil is severely discounted by the depredations of locusts, which since 1890 have done considerable damage to native crops. In fact, in 1894 and 1895 whole districts were entirely deprived of their harvests, with the result that the people had to depend for livelihood on fish, roots, and game. In 1896, however, disease showed itself among the locusts, and the harvest was abundant; so that had there been railway communication between the Zambezi and Bulawayo—a distance of only 400 miles—in the

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

early months of that year—as it is to be hoped there will be in the near future—thousands of bushels of corn could have been imported into Matabeleland, and thus one of the principal causes of trouble during that unfortunate period would have been removed.

Drought, the curse of South Africa, would appear to be rare in these northern Zambezi districts. In fact, M. Coillard, who has carefully observed the rainfall on the river for many years, informed me that it has not varied more than a point from thirty-four inches in any one year during his long residence of over twenty years in the country.

Iron and copper are worked by the natives, but although, I imagine, gold will be found in certain districts, I refrain from asserting its existence, as I am no expert in the science of mineralogy. However, though the finding of gold is without doubt the most powerful stimulant for *present* colonial enterprise, the fact should not be ignored that *future* progress and development are more closely connected with the agricultural than the mining industry. I am assured that every sovereign's worth of gold turned out on the Rand costs about twenty-two shillings. Some make fortunes, others do not.

The climatic influences north of the Zambezi are so different from those south, where a drought frequently affects the plateau from the river to its southern boundary, that the future South African Empire may yet have reason to be grateful that Marotseland forms part of it, if only as a food-supplying country in times when famine or scarcity prevails in the south.

Politically speaking, the prospects of the country are encouraging, and it is to be hoped British influence and rule will be established over Liwanika's wide empire, in

APPENDIX I.

as bloodless a manner as has been the case in Khama's country, and that it will never be found expedient to embark on a native war, as has unfortunately been found necessary so frequently during the progress of colonization in South Africa.

Sometimes, no doubt, maladministration, but more generally, I imagine, misunderstanding between the native population and the local governing power, is the direct cause of friction.

It is, at least, dangerous to attempt to rule the African during the first stages of civilization on the same lines as Europeans. On the one side we have a civilized and cultured people; on the other a primitive people, in no way capable as yet of entertaining the higher sentiments of mankind. To "inspan" a team of African buffaloes, and expect them to perform the functions of the domestic ox, seems to me just as reasonable as the supposition that the African native can take his place side by side on equal terms with the superior race for at least ten or twelve generations. One *law*, no doubt, is all that is required, but it is necessary at times to apply it differently to the two races, in order to attain the object for which it exists in each case, *i.e.*, order and security of person and property.

In governing native tribes, which are new to the white man's yoke, and who at the same time largely outnumber him, their susceptibilities should be taken into account, and their system of government should be utilized—of course under proper control—and not obliterated. It is because Great Britain, more than any other nation, recognizes these principles, that she has been so much more successful than others as a colonizing power, and when she or her deputies have failed in these considerations, trouble has invariably ensued, as

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

might be expected. People whose travels have been confined to the civilized world are very apt to assume that all native races in the far interior are stark-naked savages—or nearly so—little better than the beasts they prey upon, devoid of intelligence, sense of justice, or self-respect. True, the native's intelligence does not soar to higher mathematics or the learned sciences, but he is uncommonly shrewd in affairs of everyday life, and is quite capable of taking care of himself in matters of trade; his sense of justice too often stops with himself, but it is there all the same. The upper classes have a great idea of their own dignity, and in many instances their grace of movement and courteous demeanour could be borrowed with advantage to themselves by some white men, whose pretensions are not the least part of their social acquirements. Few tribes in Africa have had less intercourse with white men than the inhabitants of Marotseland, and yet the reader who has had the perseverance to wade through these pages may have noticed that they are not altogether uncivilized, that they possess an unwritten constitution, a system of government, and a society with its classes and masses—a king, royal family, aristocracy, and various popular grades. When, therefore, I say that to govern successfully such a country as this, native susceptibilities should be taken into account, it must not be forgotten that Africans look on their king with a respect and awe almost amounting to worship, therefore considerable tact should be used in dealing with him; for, apart from the fact that he has real rights which cannot in justice be ignored, his friendship means co-operation—his hostility obstruction at least. Liwanika is very favourably disposed towards Englishmen, and his reverence for the "Great White Queen" is the respect of a native

APPENDIX I.

potentate for a ruler whom he looks upon as the greatest and most powerful sovereign in the world. It must, however, be confessed that his mind has become somewhat unsettled of late through two causes.

Firstly, he was led to suppose—not by the management of the British South Africa Company, but by a gentleman who was sent to make a treaty on their behalf—that he was dealing directly with the Queen, whom he had previously invited to assume a protectorate over his country, as he feared Portuguese encroachments. A treaty was concluded, and two handsome tusks were sent by him as a present to his newly-acknowledged suzerain. Liwanika considered he had been deceived when he found he had been dealing with the Company and not the Queen, and was angry. This was the subject of one of his conversations with me. I did my best—and think was to some extent successful—to explain the vastness of the Queen's dominions, and the impossibility of Her Majesty being able to govern such an empire herself, therefore she appoints subjects—chiefs among her people—to govern countries in her name, and the Chartered Company were deputed to look after him and his country, subject to the control of the Queen's government.

Secondly, the not very discreet entry into the country of a party of prospectors in 1895, to which previous allusion has been made, had created a very unfavourable impression among all classes. One or two such cases, if repeated, would certainly lead to armed resistance, though now that the Company has wisely sent Mr. Coryndon to Borotse with magisterial powers there is little chance of a recurrence of such deplorable conduct, which fortunately at most is very rare. When I was at Sesheke a Marotse chief, in alluding to this case,

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

remarked, "If when white men come into this country one should raise his arm to strike me, he would die, even though I should die after him."

To illustrate the advantage of utilizing existing native systems of government instead of tearing down the old structure before the materials are ready to build a fresh one in its place, no better instance could be adopted than that of the country under discussion. Imagine a country as large as the German Empire with a scattered population dependent for inter-communication on nothing more rapid than their own legs, or, where the river passes, on canoes. At present Liwanika, the paramount chief, rules the whole, and under him two princesses—a sister and a niece—and his son Latia govern large provinces. The provinces are in their turn divided into districts presided over by chiefs, to whom lesser chiefs are directly responsible. Every individual is either a chief or a slave, and in many instances slaves own slaves. My hunter, Madzamani, for instance, was the slave of a Sesheke chief, but, though a slave, he owned and ruled a large village which only indirectly belonged to his chief. A slave is not necessarily interfered with by his chief, but owes him fealty, nor can he leave his district without his owner's permission or his orders. It is the feudal system of the Middle Ages over again; protection and the right to exist are bought by personal service or payment in kind if, and when, required. Thus it will be seen that an order from Liwanika, when transmitted through this official channel, can be known to every one of his subjects in an incredibly short space of time, for native runners travel quickly. So, likewise, he can lay his hand on anyone he will by the simple process of intimating his wish to the governor of a

APPENDIX I.

province, who communicates with a chief, and he with a sub-chief, and so on, till the meanest slave can be brought to book. Thus, in this case, if the king cooperates with the Company's administrator the native population is in absolute control, and no servant dare rob, steal, or desert his master. Once, however, make an enemy of the king and break the power of his chiefs, and what is the result? The whole system crumbles and popular organization gives place to an irresponsible and incongruous mass of human beings, who can and will thieve or desert at their own sweet wills, aided and abetted by their fellows.

Unfortunately, at the present moment, the frontier of Liwanika's possessions is in dispute, as between the Portuguese and ourselves. The Portuguese claim as far as the Zambezi from the west, and if successful in their demands would deprive the Marotse ruler of all the country lying between the Kwando and the main river, which includes part of Borotse proper, and the greater part of Bosubia, which belonged to this black empire at the time of Livingstone's visit, and is indeed the oldest of the Marotse possessions. Naturally, Liwanika would resent the alienation of this slice of his country. Further north his claims are less real, yet there is proof that not many years ago his suzerainty was acknowledged as far north as the Congo-Zambezi watershed, though only by the fact that on the appointment of a chief a deputation waited on the Marotse king to obtain his sanction. Lately the Portuguese have become very active in those parts, and news arrives that a chief, over whose country Liwanika claims suzerainty, refuses to acknowledge that claim. This, no doubt, will be a difficult point for our Foreign Office to settle, for the repudiation

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

may be the result of Portuguese present influence. Those who are interested in the future of this country naturally look forward with a certain amount of anxiety to the settlement of the frontier.

Liwanika's feelings on the subject are well expressed in a recent utterance which was transmitted to Europe by post a short time back—"If the Queen gives any of my country to the Portuguese, I will fight the Portuguese."

While not an advocate for depriving the Portuguese of any territory they can rightfully claim, having a view to their system of colonization I should be sorry to see them in possession of a single yard of Africa over which they cannot establish a right. Let those who think otherwise read the latter part of Commander Cameron's *Across Africa*, in which that plucky traveller describes the scenes of which he was an unwilling witness when travelling along the northern boundary of this very country with a "Portuguese" caravan. True, I believe the white Portuguese—though they frequently own slaves—are only indirectly responsible for the fiendish cruelties perpetrated by their half-caste or black hirelings and *protégés*, but they know what goes on under their flag, nor do they raise a finger to prevent these barbarities.

When I visited Lialui a Portuguese trader of European origin had established a camp near the town. This gentleman arrived on the scene some weeks previously at the head of a large rabble of servants and slaves from the coast.

He told Liwanika he had come to buy slaves, but received the reply, "I have none to sell you; I no longer buy and sell people."

Next he asked for leave to go among the semi-

APPENDIX I.

dependent tribes in the north that he might "trade with them for cattle." But Liwanika knew perfectly well what this meant and refused permission. So the Portuguese trader had perforce to enter into legitimate trade in cattle with the king as the only alternative to returning whence he came with his trading stuffs untouched. This incident shows that the European Portuguese is not above personally commanding a slave-dealing expedition—conducted, no doubt, on more humane principles than those adopted by the spurious offspring of his forefathers; it also suggests the fact that there is no inclination to abolish this nefarious practice in Portuguese colonies, even if any evidence were required in this direction.

APPENDIX II.

BIG GAME AND ITS DISTRIBUTION.

IN the main the same species of big game are to be found in the Marotse empire as those distributed over the vast area commonly spoken of as Central South Africa. There are, however, a few notable exceptions—certain South African antelopes are unknown north of the Zambezi, while that river and its affluent, the Kwando, form a boundary to the habitat of a few species of Central African game.

Why in some instances a certain species of big game is to be encountered on one side of a landmark, offering no obstacle to migration, but never on the other, even when the country on either side is similar in vegetation, character, and climate, is an interesting but inexplicable fact; but when such a river as the Zambezi cuts off communication with a never ceasing flow of deep water for hundreds of miles, and acts as a natural boundary to districts in many respects dissimilar, a change in the character of the fauna is to be expected.

In this case the Kwando, which flows into the Zambezi from the west, where the main river commences its easterly course, and thus forms with it a latitudinal barrier, shares with the parent stream the right to say to certain species, "So far and no farther."

APPENDIX II.

Thus the ostrich, gemsbuck (*Oryx gazella*), bushbuck (*Tragelaphus scriptus*), red hartebeest (*Bubalis caama*), and—though I cannot speak with absolute certainty in the case of this latter—the bushpig are not to be met with north of the Kwando-Zambezi line, while north of the Kwando, but not east or north of the Zambezi, the giraffe and tsessebe—the latter in large numbers—are to be found. So, too, north of the Kwando-Zambezi boundary, and on both sides of the Upper Zambezi, the swampy districts carry large numbers of pookoo and lechwe, which latter is also to be found at Lake N'gami. Two antelopes which are also found in South Africa, but in districts remote from the country under discussion, must be included among the fauna of Marotse-land—Lichenstein's hartebeest (*B. lichensteini*), which inhabits Gungunhama's country and the Pungwe district, is very plentiful in the Matoka and Mashikolumbwe countries, and its habitat extends as far as the Zambezi on the west and south, but not beyond that river. The other, the Situtunga, which is also found in the reeds fringing Lake N'gami, has its home in the river reeds of Borotse and the Sesheke Flats.

So far as I can judge from my own experience, and from the cross-examination of natives, the following is probably a complete list, with the principal haunts of each of the big game to be found in Marotse-land (by which is meant the country governed by the king of the Marotse) from 15° south lat. to where bounded on the south by the Kwando and Zambezi rivers.

Elephant (*Elephas africanus*). Now becoming scarce, though herds still exist in the neighbourhood of the Lusu and Katima Molilo Rapids on the Zambezi and in the north-east.

Rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros bicornis*). Very scarce.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Giraffe (*Giraffa camelopardalis*). Found between the Kwando and Zambezi only, and there not plentiful.

Hippopotamus (*Hippopotamus amphibius*). Very plentiful in the Zambezi, Kwando, and Kafukwe, and is also to be found in the smaller tributaries, such as the Lui, Lumbi, Njoko, and Machili.

Crocodile. All rivers infested by these reptiles.

Buffalo (*Bos capra*). Fairly plentiful in most districts, especially between the Zambezi and Kwando rivers.

Warthog (*Phacochoerus africanus*). Common throughout the country.

Zebra (*Equus burchelli* var. *chapmani*). Very common in all game districts.

Lion (*Felis leo*). Can be heard most nights in game districts.

Leopard (*Felis pardus*). Spoor frequently encountered.

Cheetah (*Cynelurus jubatus*). Seldom seen. Skins in possession of natives not nearly so common as those of *Felis pardus*.

Serval (*Felis serval*). With the civet quite the commonest cat in the country, though the lynx and other species of the smaller cat are to be found.

Black-backed jackals are numerous, though I have never seen even the skin of a silver, or any other jackal in the possession of natives.

Hyæna (*Hyæna crocuta*). Very plentiful, and impudently aggressive.

ANTELOPES

Eland (*Oreas canna* var. *livingstonei*). Nowhere very common, but fairly well distributed.

Koodoo (*Strepsiceros kudu*). Saw no signs of this antelope west of the Zambezi; and, according to native report, does not exist there. It is to be seen, however,

APPENDIX II.

on the broken left-hand banks, in the neighbourhood of the rapids, but is more plentiful on the Matoka and Mashikolumbwe plateaux.

Sable Antelope (*Hippotragus niger*). More generally met with between Kwando and Zambezi rivers, but is also found in Matoka and Mashikolumbwe countries.

Roan Antelope (*Hippotragus equinus*). Same habitat as the sable.

Wilbebeest (*Connochaetes taurinus* and *C. t. johnstoni*). The commonest antelope in the district. Many individuals among these wilbebeest are identical with the blue wilbebeest of South Africa. The foreheads of others vary from dark brown to light fawn, one I shot had in addition a white blaze across the black, about midway between horn and muzzle; some again show a similar blaze of fawn, and others a few light-coloured hairs only in the same place. More lately a specimen with the white blaze has been brought to England from Nyassaland, been classified as a new sub-species, and named *C. t. johnstoni*. As all the above degrees of colouring are to be seen in the same herd, I am at a loss to know where the new sub-species begins and where *C. t. typicus* ends. ✓

Lichenstein's hartebeest (*Bubalis lichensteini*). Not found on the Zambezi above Sesheke, but is common in the eastern and northern districts.

Waterbuck (*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*). Is very common on the high broken ground, through which the Upper Umgwezi flows, and other parts of the Matoka plateau; also plentiful on some of the Kafukwe tributaries.

Pookoo (*Cobus vardoni*). Very plentiful on the Zambezi from Kazungula to the Gonye Falls, and for some few miles up some of the tributary rivers; also on the Kwando and Kafukwe rivers.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Lechwe (*Cobus leche*). Found in large herds on the Sesheke Flats and the lower reaches of the Njoko and Lumbi rivers. Were at one time plentiful in Borotse, but have been materially reduced in numbers by the natives. I saw no signs of this antelope on those parts of the Kafukwe I visited, but imagine they must exist on that river, which in places is eminently suited to their habits.

Sititunga (*Tragelaphus spekei*). Inhabits the reed-beds of Borotse and the Sesheke Flats which this antelope never quits until driven out by the floods towards the end of the wet season. It is fairly plentiful in these two districts, but is never seen until compelled to leave its natural covert by the swelling river.

Reedbuck (*Cervicapra arundinum*). Common on the Zambezi, Kafukwe, and most rivers and swamps.

Pallah (*Aepyceros melampus*). Especially numerous on the Zambezi from the Manyekanza Rapids to the Lumbi-Zambezi confluence, is also to be found in most districts where the ground is suited to its habits.

Oribi (*Ourebia scoparia*). Common throughout.

Duiker (*Cephalophus grimmi*). Evenly distributed throughout, though nowhere so numerous as in South Africa.

Steinbuck (*Raphicerus campestris*). Like the duiker, may be met with in most places, but is even less plentiful.

Grysbuck (*Raphicerus melanotis*). Fairly plentiful throughout.

Klipspringer (*Oreotragus saltator*). Exists, but is rare. The only two I saw were on the Upper Umgwezi. Though I climbed several hills in the Mashikolumbwe country I saw no trace of this active

APPENDIX II.

little antelope ; yet, probably, they find a home in some of the numerous hills in that country. The greater part of Marotseland is not suited to their habits.

The foregoing notes apply to game as it was up to the end of 1895. Since then the rinderpest has played havoc with it ; and, if native report can be relied on in this matter, has almost swept all ruminants away in most districts. What I myself saw at the beginning of 1896, during my return from Mashikolumbweland, inclines me to the belief that in this case the natives have not found much room for exaggeration. Buffalo, eland, and koodoo were more particularly affected, but all other antelopes down to the little steinbuck were decimated to a greater or lesser extent. Sad, indeed, it is to reflect that at best all these grand animals can never regain their former numbers, for many natives now carry firearms, and white men will shortly flock into the country as they have done into Matabeleland and Mashonaland. As long as I live I shall never forget the quantity and variety of animal life among which I have had the good fortune to live in one or two districts—and most of them as tame and unsuspecting as are herds of deer in the safe security of an English park. What a glorious time a certain type of “sportsman” could have had here!—he could have killed and wasted six or more every day, and wounded thrice that number, retiring to rest feeling quite pleased with himself! But so far as Marotseland is concerned this cruel disease has taken a leaf out of his book—he has delayed too long.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

AUTHOR'S BAG.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| 2 Hippopotami. | 1 Tsessebe. |
| 8 Buffaloes. | 3 Waterbucks. |
| 3 Lions. | 9 Pookoos. |
| 2 Hyænas. | 4 Lechwes. |
| 7 Zebras. | 7 Reedbucks. |
| 6 Warthogs. | 12 Pallahs. |
| 3 Elands. | 3 Oribis. |
| 2 Koodoos. | 6 Duikers. |
| 3 Sable Antelopes. | 2 Steinbucks |
| 2 Roan Antelopes. | 1 Grysbuck. |
| 13 { Wildebeests (<i>C. taurinus</i>). | 1 Serval. |
| „ (<i>C. t. johnstoni</i>). | 2 Jackals. |
| 9 Lichenstein's Hartebeests. | 2 Crocodiles.* |

* A few others not collected.

INDEX

A.

Ants, Red, voracity of, 268; eat live Guinea fowls, 327; a missionary's experience with, 328.

Askburnham, Mr., 377.

B.

Bagley and Kerr, Messrs., meet them on their way to Lialui, 343; adieu to, 354.

Baldwin and Buckenham, Messrs., outrage on by Mokwai of Marotse, 105 and *seq.*; mission founded on Nkala River, 230; reach the mission station, 233; illness of Buckenham family, 233; leave station, 238; return to, 301; death of Elsie Buckenham, 301; depredations of a lion, 301; death of Mr. Buckenham, 317.

Bamangwato, characteristics of, 7.

"*Ben*," 154, 163.

Bertrand, Captain, meet him returning to Kazungula, 98.

Biguile, Mons., 146.

Bisi village, arrive at, 324.

Big game, the true criterion of a bag, 34; how not to find, 196; total bag made on trip, 352.

Boiteau, Mons. and M^{me.}, at Kazungula, 338; farewell visit to, 351.

Borotsé plain, reached in lat. 16° 15' S. 93.

"*Boys*," natural mendacity of, 49; disobedience of, 58; enormous appetite for meat, and consequences, 74, 78; more disobedience, 80-2; submission of rebellious, 86; subsequent good conduct of, 87; difficulties with sick, 211, 214; gluttony of, 227; refuse to enter Boshikolumbwe, 238; more troubles with, 242 and *seq.*; desert a sick comrade, 243; find the sick man, 244; more dawdling, 246; desertions of, 246; five only remain, 248; frighten deserters away, 248; anxiety concerning Macumba and Letangu, 260; their reappearance, 261; mischievous reports by deserters, 325, 333; sick comrade deserted, recovered, 326 and *seq.*; Mashikolumbwe desert with trophies, 332; rewards to recoverers of property, 333; good marches by, 337; disappearance and return of "Pony," 357; "Pony" caught stealing, 366; "Pony" loses oxen and deserts, 373.

Bulawayo, choose road thither from Wacha, 356; change plans on hearing of rinderpest there, 360.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Buffalo, conduct of wounded bull, 25; bag a cow by mistake, 25; bag a bull, 26; probable fate of wounded bull, 26; kill another, 27; a hunt after in reeds, 40; common error in drawing profile of *bos capra*, 40; charged by a cow, 90; following wounded, 92 and *seq.*
"Bushman," offers drive wounded buffalo, 41; claims eland meat from finders, 50; instigator of disobedience, 81.

C.

Ceremony, elaborate greeting between natives, 45; among the Marotse, 131.
Chiefs, Native, the secret of dealing with them, 273.
Christmas on the Matoka plateau, 219, 225.
Clothing of Marotse, 132.
Collard, Mons., 147; endeavours dissuade author from Mashikolumbwe journey, 209.
Compass, natives' superstitious respect for, 254.
Corn, difficulty of procuring at Sesheke, 38; none obtainable at Sioma, 85; camp to collect meat in default, 88.
Crocodile, pick up living remains of fish seized by, 43; throwing children to, a royal pastime, 116; shooting them at Sesheke, 116; eggs on the Kasania River, 195.

D.

David, Mons., 146.
Desertion of boys compels author to leave boys camped on Musa River, and make expedition to Kaiyngu, 250-1; of boys, 246; frighten deserters away, 248; of Mashikolumbwe boys with trophies, 332; of "Pony," 373.
Drake, Mr., meet, and receive more news of Matabele, 374.
Drummond Castle, just miss the, 378.
Dysentery, attacked by when trying to get boys for journey into Mashikolumbwe country, 208; begin to regain strength on high ground, 215.

E.

Edzombe, villages in Boshikolumbwe, 254.
Eland, stalk and wound in twilight, 46; long chase after, 47; killed by a lion, and meat secured by native women, 50; shot a cow with good horns near Edzombe, 257; head-skin spoiled by porter, 259.
Elephants, spoor near Mosela-na-Ndimba Rapids, 42; a hunt after, 59.
Elmore and Price, Messrs., poisoned by Marotse, 193.
Engineering, Native, bridging the flooded Nanzela, 231.

F.

Famine, victims of, 72.
Fire, use of flint to obtain, by Mankoya tribe, 125.
Fishing Nets of the Marotse, 101.
Fish-spearing by the Marotse, 123-4.
Forest beyond Nkala River, 240.

INDEX

G.

- Giraffe*, a hunt after, 28.
Gonye Rapids and Falls, portage of 2½ miles, 79; altitude of, 3300 feet above sea level, 83.
Goy, Mons. and Mdms., 9; Mons. Goy's troubles with Mokwai of Sesheke, 189; death of Mons., his excellent work, 350.
Guinea Fowl, specimens eaten alive by red ants, 327.

H.

- Hartebeest*, a long, stern chase, 176; bag a cow with unusual face-markings, 307.
Hartebeest, Lichenstein's, found mingled with herds of other species, 69; kill four out of a herd, 227; kill a bull with "Master Kaiyngu," 272.
Hippopotamus, kill two, 6; measurements of the larger, 8; at close quarters with, 72; dangers to canoes from, 76; wound and lose, 97.
Hot Springs, visit to, near Musanana on Kafukwe River, 304.
Hurlstone, Frederick, joined by, at Kazungula for journey to Pendamatenka, 196.
Hyenas, a long chase after, 20, 21.

J.

- Jalla, Mons. Adolph*, 146.
Jalla, Mons. and Mme. Louis, 146; meet them on their way home, 209.
Jameson Raid, First news of, 344.
Jews, flight from Bulawayo, 376.

K.

- Kaiyngu*, desertion by portions compels leaving goods with sick boys, and seek assistance from, 250-1; Edzumba chief provides boys to accompany author to, 259; reception by, 263; his family, 266; preference in the matter of joints, 272; not to be indulged, 274; a visit from, 275; schemes to detain author, 279, 290; a trip northward from, 281 and *seq.*; return to, 288; discover him in double dealing, and prepare to leave, 290; adieu to, 293.
Kafukwe River, at Kaiyngu, 267.
Kalahari Desert, 2; the journey back with one Scotch cart and six oxen, 353; on Gazuma flats, 354; a hard trek, 355; collapse of boys, 355; remedies, 356.
Kande River, camp on the, 171.
Katanga, camp near, 39.
Katima Molilo Rapids, reached, 42.
Karungula, arrival at, 196; scenery on the Zambezi here, 203; reached on return journey, 337.
Khama and Sekome, 349.
Koodoo, hunt after spoiled by a wildebeest, 67; kill a cow by mistake, 223; a bull mauled by a lion, 224; curious encounter with a rinderpest-smitten, 377.
Koshamba River, source reached, 174.
Kwando River, confluence with Zambezi, 3; hitherto known as Chobe River, 3.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

L.

Language of Marotse, 133.

Latia, son of Liwanika, 3; escape from Marotse with his father Liwanika, 118; visit to on return journey, and report boys' misconduct, 339; he promises punishment, 340; farewell to, 351.

Lechwe, kill two rams, 68; a lucky shot at, 71.

Lialui, arrival at, 110; chief town of Borotse, 133; visit the mission, 146; the king's kraal, 148; nocturnal visit of "a dog," 153; native visitors, 154; longitude as determined by Livingstone and the author, 188.

Lions, a disappointment, 19; night visit of a lion, 26; visit the mission station at Sesheke nightly, 36; preparations to receive, 36; an adventure with five, 53-6; measurements of lion and lioness, 57; a tragedy, 213; depredations at Nkala mission station, 301; his method of attack, 302; list of his victims, 303; visits the station, and kills an ox, 308; an unsuccessful attempt to bag at night, 309 and *seq.*; succeed next day, 314; measurements, 315; carcass eaten by Mashikolumbwe, 317.

Livingstone, geographical work in Borotse, 164.

Liwanika, paramount chief of Marotse, 3; strange letter from, 97; reply to, 98; his commendable attitude towards Mr. Baldwin, 109; how he came to the throne, 117; his cruelties, 117; escape from his subjects, 118; re-establishes his power with Portuguese aid, 119; return, and reformation of character, 119; extent of his dominion and authority, 119-20; as a wood-carver, 135; as a husband, 148; visit him at Lialui, 149; the palace furniture, 150; his explanation of the letter, 151; complaint of American prospectors, 152; provides accommodation, 153; anxious to know the Queen's views about him, 156; unprincipled white traders dismissed the country by, 160; approves mapping his territory, 163; offers an escort, 167; draws an outline map of country, 168; farewell to, 170; his despatch to Sekome, 348.

Loanje River, 189.

Locusts, depredations of, in the Sesheke district, 38.

Lobengula, his conduct when wounded, 10.

Lotsani Drift, outspan at, 377.

Lui River, camp on the, 172.

Lumbi River, camp at confluence with Zambezi, 79; reach source of, 17

Lusu Rapids, beauty of, 60.

Luwouwa River, source reached, 174.

Luyaba River, 183.

M.

Mabunda, conquered by the Makololo, 113; their industries, 135.

Madsimani, the hunter, 12; his merits, 20, 23; his method of dealing with an obstinate native, 33.

Makololo, conquest of the Marotse and other tribes by, 111; expulsion of by Marotse, 115.

Makwenga, 136.

Mambova Rapids on Zambezi, arrival at, 4.

Ma-mochisana, Sebitwane's daughter succeeds him and abdicates, 114.

Mankoya, arms of, 124; use flint to get fire, 125; country and people, 142 and *seq.*

INDEX

- Mannlicher Rifle*, effect of a shot, 59; penetration of bullet, 68, 320; author's method of preparing bullet, 69.
- Manyekansa Rapids*, camp above, 43; tracks of game near, 45.
- Marotse*, land of the, 1; sites of villages and gardens, 94; bearing and manners, 95-6; conquest by Makololo, 113; expel Makololo, 115; physique of, 120; crops, 120; cattle, 122; canoes and paddles, 123; arms, 124; modes of fishing, 124; domestic architecture, 124; seek safety on islands, 126; punishment of witchcraft, 127-8; use of tobacco and snuff, 128-9; ornaments, 129; "sanctuary" for criminals, 129; social usages, 130; religious beliefs, 130; ceremonial, 131; clothing, 132; language, 133; character, 133; wood-carving, 134; forced labour system, 192; end of travel in the country, 351.
- Marundungoma River*, 251.
- Mashikolumbwe*, canoes on Kafukwe River, 123; arms of, 123; country and character of people, head-dress of men, treatment of teeth, 144; preparations to explore country, 206; Mr. F. C. Selous' and Dr. Holub's experience of, 235-6; leave property at Nkala, 236; boys' refusal to proceed compels change of plans, 237; reach villages of Edzombe, 254; unprepossessing people, 255; effects of prospects of meat on, 258; cattle, 264; musical performance, 265; laziness of, 268; desertion by and theft of boys, 296; author's opinion of the, 317.
- Masubia*, characteristics of, 7; subdued by Makololo, 111; country and people, 137; as hunters, 138-9.
- Matabele Rising*, accidental escape from hotbed of rebellion, 360; loss of oxen saves author from encountering impi, 364; warning misconstrued and ignored, 365; murders, 360, 371; volunteer services, 371; more news of, from Mr. Drake, 374; practical joke on a coward, 376.
- "*Matlakala*," the headman provided by Liwanika, sick, 179; anxious to return home, 180; disobedience of, 182; more trouble with, 186; get even with, 187.
- Matutela*, conquered by the Makololo, 113; as iron workers, 136; as canoe builders, 137; physique and appearance, 137; a smithy, 184; on the Matoka plateau, 215; character of country, 217.
- Matoka Plateau*, reached, 215; left, 225; return to, 325; camp on highest point, 326; rinderpest on, 326.
- Matoka*, country and people, 139; raid on and butchery of, by Matabele, 141.
- Masingu River*, 174.
- Mbolowa*, brother of Sebitwane, rules Marotse three months, 114.
- Meat*, thefts at critical stage of journey, 321.
- Missionaries*, outrage on by Mokwai of Marotse, 105 and *seq.*; hospitality of and achievements by Zambezi missionaries, 161 and *seq.*; poisoning of Messrs. Elmore and Price, 193.
- Mokwai*, of Marotse, her position, character, and crimes, 99; visit to, 102; her return call, 103; her outrage on Messrs. Baldwin and Buckenham, 105 and *seq.*; her account of the matter, and Liwanika's opinion of her conduct, 109.
- Mokwai*, of Sesheke, visit to, 10; her appearance and residence, 11; promises of aid, 12; her bad conduct towards Mons. Goy, 189.
- Monarch Reef Mines*, start for, 370; preparations for attack at, 371.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Moonlight, brilliancy of, 46.

Matondo River, 174.

M'pancha River reached, start from for old camp at confluence of Njoko and Rampungu Rivers, 183.

Mua River, 225.

Muliphi, cautious conduct of, 56; bitten by a snake, 202; sent from Kaiyngu to relieve Mua camp, 275; he fails to return, 289; detained by Edzambe chief, 294; lost again on march, 295; probably murdered, 299.

Musanana, hot springs near, 303; a grasping chief, 305.

Musa River, affluent of Kafukwe, 241; leave camp with sick boys, 251; Kaiyngu reports his messengers cannot find, 275; Muliphi despatched, 275; put pressure on Kaiyngu to bring in effects from camp on, 290; deserted and robbed by boys on the march back to, 296; reach the camp, 297.

Music, a Mashikolombwe pianist, 264.

N.

Nhala Mission, arrive at, 233; rainfall, 234 (see Baldwin, etc.); return to, 301; leave for Kasungula, 317.

Nhala River, crossed, 233.

Nalolo, arrive at, 98; leave, 103.

Namabuba Hills, 253.

Namakungu River, 253.

Nangombe River, 213.

Nanyale River, tributary of the Machili, camp on, 225.

Nanzala River, in flood, 231.

Ngwanwina, accession to Marotse throne, and defeat by Liwanika, 117.

Niambu River, 179.

Njoko River, camp at junction with Zambezi, 60; an expedition up on foot, 61; number of tsetse fly on banks, 61.

O.

Oribi, bagged, 16, 17, 29.

Ornaments of the Marotse, 129.

Oxen, loss by starvation, 202; difficulty of taking across river, 205, 341-2; lose team for two and half days, 363; lose again on way to Tati, 273.

P.

Palapye, defective postal arrangements at, 343; start from Tati for, 377.

Pallah, bag one of a herd of, 30; killed for the pot, 46; bag two rams, 275.

Pendamatenka, start for, *via* Victoria Falls, 196; arrive to find famine prevailing, 202; leave for the Zambezi, 203; arrive at on way home, 354.

Photography, stalk wildebeest and tsessebe with the camera, 17; take portion of herd of lechwe, 194; "fogged" plates, 270.

INDEX

Pickering's, Mr. and Mrs., mission station, 318; nude callers unwelcome, 319.

Plover, irritating but interesting manoeuvres of, 199.

Pookoo, vitality of, 18; a ram for the Mashikolumbwe, 267; secure a pair of horns 18½ inches long.

Puff Adder, narrow escape of Lecharu or oxen, 362.

R.

Rampungu River, reach its junction with the Njoko, lat. 16° 42' S., 70; return to this camp, 188.

Reedbuck, kill a, 29; a pair of 15½ inch horns, 71; kill two for meat, 79.

Religious Beliefs of Marotse, 130.

Reports, Natives', require the most careful sifting, 335-6.

Rhodes, Mr. Cecil, 1.

Rhinoceros, an unsuccessful chase, 59.

Rinderpest, effects on game, 318; deadly on the Matoka plateau, 326; compels speedy travel, 329; loss of cattle in Sesheke district, 336; push on to escape it, 337; attacks Latia's cattle, 344; slaves revel in unlimited meat, 346; compels change of plans at most fortunate juncture, 360; area affected, 372; terrible mortality among oxen along Tati-Palapye Road, 377.

Roan Antelope, secure a good pair of horns, 47; a lucky long shot, 181.

S.

Sable Antelope, kill one and wound another, 31; recover the latter, 32; a large herd of, 32; bag a bull with a fine head, 201.

Sangina, becomes insubordinate, 82; removed from post as headman, 87.

Sanctuary for Criminals, Marotse custom, 129.

Sara River, camp on, 213.

Scavengers of the Veldt, 65.

Scotch Cart, breaks down, and left, 369; brought in with load in safety, 372.

Sebitwane, chief of the Makololo, 111 and *seq.*

Sejifula River, crossed, 219.

Sekeletu, son of Sebitwane, 114.

Sebome, arrogant demands from Liwanika, 347; his parentage and appearance, 349; a meeting with Khama, 349.

Selous, Mr. F. C., Liwanika's regard for, 158.

Sepopo, accession to Marotse throne, 115; his brutalities, 116; flight and assassination, 117.

Serval, killed and eaten by the boys, 213.

Sesheke, arrival at, 9; visit the "Mokwai" or ruling princess, 10; commercial instincts of natives of district, 17; return to after eight days' sport, 34; lions haunt the mission station, 36; fix latitude of, 37; leave again, 38; return to from M'pancha River-bed, 189; leave for Kazungula, 194; visit again, 345.

Sesunga, villages founded by and called after, 232; a gruesome sight outside, 233.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

AUTHOR'S BAG.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| 2 Hippopotami. | 1 Tsessebe. |
| 8 Buffaloes. | 3 Waterbucks. |
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| 6 Warthogs. | 12 Pallahs. |
| 3 Elands. | 3 Oribis. |
| 2 Koodoos. | 6 Duikers. |
| 3 Sable Antelopes. | 2 Steinbucks |
| 2 Roan Antelopes. | 1 Grysback. |
| 13 { Wildebeests (<i>C. taurinus</i>). | 1 Serval. |
| " (<i>C. t. johnstoni</i>). | 2 Jackals. |
| 9 Lichenstein's Hartebeests. | 2 Crocodiles.* |

* A few others not collected.

INDEX

A.

Ants, Red, voracity of, 268; eat live Guinea fowls, 327; a missionary's experience with, 328.

Ashburnham, Mr., 377.

B.

Bagley and Kerr, Messrs., meet them on their way to Lialui, 343; adieu to, 354.

Baldwin and Buckenham, Messrs., outrage on by Mokwai of Marotse, 105 and *seq.*; mission founded on Nkala River, 230; reach the mission station, 233; illness of Buckenham family, 233; leave station, 238; return to, 301; death of Elsie Buckenham, 301; depredations of a lion, 301; death of Mr. Buckenham, 317.

Bamangwato, characteristics of, 7.

"*Ben*," 154, 163.

Bertrand, Captain, meet him returning to Kazungula, 98.

Biguile, Mons., 146.

Bisi village, arrive at, 324.

Big game, the true criterion of a bag, 34; how not to find, 196; total bag made on trip, 352.

Boiteau, Mons. and M^{me}., at Kazungula, 338; farewell visit to, 351.

Borotse plain, reached in lat. 16° 15' S. 93.

"*Boys*," natural mendacity of, 49; disobedience of, 58; enormous appetite for meat, and consequences, 74, 78; more disobedience, 80-2; submission of rebellious, 86; subsequent good conduct of, 87; difficulties with sick, 211, 214; gluttony of, 227; refuse to enter Boshikolumbwe, 238; more troubles with, 242 and *seq.*; desert a sick comrade, 243; find the sick man, 244; more dawdling, 246; desertions of, 246; five only remain, 248; frighten deserters away, 248; anxiety concerning Macumba and Letangu, 260; their reappearance, 261; mischievous reports by deserters, 325, 333; sick comrade deserted, recovered, 326 and *seq.*; Mashikolumbwe desert with trophies, 332; rewards to recoverers of property, 333; good marches by, 337; disappearance and return of "Pony," 357; "Pony" caught stealing, 366; "Pony" loses oxen and deserts, 373.

Bulawayo, choose road thither from Wacha, 356; change plans on hearing of rinderpest there, 360.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Buffalo, conduct of wounded bull, 25; bag a cow by mistake, 25; bag a bull, 26; probable fate of wounded bull, 26; kill another, 27; a hunt after in reeds, 40; common error in drawing profile of *bos capra*, 40; charged by a cow, 90; following wounded, 92 and *seq.*
"Bushman," offers drive wounded buffalo, 41; claims eland meat from finders, 50; instigator of disobedience, 81.

C.

Ceremony, elaborate greeting between natives, 45; among the Marotse, 131.
Chiefs, Native, the secret of dealing with them, 273.
Christmas on the Matoka plateau, 219, 225.
Clothing of Marotse, 132.
Collard, Mons., 147; endeavours dissuade author from Mashikolumbwe journey, 209.
Compass, natives' superstitious respect for, 254.
Corn, difficulty of procuring at Sesheke, 38; none obtainable at Sioma, 85; camp to collect meat in default, 88.
Crocodile, pick up living remains of fish seized by, 43; throwing children to, a royal pastime, 116; shooting them at Sesheke, 116; eggs on the Kasasia River, 195.

D.

David, Mons., 146.
Desertion of boys compels author to leave boys camped on Musa River, and make expedition to Kaiyngu, 250-1; of boys, 246; frighten deserters away, 248; of Mashikolumbwe boys with trophies, 332; of "Pony," 373.
Drake, Mr., meet, and receive more news of Matabele, 374.
Drummond Castle, just miss the, 378.
Dysentery, attacked by when trying to get boys for journey into Mashikolumbwe country, 208; begin to regain strength on high ground, 215.

E.

Edzumbo, villages in Boshikolumbwe, 254.
Eland, stalk and wound in twilight, 46; long chase after, 47; killed by a lion, and meat secured by native women, 50; shot a cow with good horns near Edzumbo, 257; head-skin spoiled by porter, 259.
Elephants, spoor near Mosela-na-Ndimba Rapids, 42; a hunt after, 59.
Elmore and Price, Messrs., poisoned by Marotse, 193.
Engineering, Native, bridging the flooded Nanzela, 231.

F.

Famine, victims of, 72.
Fire, use of flint to obtain, by Mankoya tribe, 125.
Fishing Nets of the Marotse, 101.
Fish-spearing by the Marotse, 123-4.
Forest beyond Nkala River, 240.

INDEX

G.

- Giraffe*, a hunt after, 28.
Gonye Rapids and Falls, portage of 2½ miles, 79; altitude of, 3300 feet above sea level, 83.
Goy, Mons. and Mdma., 9; Mons. Goy's troubles with Mokwai of Sesheke, 189; death of Mons., his excellent work, 350.
Guinea Fowl, specimens eaten alive by red ants, 327.

H.

- Hartebeest*, a long, stern chase, 176; bag a cow with unusual face-markings, 307.
Hartebeest, Lichenstein's, found mingled with herds of other species, 69; kill four out of a herd, 227; kill a bull with "Master Kaiyngu," 272.
Hippopotamus, kill two, 6; measurements of the larger, 8; at close quarters with, 72; dangers to canoes from, 76; wound and lose, 97.
Hot Springs, visit to, near Musanana on Kafukwe River, 304.
Hurlstone, Frederick, joined by, at Kazungula for journey to Pendamatenka, 196.
Hyenas, a long chase after, 20, 21.

J.

- Jalla, Mons. Adolph*, 146.
Jalla, Mons. and Mdma. Louis, 146; meet them on their way home, 209.
Jamson Raid, First news of, 344.
Jews, flight from Bulawayo, 376.

K.

- Kaiyngu*, desertion by portions compels leaving goods with sick boys, and seek assistance from, 250-1; Edzombe chief provides boys to accompany author to, 259; reception by, 263; his family, 266; preference in the matter of joints, 272; not to be indulged, 274; a visit from, 275; schemes to detain author, 279, 290; a trip northward from, 281 and *seq.*; return to, 288; discover him in double dealing, and prepare to leave, 290; adieu to, 293.
Kafukwe River, at Kaiyngu, 267.
Kalahari Desert, 2; the journey back with one Scotch cart and six oxen, 353; on Gazuma flats, 354; a hard trek, 355; collapse of boys, 355; remedies, 356.
Kande River, camp on the, 171.
Katanga, camp near, 39.
Katima Moilo Rapids, reached, 42.
Kasungula, arrival at, 196; scenery on the Zambezi here, 203; reached on return journey, 337.
Khama and Sekome, 349.
Koodoo, hunt after spoiled by a wildebeest, 67; kill a cow by mistake, 223; a bull mauled by a lion, 224; curious encounter with a rinderpest-smitten, 377.
Kashamba River, source reached, 174.
Kwando River, confluence with Zambezi, 3; hitherto known as Chobe River, 3.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

L.

Language of Marotse, 133.

Latia, son of Liwanika, 3; escape from Marotse with his father Liwanika, 118; visit to on return journey, and report boys' misconduct, 339; he promises punishment, 340; farewell to, 351.

Lechwe, kill two rams, 68; a lucky shot at, 71.

Lialui, arrival at, 110; chief town of Borotse, 133; visit the mission, 146; the king's kraal, 148; nocturnal visit of "a dog," 153; native visitors, 154; longitude as determined by Livingstone and the author, 188.

Lions, a disappointment, 19; night visit of a lion, 26; visit the mission station at Sesheke nightly, 36; preparations to receive, 36; an adventure with five, 53-6; measurements of lion and lioness, 57; a tragedy, 213; depredations at Nkala mission station, 301; his method of attack, 302; list of his victims, 303; visits the station, and kills an ox, 308; an unsuccessful attempt to bag at night, 309 and *seq.*; succeed next day, 314; measurements, 315; carcass eaten by Mashikolumbwe, 317.

Livingstone, geographical work in Borotse, 164.

Liwanika, paramount chief of Marotse, 3; strange letter from, 97; reply to, 98; his commendable attitude towards Mr. Baldwin, 109; how he came to the throne, 117; his cruelties, 117; escape from his subjects, 118; re-establishes his power with Portuguese aid, 119; return, and reformation of character, 119; extent of his dominion and authority, 119-20; as a wood-carver, 135; as a husband, 148; visit him at Lialui, 149; the palace furniture, 150; his explanation of the letter, 151; complaint of American prospectors, 152; provides accommodation, 153; anxious to know the Queen's views about him, 156; unprincipled white traders dismissed the country by, 160; approves mapping his territory, 163; offers an escort, 167; draws an outline map of country, 168; farewell to, 170; his despatch to Sekome, 348.

Loanje River, 189.

Locusts, depredations of, in the Sesheke district, 38.

Lobengula, his conduct when wounded, 10.

Lotsani Drift, outspan at, 377.

Lui River, camp on the, 172.

Lumbi River, camp at confluence with Zambezi, 79; reach source of, 17

Lusu Rapids, beauty of, 60.

Luwouwa River, source reached, 174.

Luyaba River, 183.

M.

Mabunda, conquered by the Makololo, 113; their industries, 135.

Maasimasi, the hunter, 12; his merits, 20, 23; his method of dealing with an obstinate native, 33.

Makololo, conquest of the Marotse and other tribes by, 111; expulsion of by Marotse, 115.

Makwenga, 136.

Mambova Rapids on Zambezi, arrival at, 4.

Ma-mochisane, Sebitwane's daughter succeeds him and abdicates, 114.

Mankoya, arms of, 124; use flint to get fire, 125; country and people, 142 and *seq.*

INDEX

- Mannlicher Rifle*, effect of a shot, 59; penetration of bullet, 68, 320; author's method of preparing bullet, 69.
- Manyekansa Rapids*, camp above, 43; tracks of game near, 45.
- Marotse*, land of the, 1; sites of villages and gardens, 94; bearing and manners, 95-6; conquest by Makololo, 113; expel Makololo, 115; physique of, 120; crops, 120; cattle, 122; canoes and paddles, 123; arms, 124; modes of fishing, 124; domestic architecture, 124; seek safety on islands, 126; punishment of witchcraft, 127-8; use of tobacco and snuff, 128-9; ornaments, 129; "sanctuary" for criminals, 129; social usages, 130; religious beliefs, 130; ceremonial, 131; clothing, 132; language, 133; character, 133; wood-carving, 134; forced labour system, 192; end of travel in the country, 351.
- Marundumgoma River*, 251.
- Mashikolumbwe*, canoes on Kafukwe River, 123; arms of, 123; country and character of people, head-dress of men, treatment of teeth, 144; preparations to explore country, 206; Mr. F. C. Selous' and Dr. Holub's experience of, 235-6; leave property at Nkala, 236; boys' refusal to proceed compels change of plans, 237; reach villages of Edzumbo, 254; unprepossessing people, 255; effects of prospects of meat on, 258; cattle, 264; musical performance, 265; laziness of, 268; desertion by and theft of boys, 296; author's opinion of the, 317.
- Masubia*, characteristics of, 7; subdued by Makololo, 111; country and people, 137; as hunters, 138-9.
- Matabele Rising*, accidental escape from hotbed of rebellion, 360; loss of oxen saves author from encountering impi, 364; warning misconstrued and ignored, 365; murders, 360, 371; volunteer services, 371; more news of, from Mr. Drake, 374; practical joke on a coward, 376.
- "*Matlakala*," the headman provided by Liwanika, sick, 179; anxious to return home, 180; disobedience of, 182; more trouble with, 186; get even with, 187.
- Matutela*, conquered by the Makololo, 113; as iron workers, 136; as canoe builders, 137; physique and appearance, 137; a smithy, 184; on the Matoka plateau, 215; character of country, 217.
- Matoka Plateau*, reached, 215; left, 225; return to, 325; camp on highest point, 326; rinderpest on, 326.
- Matoka*, country and people, 139; raid on and butchery of, by Matabele, 141.
- Mausungu River*, 174.
- Mbolowa*, brother of Sebitwane, rules Marotse three months, 114.
- Meat*, thefts at critical stage of journey, 321.
- Missionaries*, outrage on by Mokwai of Marotse, 105 and *seq.*; hospitality of and achievements by Zambesi missionaries, 161 and *seq.*; poisoning of Messrs. Elmore and Price, 193.
- Mokwai*, of Marotse, her position, character, and crimes, 99; visit to, 102; her return call, 103; her outrage on Messrs. Baldwin and Buckenham, 105 and *seq.*; her account of the matter, and Liwanika's opinion of her conduct, 109.
- Mokwai*, of Sesheke, visit to, 10; her appearance and residence, 11; promises of aid, 12; her bad conduct towards Mons. Goy, 189.
- Monarch Reef Mines*, start for, 370; preparations for attack at, 371.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Moonlight, brilliancy of, 46.

Motondo River, 174.

M'pancha River reached, start from for old camp at confluence of Njoko and Rampungu Rivers, 183.

Musa River, 225.

Muliphi, cautious conduct of, 56; bitten by a snake, 202; sent from Kaiyngu to relieve Musa camp, 275; he fails to return, 289; detained by Edzumbo chief, 294; lost again on march, 295; probably murdered, 299.

Musanana, hot springs near, 303; a grasping chief, 305.

Musa River, affluent of Kafukwe, 241; leave camp with sick boys, 251; Kaiyngu reports his messengers cannot find, 275; Muliphi despatched, 275; put pressure on Kaiyngu to bring in effects from camp on, 290; deserted and robbed by boys on the march back to, 296; reach the camp, 297.

Music, a Mashikolumbwe pianist, 264.

N.

Nhala Mission, arrive at, 233; rainfall, 234 (see Baldwin, etc.); return to, 301; leave for Kasungula, 317.

Nhala River, crossed, 233.

Nalolo, arrive at, 98; leave, 103.

Namabuba Hills, 253.

Namabungu River, 253.

Nangombe River, 213.

Nanyate River, tributary of the Machili, camp on, 225.

Nansala River, in flood, 231.

Ngwanwina, accession to Marotse throne, and defeat by Liwanika, 117.

Niamba River, 179.

Njoko River, camp at junction with Zambezi, 60; an expedition up on foot, 61; number of tsetse fly on banks, 61.

O.

Oribi, bagged, 16, 17, 29.

Ornaments of the Marotse, 129.

Oxen, loss by starvation, 202; difficulty of taking across river, 205, 341-2; lose team for two and half days, 363; lose again on way to Tati, 273.

P.

Palapye, defective postal arrangements at, 343; start from Tati for, 377.

Pallah, bag one of a herd of, 30; killed for the pot, 46; bag two rams, 275.

Pendamatenka, start for, *via* Victoria Falls, 196; arrive to find famine prevailing, 202; leave for the Zambezi, 203; arrive at on way home, 354.

Photography, stalk wildebeest and tsessebe with the camera, 17; take portion of herd of lechwe, 194; "fogged" plates, 270.

INDEX

Pickering's, Mr. and Mrs., mission station, 318; nude callers unwelcome, 319.

Plover, irritating but interesting manoeuvres of, 199.

Pookoo, vitality of, 18; a ram for the Mashikolumbwe, 267; secure a pair of horns 18½ inches long.

Puff Adder, narrow escape of Lecharu or oxen, 362.

R.

Rampungu River, reach its junction with the Njoko, lat. 16° 42' S., 70; return to this camp, 188.

Reedbuck, kill a, 29; a pair of 15½ inch horns, 71; kill two for meat, 79.

Religious Beliefs of Marotse, 130.

Reports, Natives', require the most careful sifting, 335-6.

Rhodes, Mr. Cecil, 1.

Rhinoceros, an unsuccessful chase, 59.

Rinderpest, effects on game, 318; deadly on the Matoka plateau, 326; compels speedy travel, 329; loss of cattle in Sesheke district, 336; push on to escape it, 337; attacks Latia's cattle, 344; slaves revel in unlimited meat, 346; compels change of plans at most fortunate juncture, 360; area affected, 372; terrible mortality among oxen along Tati-Palapye Road, 377.

Roan Antelope, secure a good pair of horns, 47; a lucky long shot, 181.

S.

Sable Antelope, kill one and wound another, 31; recover the latter, 32; a large herd of, 32; bag a bull with a fine head, 201.

Sangina, becomes insubordinate, 82; removed from post as headman, 87.

Sanctuary for Criminals, Marotse custom, 129.

Sara River, camp on, 213.

Scavengers of the Veldt, 65.

Scotch Cart, breaks down, and left, 369; brought in with load in safety, 372.

Sebitwane, chief of the Makololo, 111 and seq.

Sejilefula River, crossed, 219.

Skelethu, son of Sebitwane, 114.

Sekome, arrogant demands from Liwanika, 347; his parentage and appearance, 349; a meeting with Khama, 349.

Selous, Mr. F. C., Liwanika's regard for, 158.

Sepopo, accession to Marotse throne, 115; his brutalities, 116; flight and assassination, 117.

Serval, killed and eaten by the boys, 213.

Sesheke, arrival at, 9; visit the "Mokwai" or ruling princess, 10; commercial instincts of natives of district, 17; return to after eight days' sport, 34; lions haunt the mission station, 36; fix latitude of, 37; leave again, 38; return to from M'pancha River-bed, 189; leave for Kazungula, 194; visit again, 345.

Sesungu, villages founded by and called after, 232; a gruesome sight outside, 233.

EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Shoes, last pair given out, 337.

Simpson and Walsh, encountered on Kalahari desert, bound for Upper Zambezi, 359; decide to return, 360; generosity of, 361; overtaken by, 367.

Sioma, visited by the chiefs of, 84-5; no corn in the district, 85.

Social Usage of Marotse, 130 and *seq.*

T.

Tamasanka, arrive at, 357.

Tati, trek for to try to escape rinderpest, 360; leave Monarch Reef Mines for, 373; arrive at, 375; leave, 376.

Tobacco, use of by Marotse, 128; how used by Mashikolumbwe and Mankoya, 284.

Tsessebe, bag a bull, 14.

Tsetse Fly, numerous on Njoko River, 61; appearance, manners, and methods, 62, 65; distribution and effects of bite, 63, 64; on the Matoka plateau, 225, 326; very numerous on low ground, 228.

U.

Umgwesi River, arrival on south bank, 210; cross the river, 211; different aspect higher up, 330; game on the banks, 330.

V.

Victoria Falls, magnificence of the, 197.

Vincent's, Mr. Sydney, hospitality at Palapye, 377.

W.

Wacha, arrive at, and leave for Bulawayo, 356.

Warthog, a good pair of tusks, 78; charged by wounded boar, 221; his merits from a culinary standpoint, 222; bag a boar and sow, 277.

War scare in Sesheke district, 347.

Water-lily, stems of, used for food, 88.

Wildebeest, kill a bull, 15; difference between species of, 15; curiosity of, 16; secure a good pair of horns, 17; kill a spoil-sport, 68; a bull for the Mashikolumbwe, 269.

Wilson's Party, massacre of, 10.

Witchcraft, trial by ordeal among Marotse, and punishment, 127-8.

Women, social status and value in Africa, 51; boys treatment of, 183; compelled to perform field-work for Mokwai of Sesheke, 190; brutality of superintending chiefs, 191.

Wood-carving, industry of Marotse, 134.

Z.

Zambesi, scenery at confluence with Kwando River, 3; water-fowl on, 4; rapids between Kazungula and Lialui do not compel portage of canoes, 42; Katima Molilo and Mosela-wa-Ndimba Rapids, 42; errors in course on map, 44; return to main camp on, and proceed up, 73, 75; fish of the upper, 101; breadth at Kazungula, 204.

Zebra, Madzimani kills a wounded stallion, 23; kill two for meat, 249.

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CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| FORTHCOMING BOOKS, | 2 |
| POETRY, | 13 |
| BELLES LETTRES, ANTHOLOGIES, ETC., | 14 |
| ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, | 15 |
| HISTORY, | 15 |
| BYZANTINE TEXTS, | 17 |
| BIOGRAPHY, | 18 |
| TRAVEL, ADVENTURE AND TOPOGRAPHY, | 18 |
| NAVAL AND MILITARY, | 21 |
| GENERAL LITERATURE, | 21 |
| SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, | 23 |
| PHILOSOPHY, | 24 |
| THEOLOGY, | 24 |
| FICTION, | 27 |
| BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, | 35 |
| THE PEACOCK LIBRARY, | 35 |
| UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SERIES, | 36 |
| SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF TO-DAY | 37 |
| CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS | 37 |
| EDUCATIONAL BOOKS, | 38 |

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